

PHOTOPLAY

JUNE

25 CENTS



MARION DAVIES
DICK POWELL

SUIT of the
HOLLYWOOD HE-MAN
By Adela Rogers St. Johns
•
THE TRUE PAUL MUNI
By Louis Golding

"I've had oodles of fun . . .

*. . . collecting for my
LANE Hope Chest"*

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Left—A Colonial drawer and chest combination of exquisite beauty in royal mahogany veneers. The drawer front is highly figured crotch mahogany veneer. Red mahogany finish. Free moth insurance policy given with each LANE Cedar Chest.



Above—The Jean Parker Chest—Smart, modern, and charming as its namesake. Center panel of stump walnut bordered with marquetry inlay. Front end panels are matched oriental and American walnut veneers. Equipped with the Lane Automatic Tray. Here her trousseau will be safe until it comes forth to start the new home.



Special \$29⁷⁵

Slightly higher in the West and in Canada

Superbly styled modern chest in black walnut with front center panel of rich figured stump. Equipped with Lane Automatic Tray.

THE Lane Robe



This revolutionary new furniture systematizes dressing by providing a plainly marked place for everything. Room for 8 suits. Moth insurance policy included.

LANE Cedar Chests
THE GIFT THAT STARTS A HOME

"That's the PEST I used to be!"



HE was referring to the grotesque picture that the shadow made upon the wall. "I shudder to think what a nuisance I was—how I almost lost you," he added.

"You certainly did," she laughed, "there was a time when I thought I couldn't stand you another minute."

"And if I hadn't taken that very broad hint you gave me, I'd never be sitting here, your husband-to-be."

* * *

There's nothing that nips friendship or romance in the bud so quickly as a case of halitosis (unpleasant breath). It is simply inexcusable.

Since the fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth is a major

cause of this condition, everybody is likely to offend at some time or other.

The wise precaution is to use Listerine as a mouth rinse and gargle—especially before social engagements.



Listerine quickly halts fermentation; then checks the objectionable odors it causes. The breath, in fact the entire mouth becomes fresh and wholesome. Get in the habit of using Listerine every morning and every night and between times before social engagements. It is your assurance that you will not offend others needlessly. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

USE LISTERINE BEFORE ALL SOCIAL ENGAGEMENTS

They were BORN to play these roles

You never saw two stars more perfectly suited to portray the "male-and-female" of this great drama of San Francisco's bravest days! Clark Gable, owner of a gambling hell and Jeanette MacDonald as the innocent girl, stranded in a wicked city! Their first time together on the screen...and it's an electrifying thrill!

HERE'S A LOVE SONG FOR YOU!

It's called
"WOULD YOU"

The composers of "Alone" (Brown and Freed) have written a new one called "WOULD YOU". Try it on YOUR sweetheart for exciting results... but first hear Jeanette MacDonald sing it. The screen's beautiful songbird also sings a thrilling number... "SAN FRANCISCO" in addition to "THE JEWEL SONG" and "MANON".

Clark
GABLE
Jeanette
MAC DONALD
IN
San Francisco
WITH
Spencer **TRACY**

Jack Holt • Ted Healy • Jesse Ralph

Directed by W. S. Van Dyke

A METRO - GOLDWYN - MAYER Picture

See the "Paradise" hottest spot of Frisco's most daring days... with Clark managing!

See New Year's Eve revels in San Francisco...with champagne flowing in fountains!

See "The Chickens' Ball"...with a pot of gold for the most popular entertainer!

See A gala first night at the Tivoli Opera House...Jeanette MacDonald the glamorous star!

See San Francisco in flames...a roaring cauldron of death and destruction!



PHOTOPLAY

THE ARISTOCRAT OF MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINES

RUTH WATERBURY, EDITOR

WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

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On the Cover—Dick Powell and Marion Davies, Color Portrait by Adolph Klein



"Kiss me again or I'll yell for help!"

THERE was a young actor
...oui, oui!

No respect for convention
had he.

He got slapped on the cheek
And jailed for a week
Just for kissing a girl in
Paree!

* * *

THE reason is not hard
to see...

The answer is simply that
he

Never met the young miss
Till he stole that sweet
kiss

But things happen fast in
Paree!

PICKFORD-LASKY
PRODUCTIONS
presents



Francis LEDERER in ONE RAINY AFTERNOON

with

IDA LUPINO
HUGH HERBERT
ROLAND YOUNG

Erik Rhodes • Joseph Cawthorn

Directed by
ROWLAND V. LEE

Released thru United Artists



On the Spot News

Back to work, Ann Sothorn from New York, Bette Davis from New York, Adolphe Menjou after six months of illness, Regis Toomey from New York, Ralph Bellamy from a personal appearance tour, Jean Arthur from Mexico and a dude ranch.

Madame Ernestine Schumann-Heink is resting in a sanitarium while the studio holds up production of "Gram," her forthcoming picture.

Richard Dix has signed a contract with Columbia.

Ronald Colman and Benita Hume are seeing so much of each other that Hollywood can't help shouting "Romance!" They haven't denied it yet.

Famous director Russell Mack and his wife have said good-by—suit for divorce has already been filed.

Boris Karloff signed for another picture in England and so won't be back to manufacture horror in Hollywood for another month or two.

The fellow Mary Carlisle met in England has come out to the coast on a visit to see the scenery, of course. Mary is so excited.

Madge Evans gave a small dinner party the other night and had an unwelcome visitor who stepped in from the patio and pointed a gun at the table. He got all the money in the room, thanked Miss Evans politely, and left. Madge's four dogs looked on and wagged their tails.

That man who has been annoying Cecil B. DeMille and his daughter finally overstepped the line when he made faces at assembled guests through DeMille's living room window. Now the police have him.

By the time this is printed there will be two new cherubs in Hollywood; one in the Donald Woods' home and one in the nursery of the Charles Irwins (Helen Mack).

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. is over his very serious illness in England and at last will start production on his first picture, "To You, My Life," with Dolores Del Rio co-starring.

Dick Powell is still laid up with that throat of his and Joan Blondell has been sitting at home with the flu making their romance a matter of telephone conversations.

Tom Brown is thinking about marriage with Terry Walker, the new blonde importation from Florida.

Rochelle Hudson is basking in the sun of Honolulu; she'll be there for six weeks.

With husband Al Jolson in New York, Ruby Keeler says she will probably become a professional golfer.

Kay Francis sails for the Orient after one more picture for Warner Brothers. Close friends prophesy it will be a honeymoon, as Delmar Daves goes along.

Eyebrows are raised these days as George
[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 123]

Start Out the *Young Moderns* with this *Modern Pen*—
AMERICA'S NO.1 GRADUATION GIFT



It will turn their Ideas into Money!

It's the ***First Choice** whenever **Student Bodies** are asked, "Which Pen Would You Prefer?"

**Because it Holds 102% More Ink—
 Shows when to refill—is GUARAN-
 TEED Mechanically Perfect!**

Help your favorite graduate turn learning into earning by giving him—or her—this marvelous tool of hand and brain—the Parker Vacumatic—the revolutionary invention that does what no other pen can do. He'll carry it over his heart for life!

Due to its double ink capacity and visible ink supply, it never halts and balks one's efforts by running dry in the midst of one's work.

But what *most* distinguishes this miracle pen is this—it gives the world these long-desired features in a sacless pen that's **MECHANICALLY PERFECT!**

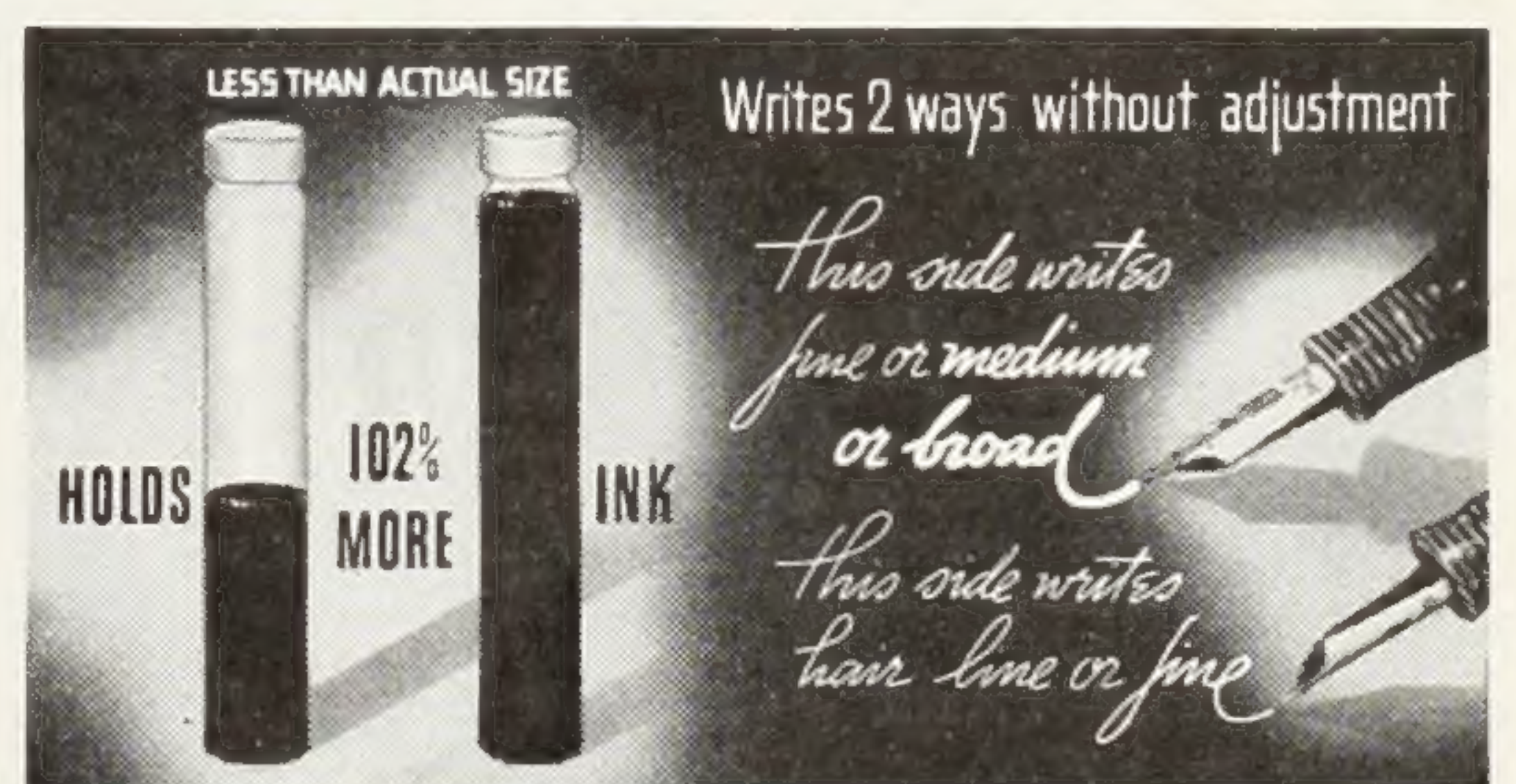
This is warranted by **GOOD HOUSEKEEPING Magazine**, whose unbiased engineers checked all tests.

This is worth **ALL** features of *all other pens combined!*

Unlike ordinary sacless pens, the Vacumatic contains **NO SLIDING PISTON—NO "ONE SHOT" PUMP.** Its unique filler is sealed in the top *where ink can never touch the working parts*—can never corrode or decompose them.

So it's not whether a pen may fill with one stroke or seven that counts—it's how it performs *a few months later in the hand!*

Go today to any good pen counter and see this laminated Pearl Beauty—a wholly



exclusive style. When held to the light it shows the ink level.

Go and try its Scratch-proof Point of precious Platinum combined with solid Gold.

But be sure the pen you select has this smart **ARROW** clip. That identifies the patented Parker Vacumatic. It's the first thing the one who receives your gift-pen will look for. The Parker Pen Co., Janesville, Wis.

* Based on independent surveys including university survey of the magazine **SALES MANAGEMENT**, **AMERICAN BOY Magazine** survey of subscribers, national pen census of **Recording & Statistical Corp.**, and others.

Parker
VACUMATIC REG. U.S. PAT. & TM.
GUARANTEED MECHANICALLY PERFECT

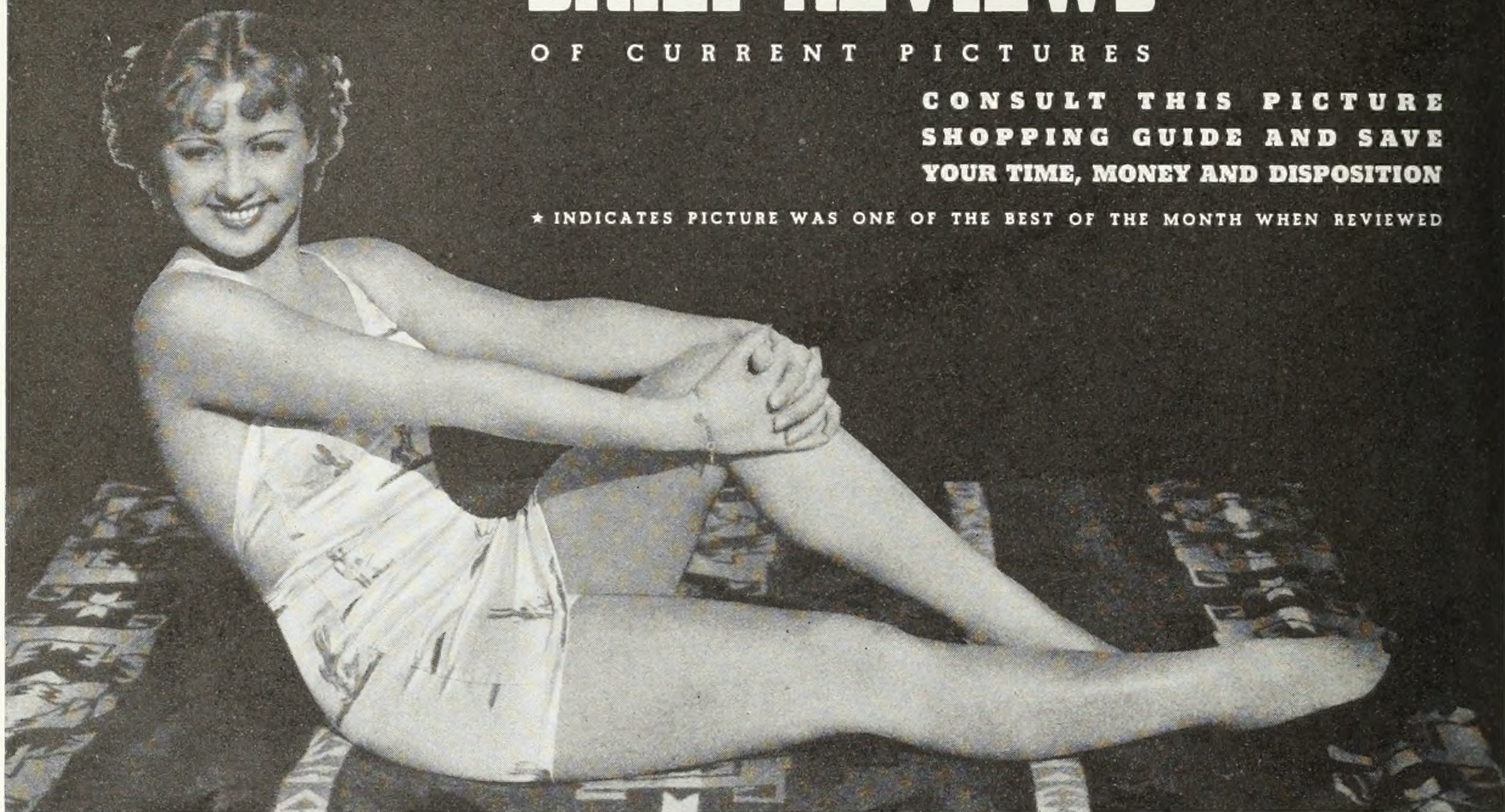
Junior, \$5; **\$7⁵⁰** Pencils, \$2.50,
 Over-Size, \$10 **\$3.50 and \$5**

BRIEF REVIEWS

OF CURRENT PICTURES

CONSULT THIS PICTURE
SHOPPING GUIDE AND SAVE
YOUR TIME, MONEY AND DISPOSITION

★ INDICATES PICTURE WAS ONE OF THE BEST OF THE MONTH WHEN REVIEWED



Joan Blondell smiles because after "Sons O' Guns" she goes into "Stage Struck" with her boy friend Dick Powell

AFFAIR OF SUSAN, THE—Universal.—Only the droll humor of ZaSu Pitts and Hugh O'Connell succeeds in making this comedy of two "lonely hearts" who find romance and each other in Coney Island, an amusing and delightful morsel of entertainment. (Dec.)

★ **AH, WILDERNESS** — M-G-M. — O'Neill's great American comedy romance. Eric Linden suffers the pangs of young love, is disillusioned and brought back to his family by Lionel Barrymore, superb, as the father. Wholesome, charming and delightful. See it by all means. (Feb.)

ALIAS BULLDOG DRUMMOND—Gaumont British.—Thrills and laughs alternate in this fast and exciting detective yarn in which Jack Hulbert, posing as Bulldog Drummond, frustrates a notorious gang of jewel thieves. Fay Wray supplies the feminine interest for both the audience and for Hulbert. (Dec.)

AMATEUR GENTLEMAN, THE — Criterion-United Artists.—The movie version of Jeffery Farnol's novel of a ne'er-do-well crashing the social gates of 18th century London to save his father from hanging is recommended for the ingratiating performance of Doug Fairbanks, Jr., the loveliness of Elissa Landi and the fine acting of Basil Sydney and Gordon Harker. (May.)

★ **ANNIE OAKLEY**—RKO-Radio.—With the colorful background of Buffalo Bill's show, this is a hearty, wholesome human romance. Barbara Stanwyck is perfection as dead-eye Annie who outshoots champion Preston Foster until Cupid outshoots her. A hit. (Jan.)

ANOTHER FACE — RKO-Radio. — Exciting comedy mystery. Public enemy Brian Donlevy remakes his face and hides in Hollywood studio. Wallace Ford and Allan Hale commendable. (Feb.)

★ **ANYTHING GOES** — Paramount. — Bing Crosby and Ethel Merman in smart sparkling music comedy about a shipboard mix-up. Charles Ruggles and Arthur Pupino lead a parade of clever clowns. Good entertainment. (Mar.)

★ **BARBARY COAST**—Samuel Goldwyn.—The story of San Francisco's disreputable waterfront portrayed with distinction and artistry by a brilliant cast of capable stars that includes Miriam Hopkins, Joel McCrea and Edward G. Robinson, makes this one of the season's noteworthy contributions to the screen. Watch Walter Brennan as *Old Atrocious* (Dec.)

BAR 20 RIDES AGAIN—Paramount.—The third Hop-Along-Cassidy story. Top-notch Western stuff with Bill Boyd rescuing a neighbor from cattle thieves. Exciting and logical. (Feb.)

PICTURES Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

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BIG BROADCAST OF 1936, THE—Paramount.—An ineffective story serves as an excuse to introduce some of the biggest name stars of radio and stage to movie audiences in Paramount's annual extravagant revue. Jack Oakie deserves what little acting honors there are. (Dec.)

BISHOP MISBEHAVES, THE—M-G-M.—A neat British farce involving an adventurous bishop who mixes in a robbery plot with Limehouse crooks, a beautiful girl and a daring young American, gives Edmund Gwenn, Maureen O'Sullivan and Norman Foster ample opportunity to create some lively and laughable diversion. (Dec.)

BOULDER DAM—Warners. — Depicting the metamorphosis of a smart aleck (Ross Alexander) through his pride as a workman in building the celebrated dam for future generations. Fascinating shots of the project. Good cast. (May.)

BRIDES ARE LIKE THAT — First National.—Ross Alexander in a bright, snappy little comedy of the ne'er-do-well windbag who fools his critics in the applesauce business. Anita Louise lovely as his trusting wife, but it's Ross' show. (April.)

★ **BRIDE COMES HOME, THE**—Paramount.—Romantic and frolicsome, with Claudette Colbert as an heiress and Fred MacMurray as a magazine editor. Robert Young makes the triangle. Grand fun. (Feb.)

BROADWAY HOSTESS — Warners. — A slow-moving, improbable story of torch singer (Wini Shaw) and her manager (Lyle Talbot) sky-rocketing to fame. Uninteresting. (Feb.)

BROADWAY PLAYBOY—Warners.—Refreshing version of George M. Cohan's play, "Home Towners." Gene Lockhart splendid as Warren William's pal who twists things up for a bridal party. June Travis justifies her co-stardom. (May.)

★ **CAPTAIN BLOOD**—Cosmopolitan-Warners.—Sabatini story of buccaneers in the 17th century crammed with action, romance, excitement, and adventure. A new star Errol Flynn supported by fine cast including Olivia De Havilland, Basil Rathbone, Guy Kibbee, Lionel Atwill. Splendid. (Mar.)

★ **CAPTAIN JANUARY**—20th Century-Fox.—Shirley Temple at her best in a delightful story of a lighthouse keeper's granddaughter. She is ably assisted by Guy Kibbee, Slim Summerville, and Buddy Ebsen. The music and dancing are excellent, too. Take the family. (May.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 118]

Hollywood Does A Mirthful Martial Musical Up 'Brown'

JOE E. BROWN

joins the army and
'slays' the world as the
head man of a riotous
regiment of singing

SONS O' GUNS

Including Joan

BLONDELL

Beverly Roberts, Eric Blore,
Winifred Shaw, Craig Reynolds,
Joseph King, Robert Barrat

TAKE A BOW, LLOYD
BACON, FOR YOUR
DIRECTION

And the Same To You,
Warren & Dubin, for
These Great Songs
"A Buck And A Quar-
ter A Day", "Put On
A Uniform", "In The
Arms Of An Army Man"

THE PICTURE OF
THE MONTH

Those thousands of "Bright
Lights" audiences who demanded
another song-and-dance show for
Joe have had their way! Warner
Bros. went right out and bought
that famous stage musical 'Sons
O' Guns,' equipped it with an
uproarious cast and all modern
conveniences including new
Warren and Dubin songs, and a
passionate apache dance number
by Joe that stops the show.
The riotous results emerge as
the month's top entertainment.



Boos &

Bouquets



FIRST PRIZE—\$15

FINGERNOTES ON A FOOTNOTER

HAVE you ever noticed Fred Astaire's hands? They're not just ordinary hands, you know. Outside of being well groomed and nicely moulded, they have characteristics of human expression. They speak an eloquent language. They listen with an attentive air. They portray a sensitiveness and restraint.

Much has been said about Fred Astaire's feet, but little of his rhythmic fingers. These ten streamlined nerve centers are literally miniature individuals—they express moods of comedy and forlorn sadness. They tingle with excitement and they twiddle delightfully in agitation. They flutter in woe-begone Chaplinesque pantomime. They meditate—create.

You can almost feel the flow of motion reverberating to their tips. Like electrical currents conveying light through darkness, they convey grace to an awaiting world. To me it is every bit as important and intriguing to keep fingernotes as it is to keep footnotes on—Fred Astaire.

BONITA MEYERS, Jersey City, N. J.

SECOND PRIZE—\$10

A FOREIGN FAN'S FAVOR

The value of American moving pictures to Americans in foreign lands is enormous. For a blissful two hours we can forget the great expanse of water which separates us from so much we hold dear.

The American pictures shown here must be good for they have to compete with English, German, French, as well as Swedish films. It is interesting that time and again the theaters showing American films are crowded while the others, unless exceptionally good, lack patronage. People in this rather staid land like the youth and cheer portrayed by Joan Crawford and Clark Gable, the merry dancing of Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, the glorious singing of Jeanette MacDonald and Grace Moore.

By way of criticism, I would suggest that we have more films dealing with ordinary life. People in foreign countries get the impression that all Americans are either immensely wealthy dashing from party to party, or else underworld characters living by their wits with a gun handy.

RUTH ABRAHAMSON, Hustvonia, Sweden.

Hollywood watches these pages for real tips! Your letters influence new films

THIRD PRIZE—\$5

SINCERE APPRECIATION

I think it would be hard for the most ardent city moviegoer to realize what the motion pictures mean to a country person who can at best see only four or five pictures a year. Last year I saw three, three of the best. How those dips into another, brighter world salved and sustained a yearning soul!

It is not that rural isolation renders a person gullible to the bright panorama of the movies and the existence they alluringly suggest, but that life starved as we are, they give us a new springing of hope and faith in things that yet might come to us. We go to see ourselves winning our struggles for a change; we go to believe that love is right, and a worker will be rewarded; we go to rest our backs and hearts while someone else lives our lives for us; we go to gratify our want to feast, to be touched with beauty, and to be given something to think about for months. Thank God for moving pictures.

EUGENE HUGUET, Petersfield, Manitoba.

\$1 PRIZE

A WORK OF ART

Once in a blue moon Hollywood turns out a picture that can be truly classed as a work of art. "The Petrified Forest" is such a picture. This story of a man who has failed and is tired of living, and of a girl who looks forward to a life that she cannot obtain is one of the loveliest to come to the screen. It is needless to say that Leslie Howard in the rôle of the man is magnificent; he is always magnificent. There is a subtle charm about his acting which no other star can equal, but he does not carry the picture alone. Bette Davis, as the girl, and Charley Grapewin as the grandfather both do beautiful work. To Humphrey Bogart, however, goes the honor of stealing the show; it will be a long time before we forget his *Duke Mantee*, the killer.

MUSA I. DEMOUTH, Portland, Oregon.

\$1 PRIZE

A CINEMA TREAT

In "Ceiling Zero" we have the first real drama that takes us into the private and highly dramatic lives of the brave men who transport our mail even in the most hazardous weather.

James Cagney and Pat O'Brien have never before given such brilliantly emotional performances, and have never appeared to better advantage.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 78]

THE PICTURE YOU'VE DREAMED ABOUT!

The Golden Voice of
GRACE MOORE

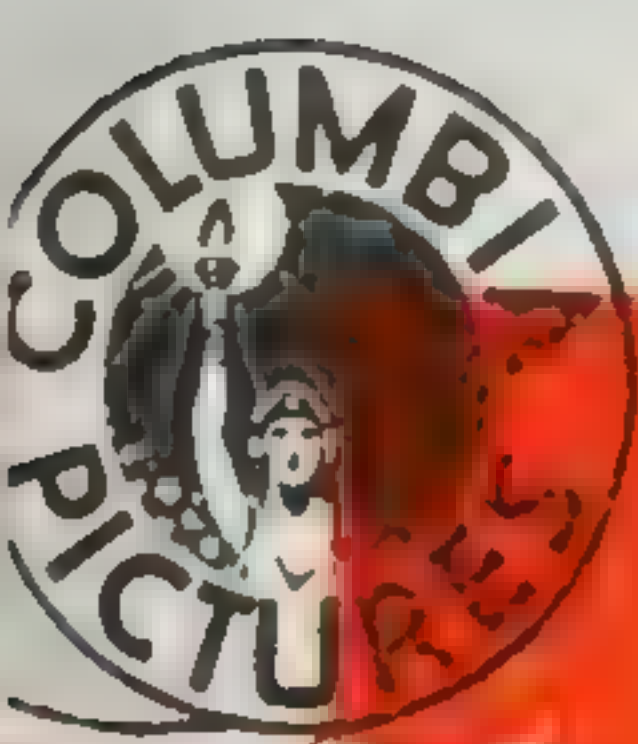
The Romantic Dash of
FRANCHOT TONE

The Glorious Melodies of
FRITZ KREISLER



Grace Moore
FRANCHOT TONE
"The King Steps Out"

WALTER CONNOLLY
Raymond Walburn • Victor Jory • Elisabeth Risdon
And the World-Famed Albertina Rasch Ballet
Screen play by Sidney Buchman
Directed by **JOSEF VON STERNBERG**



Frank Capra's genius achieves another masterpiece in this magnificent comedy drama by the brilliant Robert Riskin. See it now—you'll want to see it again!

GARY COOPER

Mrs. Deeds Goes To Town

JEAN ARTHUR

George Bancroft • Lionel Stander
Douglass Dumbrille • H. B. Warner

A FRANK CAPRA Production

Screen play by Robert Riskin
Story by Clarence Budington Kelland

Love

**as burning as
Sahara's Sands**

From Ouida's romantic novel of the French Foreign Legion, flashes this glorious spectacle-drama of men's heroism and women's devotion, enacted by one of the greatest casts the screen has ever seen.



UNDER TWO FLAGS

starring
Ronald
COLMAN
(*Beau Geste*)

**VICTOR
McLAGLEN**
(*The Informer*)

featuring
Claudette
COLBERT
(*It Happened One Night*)

**ROSALIND
RUSSELL**
(*Rendezvous*)

with GREGORY RATOFF • NIGEL BRUCE • C. HENRY GORDON • HERBERT MUNDIN

AND A CAST OF 10,000

a **DARRYL F. ZANUCK** 20th CENTURY PRODUCTION
(*Les Miserables . . . House of Rothschild*)

Presented by Joseph M. Schenck

Directed by Frank Lloyd (*Cavalcade . . . Mutiny on the Bounty*)

Associate Producer Raymond Griffith • Based on the novel by Ouida



close ups and long shots

BY RUTH WATERBURY

THE reigning comedy success of Broadway as I write this is another burlesque on Hollywood life called "Boy Meets Girl." In New York on one of my flying trips, I find it an enormously funny show though I can't laugh at it as much as the average audience and for this reason.

Living most of the year in Hollywood I have learned to accept its insanities as an apparently necessary part of its business. Yet looking at Hollywood from the viewpoint of New York, seeing previews in New York theaters for a change, certain inanities of Hollywood bewilder me.



Gladys Swarthout's treatment was about the silliest ever accorded a personality

THERE is, for example, the strange case of Gladys Swarthout.

Here in New York, I have seen "Give Us 'This Night," Miss Swarthout's second million dollar picture, this one starring Jan Kiepura. Here I have met Miss Swarthout against the subtle, sophisticated background of her own apartment. She is a girl famous to opera lovers, famous to radio followers, a personality with a great voice, youthful beauty, cultivated chic, warmth, ambition and most important, the sincere wish to bring to the world, through the medium of the screen, something fine and new. Paramount was certainly being smart when they signed her for films a little more than a year ago.

But for her first picture, "The Rose of the Rancho" they signed John Boles. The reasoning was that John, known to the movie public, would bring people to the box-office. But what was the excuse for putting this girl into a story so weak that an all-star cast couldn't have saved it? Or even with a good story, why cast a great singer in a rôle in which she hardly gave forth a note but merely gazed wide-eyed though lovely while someone else sang?

And, allowing for that error, why follow it up by casting Miss Swarthout once again opposite, this time, the egotistic, bombastic Mr. Kiepura?

They certainly gave Jan whatever night there was in "Give Us 'This Night." They even gave him the air. But throughout, Miss Swarthout's ability was concentrated upon practically being overcome at the dulcet tones of Mr. Kiepura. And, as if to make amends Paramount announces that she will simply be a dramatic actress



Shirley Temple bases much of her success on a quality she shares with Clark Gable

in her next feature, "The New Divorce," that she will not sing at all in it. In other words, they plan to ignore this fine voice altogether.

THEN there is the case of Merle Oberon.

I might as well admit that to my eyes Merle Oberon is the most beautiful woman in Hollywood. I shall never forget that first glimpse of her, flashing forth in "Henry VIII." I even liked her in that exaggerated make-up in her first American production, "Folies Bergere" and in "The Dark Angel" and "These Three" I thought her magnificent.

The Oberon career certainly looked to be in high when Merle was signed for "The Garden of Allah." Merle with her slanting eyes, her golden skin, her cloud of deep brown hair should have been devastating in this all-color opus.

But suddenly Miss Oberon is out and Marlene Dietrich is in the rôle.

Dietrich is beautiful, too. She has a personal fascination that the camera is yet to catch completely. For more than five years, ever since "Morocco" Hollywood has been waiting for the camera to do

just this thing. The blame for this failure has been put variously on Paramount, Von Sternberg, stories, even, as in "The Scarlet Empress," on the scenic designers. I don't feel, myself, that I can bear reading any more about that inevitable "new" Dietrich we will be promised in "The Garden of Allah." Why were not the producers of the picture content to give us that Oberon girl, who right now is so good she ranked high in the Academy voting for the best performance of 1935?

OR take, on the lighter side of things, the case of the newspaper headlines in current pictures. The only actor I've ever seen who acted a newspaper man like a real one was James Stewart in "Next Time We Love." But headlines! Why doesn't some research department tell the production department just what it takes to make headlines in New York newspapers?

There is no more conscientious, sincere director in Hollywood than Frank Capra. But his "Mr. Deeds Goes To Town" has headline trouble just the same. Gary Cooper comes to New York, the heir to \$20,000,000 and for days and days you are shown the major size New York papers giving him eight column heads, straight across their front pages. Most of this seems to be because Jean Arthur as a smart girl reporter tags Gary around and catches him feeding doughnuts to horses.

Couldn't somebody tell Columbia that when the Lindbergh baby was kidnapped, in other words when the greatest human interest news story of our day broke, a paper like The New York Times only gave that a four column head, or half way across the page? And is it too much to ask that somebody sometime look inside a newspaper on the screen? People really do, you know.

SO many people have asked me, since I came to New York, what Shirley Temple is really like, if she is truly unspoiled (which she is), if she is really as talented as she seems (which she also is), that it suddenly occurred to me one thing about Shirley has never been given due credit. That is her truly glorious health and vitality. On this page you will see a little grab shot our cameraman picked up of her recently in Palm Springs. She can't even walk along a street, as you see, without fairly dancing, without flirting with everyone she sees, without adoring all and sundry.

Vitality is just as much a keystone of Shirley's fame as it is of Clark Gable's.

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Pursuit of the Hollywood He-man



IT started, this idea, about the time Clark Gable and his wife separated. And about the time Robert Taylor became the rage on the screen.

I first encountered it at a dinner party where a world-famous psychologist said to me that all Hollywood females were predatory in the extreme and that they pursued the Hollywood he-men much more than they were pursued by them.

Not being too sure about "predatory," when I got home that night I sought my biggest Webster's, where I found that predatory was defined as; "Of, pertaining to, or characterized by plundering. Practicing rapine. Given to plundering."

That upset me quite a good deal. Then I made a flight out to Hollywood from New York, where I had been working, and became aware that there was a good deal of gossip going on which might check with the eminent professor's idea. His idea, simply stated, was that sex selection in Hollywood was done by the women stars, the great screen beauties, and that the poor man didn't have much of a chance. The Hollywood whispers were that half a dozen world-renowned screen sirens had suddenly noticed young Robert Taylor, as he emerged from obscurity into the



hearts of American women, and that they were hot upon his trail.

All this startled me a little. I had never thought much about it one way or the other, but it had always seemed to me that the glamorous women of Hollywood—and they are the most fascinating women on earth—were pursued by the men, that they were sought by men and admired by them and wouldn't have the slightest trouble getting any man on earth they wanted.

Yet it was whispered to me across teacups and luncheon tables that the moment the beautiful Rhea Gable left her



Clark Gable and Robert Taylor are the two most sought-after males in Hollywood under the reversal of the age-old formula of boy seeks girl



"She who hesitates is lonesome," say the Hollywood girls who lead with the right cheek

By Adela Rogers St. Johns

ILLUSTRATION BY CARL PFEUFER

husband, a dozen Hollywood stars and near-stars had marked him for their own and set out to capture him.

That made me pause for thought, because I know Clark very well and he does not like to be pursued. He will, thank you very much, do his own pursuing and if, now that he is free, he wants to do any of it, he will probably be very successful. But as a strict matter of fact, Clark is not so very much interested in women. He likes hunting and fishing and horses and lots of things besides women and he works hard and doesn't have an awful lot of time.

But the stories of the pursuit of Gable and Taylor—they

seemed at the moment to be the two most sought-after males in Hollywood—convinced me of a lot of very interesting things about that most fascinating place. For Hollywood has become very fascinating again. After a rather drab and commercial era, while we were all scared to death after the advent of the talkies, it is full of opera stars and foreigners and temperament again, and love affairs and glamour. I left it, a few years ago, because nobody was having fun anymore. But they are having plenty of fun now.

The lady who was most openly and frequently mentioned as pursuing Mr. Gable was Carole Lombard.

Some of the other ladies who are pursuing cannot be mentioned by name because they wouldn't like it, and I can't prove it. I dislike very much to put down on paper anything I can't prove.

But I mention Carole because she won't mind, because she has the most glorious sense of humor of any woman I have ever known, and because she has an open and frank attack upon life and its problems as they apply to her. You may have guessed from the foregoing that I am pretty crazy about Carole and you will be right. She is one of those rare women who never give anybody, including herself, a dull moment.

Carole would quite definitely say that if she wanted anything, whether it was Mr. Gable or a job or a new ping-pong table, she would go out and get it if she could. Anything else would seem stupid and antiquated to Carole, who is modern from her flaming head to her polished toes.

And the thought of Carole made me realize that Hollywood is about the only place I know on the map today where men and women are really equal. Stop and think a moment and you will see that this is true. Therefore, if the men all pursue Marlene Dietrich and the women pursue Clark Gable and Robert Taylor, all it means is that they are actually equals and that either way it is done is quite all right with everybody.

In spite of our much vaunted woman's freedom and the equality of sexes that is exploited so much these days, certain inequalities and certain Eve-like tendencies have persisted in most women. Girls wait for the boys to telephone and ladies

wait for the gentlemen to ask them out for dinner, and proposals, honorable and otherwise, are supposed to come from the men. I don't say that the women don't pull the strings and do a bit of phenagling now and again. But that's the basic principle.

But in Hollywood it is and must be different.

When I began to think about it, I discovered that I had actually seen a good deal of what my friend the professor calls the predatory female of Hollywood. I began my Hollywood career some seventeen years ago and I have watched the parade ever since.

I think the first time I ever noticed the pursuit at its height was when Ronald Colman first arrived in the cinema capital from England. He was then, and is now for that matter, a retiring soul, fond of privacy and given to chuckling rather than laughing. Being English, he was used to the deeply ingrained idea of masculine dominance and freedom. He was, however, amazingly attractive and about that time there hadn't been a really new and attractive man around for quite a while. (It's a very small town you know, and the advent of a fascinating new man is not much different than the advent of somebody's room-mate who is handsome and plays on the football team.)

There were times in those first months when I thought Ronny was going to give up the whole picture idea and go back and raise sheep or something on his farm in England. The way I happen to know how deeply it affected him is this: The first time we ever met, or maybe the second, Ronny and I had a very violent and edged difference of opinion about something or other. I can't for the life of me remember what it was, but Ronny was very English and very superior and cutting and sarcastic about it and I was very Irish and violent and unpleasant. Later, in the evening, I thought what a fool I had been because I liked him very much and now he would avoid me like the plague. But it turned out exactly the opposite. Ronny always seemed glad to see me, liked to be my partner at tennis, and sought me at evening parties, where we continued to fight and disagree on almost every subject that came up in the conversation.

It was quite a while before I realized that Mr. Colman thought I disliked him and therefore that he was perfectly safe in my company. And he didn't feel very safe in Hollywood just then. For often even in the late hours when he returned home he would find some charming lady whose name rated

electric lights, waiting for him, having just dropped in for a moment on her way home. Jack Gilbert used to swear that in those days Ronald always looked under his bed before he got into it.

Perhaps young Mr. Robert Taylor is having somewhat the same experience now. The rumor around the clubs, which I haven't been altogether able to confirm, is that young Mr. Taylor really prefers Irene Hervey to all the other women there are, but that there are several irresistible ladies who render his choice difficult.

Then, of course, I remember the advent of Gary Cooper. Gary happens to be my own personal favorite masculine star. On the screen, he is literally everything that I find attractive in a man. But when I first met Gary he was a shy, awkward, very unhappy young man from the wide open spaces and he was trying to learn to act. I had written the picture and I had to witness some of it, and it was pretty painful. I think of it with a thrill when I see him turn in such a magnificent and finished performance as that in "Lives of a Bengal Lancer." But in those early days he was shy of women, he was always a silent young man, but he was just as attractive as he is now.

If you will remember he was reported engaged first to Clara Bow, the flaming "It" girl of the silent films, then to Evelyn Brent, then to Lupe Velez. I don't think it's unfair to anybody to say that in all those cases it was a game of lady's choice. Not that Gary wasn't willing, but he was shy and he didn't quite know what the score was. As for Lupe—now there is a young woman who glories in being predatory, if you like. What Lupe wants, Lupe gets.

Of course, in the end Gary quietly, and in his usual efficient manner, selected a young and beautiful society girl from New York and married her. But he had been among the pursued in his time.

As for Gable!

I remember a producer telling me in the days when Clark had just registered his sky-rocket success that he had completely disrupted the lot. I asked why and the producer said that he had a file of demands, impassioned requests and tears from practically every female star on

the lot to have Gable in her next picture as leading man. Now most female stars do not wish to be overshadowed by a startling young man who is just hitting his peak. So there may—I don't say there was—but there may have been, in a few cases at least, something a little personal in those requests. But Clark was in love with his wife— [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 75]



The Hollywood bachelors are standing in line to protect this fragile bit of charm — Virginia Bruce



Dietrich may choose one of her many men friends to dine with, but select another to pose with when photographers appear

Blond, gorgeous, vivacious Carole Lombard is once more "playing the field" in her interesting way





beauties

The superlatively beautiful Dolores Del Rio has left the polished pattern of her Hollywood life and gone to England to play in Fairbanks, Jr.'s "To You My Life"



red head

Barbara Stanwyck is more beautiful than ever since her divorce, with her most persistent escort the darkly-handsome Robert Taylor. See her in "Burlesque"



Switching from her usual rôle as ingénue to that of a Lorelei in "The Great Ziegfeld," the divinely fair Virginia Bruce repeats the part in "Come and Get It"

blonde



brunette

One must spur their imagination believing that this gorgeous brunette, Frances Dee (Mrs. Joel McCrea) is the mother of two little boys. She's in "Half Angel"

Why Fame Can't Spoil Fred Astaire



"Well, just this once," says Fred as he makes a valiant attempt to combine stardom with a real private life

FOR three days the mousy, shabbily-dressed girl had waited in front of 875 Park Avenue, New York City, for Fred Astaire to appear. He was her last hope. Since the show she was dancing in had closed, she hadn't earned a cent. Perhaps he could help her get a job as a dancer. Save her from starvation.

But somehow, Fred had always slipped in and out unnoticed. The doorman and attendants, touched by her shabbiness, didn't have the heart to chase her away. When they suggested they announce her to Mr. Astaire, she begged them not to. "He doesn't know me from Adam," she said. "He'd never be willing to see me."

Finally, one of the men told Astaire about her.

In two minutes he was downstairs, talking to the girl.

He took her chin in the palm of his hand, and said, "Don't be discouraged. It will be all right. You go to see Florenz Ziegfeld tomorrow. Tell him I sent you. And if there is anything else I can do, just let me know."

He talked to her as kindly as if she were his own sister.

You never knew that about Fred Astaire, did you? And you never knew that he was generous to a fault, and could refuse no plea for help. But Fred Astaire feels that his private life is his own affair.

Perhaps you are one of the people who resent this attitude. You think Fred's gone high-hat. And you can't understand his threatening to walk out on RKO-Radio.

If you want to, go on being peeved at Fred, and thinking

he's affected. But before you pass final judgment upon our grinning, fleet-footed comedian, I want you to get a glimpse of the unknown side of Fred Astaire, the side he refuses to reveal.

I had to visit dozens of people to get the stories I'm going to tell you. Neighbors of his childhood days at Weehawken, New Jersey; actors who knew him on the long climb up; employees at 875 Park Avenue, where he lived for three years prior to his marriage; relatives, producers and friends.

All agree on two things: That the underlying keynotes of his character are, and always have been, his generosity and shyness.

When he was ten years old, and in the fifth grade at the Hamilton School at Weehawken, he was always quiet and well-mannered, his teacher, Miss Eva Brundage, remembers. She and the principal, Miss Cora Fiske, recall, too, that Fred always had to be coaxed to appear in school plays. That it was his sister, Adele, who had the nerve and push, who was the leader of the duo.

To this day his childhood neighbors remember how badly Fred felt when he was chosen to appear with Adele, in a school version of "Cyrano de Bergerac."

Adele was taller than he, so she was given the male lead, while Fred, protesting every inch of the way, was dressed in female finery, and made to play *Roxanne*!

Always, Fred feared that he would be considered a sissy, because his mother insisted he practice dancing, and study French, when he wanted nothing better than to be permitted to play his beloved baseball with his chums.

Hollywood, with its gold and glory, has changed a host of grand people; but the hurrah hasn't touched Fred. He still has both feet on solid ground

By Mary Jacobs



Fred and sister Adele had a happy childhood. At Asbury Park, N. J., with Helen Losche (center), now Mrs. Carl Tannert

In order to impress the boys with the fact that he was a regular feller, he kept practicing baseball till he was a better player than any kid on the block.

"I remember he was always running around, swinging a bat," Edward Spengeman, the postman on the Weehawken beat told me. "He was the champion marble shooter and bottle-cap thrower of the gang. In those days, the boys threw bottle caps against the wall; whoever hit nearest a given spot got a cardboard head of a ball player as a prize."

"Never once did he discuss his dancing with any of us boys," one of his childhood chums told me. "That was a thing apart, and he wanted us to forget all about it when we played."

"He was one of the best natured kids on the block. I remember when we were both about eleven his dad sent him a lovely bag of marbles from out West. They were Real Agates, and made swell shooters. When I admired them, and asked him to let me shoot with them, he gave me half a dozen, including the best shooter of the whole set—a pure blood red one. Those aggies were one of my greatest childhood possessions."

The thing Fred hated most, as a child, was being asked to sing or dance for company, or his friends. His little face would flush, he'd run his grimy fingers through the curly mass of brown hair—yes, in those days he had lovely curls—and try to beg off. When he couldn't, he'd sing in a sweet, trembling voice, "Asleep in the Deep," which plaintive melody his mother had taught him.

When he was sixteen, Fred rebelled for the first time against what he considered sissified. Till then, he and Adele did toe dancing as the main part of their act.

But when they graduated to dancing at Feltmann's Restaurant, in Coney Island, Fred refused to do any more toe dancing, and insisted that their entire routine consist of smart comedy dancing.

To a childhood friend, who inquired about the change in their act, he explained, "Aw, I'm grown up. And it's too sissy for a feller to toe dance."

I spoke to Bernard Sobel, Ziegfeld's ex-press agent, who knew Astaire for many years, while Fred appeared in Broadway hits. He told me that Fred never once went temperamental, or demanded the moon, as so many of his colleagues did. And that whenever he could, Astaire ducked from publicity.

Years ago, I was present at a conference to further a charitable enterprise, with which Astaire had agreed to cooperate. All went well until the secretary announced, "Now that everything's settled, why can't we call in the press? The boys are waiting outside with their photographers. A story is all we need to get started."

Fred Astaire objected. "We're not giving our services to get our names into the papers," he said quietly. "We're doing it to help."

The reporters were not allowed in. Yet any story printed, showing how charitable he was, would have done him a lot of good.

So those of you who are peeved with him because he avoids reporters and photographers today, who feel he's doing a Garbo on you, will perhaps change your minds. He's not trying to high-hat the press, he doesn't feel he's too big a shot to need them. It's just that he's naturally reserved and would rather be let alone.

You'd think that a man who's been a public character for thirty years, who's danced before the mighty and the lowly, would know his way around, would be a sophisticate, a man about town, a bit of a blade with the ladies.

Yet people who knew him for years assured me that the first woman he ever was really interested in, is today Mrs. Fred Astaire. That the girls he squired about town are few and far between. Before he went to Hollywood, he took Marilyn Miller and Ginger Rogers out occasionally.

"The day he married Phyllis Potter," one of the doormen in his old apartment house told me, "he came in very much elated, hit me on the chest with his fist, and said, 'Aw, gee, I'm the happiest man in the world. She's married me.'"

Which was quite a contrast to his usual demeanor. "He'd come out of the house with his head downcast, with his coat collar up, as if he was trying to hide. His hands were always in his pockets, and he chewed gum incessantly. If anyone spoke to him, he'd look up in a timid sort of way, mumble a greeting, and hurry into his car. There was nothing high and mighty about him."

"One day," Bernard Sobel told me, "I introduced Astaire to a few chorus girls, in décolleté. As is the custom in the theater, I put my arm around one, thinking nothing of it. Astaire actually blushed! Even then, when he was sitting on top of the world, with a series of Broadway hits to his credit, he still remained at heart a shy, retiring small-town boy."

He was the most democratic tenant the swanky, high class apartment house at 875 Park Avenue ever had. He'd be riding along Lexington Avenue, in his \$22,000 Rolls Royce, when he'd see a number of the apartment house attendants standing on a street corner. It didn't matter if he was with a Vanderbilt or a college professor, out would come his hand from the front car window, waving a greeting, and he'd grin from ear to ear. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 114]



When Adele was ten and Fred eight. This dance used to "slay" the audience

The Month's Prize Shots

Photos by
Hyman Fink



Joan Bennett is the modern Hollywood mother. Here she is with her two daughters, Melinda and Diana



Recognize the man who is receiving congratulations from Irvin Cobb and Gregory Ratoff? It's none other than Jean (Country Doctor) Hersholt, and the boys are toasting Jean's thirtieth anniversary in motion pictures



Place: Club Lamaze. New romantic duo: Jeanette MacDonald and James Stewart, having food and fun



At Hedda Hopper's tea honoring Lady Guernsey, we find Kathleen Howard, Photoplay's own fashion expert, on the far right. Yes, that's Marlene Dietrich and Gloria Swanson on either side of the titled guest of honor



Stars are supposed to stay put; either in the heavens or in Hollywood. Here is Paul Lukas headed for the sky

Dinner For One, Please, Johns



Surprised at nothing, awed by no one — a new Barbara Stanwyck has emerged to startle Hollywood and the world

YOU'VE heard a lot about Barbara Stanwyck lately. You've read the concise history of her life during the past few months in gloating little newspaper captions: "Miss Stanwyck, shown above, today was granted a divorce from Frank Fay, popular radio M. C. . . ." And later, part way down somebody's column: "Barbara probably won't announce her engagement to Mr. Whozis until her decree is final. . . ."

These things you've read, and from them you have drawn conclusions. You have decided things about her, quite naturally; and quite as naturally they can't be true. Because she isn't going to announce her engagement to a "Mr. Whozis" now or ever—so long as she can help it, she isn't going to announce her engagement to anyone. She's had enough of marriage. She's a brand new Stanwyck with a brand new personality, she's over her little dramatic period of "heart-break," and she has mapped out a future for herself that will make for security and peace.

Wherefore you must know the reorganized Barbara. You must understand why, after a lifetime of struggle and of dirty deals, she can at last settle back into happiness with her house swept clean.

I found her curled up on a sofa, eating doughnuts and drinking black coffee. It wasn't lunch-time yet, but she always gets hungry about eleven o'clock. She wore white slacks.

It wasn't any sort of an assumed attitude for my benefit; the grin was genuine, the slacks merely comfortable. There was none of this artificial-laughter-to-hide-her-deep-pain stuff—the

only emotion reflected on her face was a quiet enjoyment, traceable, if you like, to the doughnuts. I sank into a chair, immensely relieved.

"You're looking swell," I said on a note of surprise.

"Why not? As a matter of fact, I've never been in better shape mentally, emotionally, physically—or even financially."

"What, no broken heart?"

"Bah!" said Barbara explosively. Then: "Take off your tie and have a sinker. It's quite a story. . . ."

IT begins, that story, in a fabulous Brooklyn tenement—one of those places you see in the movies where people lean out of windows for purposes of conversation, and where small children play noisily on the stairs. It's a success story, but one filled to the brim with disheartening set-backs and tough breaks; it is the story of Barbara Stanwyck up to now.

You've probably read her biography before this, so we'll consider only the high—or rather the low—spots in it. But you must know that her parents died when she was four, and that when she was thirteen she went to work in a telephone company. That's pretty young for clock-punching, in anybody's language.

They were a Brooklyn Irish family, you see, eminently honest and beautifully kind and very poor. Little Barbara didn't do the telephone company any good, so she went to Condé Nast publications, in the fashion department; she was immediately fired when she sent some demanding old woman a scarf pattern instead of one for an evening dress; and then she decided to try the chorus.

You understand what that was like—the long unending hours of rehearsal and routine, the uncertainty and the wabby income, the anxious waits between engagements.

"I'll never forget the smell of boiling clothes in all my life," Barbara interpolated. "During one hiatus that was especially long, and after my cash surplus had dwindled to about thirty-five dollars, I moved into a little room over a 6th Avenue laundry. It wasn't even a good laundry—and every morning at seven o'clock those big machines would start slap-sloshing below and the steam would come seeping through the broken plaster and that awful smell of boiling soap would sweep up—remember, I'd been hoofing it all over town hunting for work the day before, and this was supposed to be my beauty sleep."

Things like that. Like going hungry rather than ask her brother and three sisters for help, because: "I was on my own. Why bother them with my troubles?"

Of course she finally got the breaks. She got a line-spot in the Follies; she put on a set smile and tapped for hours, encircled by white shirt-fronts and gaudy ladies, on the Strand Roof; she got a small part in "The Noose"; she got a better part in "Burlesque," which ran a year on Broadway and almost a year on the road. . . .

She came to Hollywood. Her first picture was a miserable failure, and it was months before Columbia borrowed her for the lead in "Ladies of Leisure." But actually her career was established. Her bank-book was introduced to a perpetual banquet. She didn't have to worry any more.

Not about money, that is. Barbara Stanwyck, as an actress, was sitting on top. But Barbara Stanwyck, as a human being, was just nowhere at all. She was confused, unhappy, a little resentful; she had yet to batter at the shining wall Hollywood erects against newcomers. She had yet to take the biggest slap-in-the-face of all.

Barbara Stanwyck is through with heart-break, done with marriage. She looks ahead now to a life of fun, laughter, kite flying, doughnuts and acting

By George Stevens

Barbara has found herself only in the last few months. Before that her life was a bewildering affair of strenuous self-teaching, of adjustment, of recovering from one hurt after another. She spent those years finding out the way of the wealthy—digging with unaccustomed hands her little niche in the city of Hollywood.

But in everyone's life there is a month, or a week, or a day, in which all the crazy unconnected happenings come suddenly together and make a pattern; they fit, somehow, and the rest is clear. It takes either a cold shower or a hard blow to bring a woman out of her fog. Both work just as well.

Barbara met, loved, married, and divorced Frank Fay. . . .

His only importance now, so far as she is concerned, is that he snapped her out of illusion and bewilderment. "I went away to the desert in September," she said, "so I wouldn't bother anyone. There's nothing so boring to people as a moping woman, and I didn't want to be a bore. Anyway, when I came back the whole thing was over and my mind was clear again. I knew what I wanted and what I must do. I was—and am—secure and confident."

Which is the 1936 way of spelling Barbara Stanwyck. There is about her a new aura: she has a new wisdom, a new tolerance. She is surprised by nothing and awed by no one—yet life elates her. There is nothing blasé about her attitudes because she has a natural excitement at living; she's a young and inherently gay person, with the same need for laughter that typifies her race. The Irish are subject to periodic melancholia, but more often they wear a mad grin—and Barbara is Irish.

Having fixed herself up economically with trust funds and annuities, she's ready to start getting something out of life. She doesn't want marriage, for obvious reasons—but she'll probably change her mind later on. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 90]



What does the future hold for a girl whose courage has transformed her from the shy, silent, inconspicuous person of a year ago into the dazzling young star of today?

To a Hollywood accustomed to look affectionately upon these tempestuous red heads as their happiest married couple, Barbara's divorce from Frank Fay was a shock

Garbo and Chaplin Talked for Me

By Dana Burnet

I HAVE always disliked reminiscences. As a rule they are either mellow to the point of mustiness, or painfully doddering. I don't think that I have reached the age where I dodder. I can still play squash and tennis, chase a fire-engine and disregard my blood-pressure by laughing immoderately at Mickey Mouse and Charlie Chaplin, two of the greatest artists on the screen, if not in the entire entertainment world. There is a third great artist of the screen, a woman whose projected beauty is known to millions the world over, who once did me the honor to laugh at me. It is the memory of my brief acquaintance with this woman—her name is Greta Garbo—and of my even briefer acquaintance with the inimitable Chaplin, that moved me to the composition of this article, which I must admit is a reminiscence whether I like it or not.

I went to Hollywood for the first time about eight years ago, when Mr. Samuel Goldwyn, one of the pioneer producers—who still is going strong—invited me to come to the Movie Metropolis as his guest. I doubt whether Mr. Goldwyn knew that I was going to be his guest, because he paid me what then seemed to me a fabulous sum of money per week to occupy an office in his studio, which at that time was in Culver City. I was supposed to write a scenario for one of his stars, Mr. Ronald Colman; and after much agonized labor I did write such a scenario, all about a British submarine that went to the bottom with Mr. Colman locked inside it. But my brain child never was produced. I am a little vague as to why it was shelved. It was either because the U. S. Navy would not co-operate with the movie people how times have changed!—or because it was found that Mr. Colman would have to shave off his moustache in order to be a British naval officer. I may be mistaken, but I think the moustache decided it.

Yet those six weeks in Hollywood—a naïve and fabulous Hollywood which has vanished forever—produced certain con-



Chaplin, the millionaire, climbed the broken stairs to the room in the garret where he had spent his childhood and stood there, tears rolling down his face

ILLUSTRATED BY
HAROLD DENISON

A famous author reminisces with never-before-told tales of the most silent stars



The author knew quite a lot of English, but he could not summon any of it at the moment to reply to Mr. Goldwyn, because, after all, the purpose of language is to convey thought, and Mr. Goldwyn's thought on this occasion happened to be correct. It was a terrible synopsis I was the author.

All of which leads me, by the circuitous route of reminiscence, to the night of my first Hollywood party. My host was Mr. Hornblow, that cultured, charming and able gentleman, who had been the first to welcome me to Hollywood and who had been most sympathetic when my submarine scenario was sunk without a trace.

When I arrived at the Hornblow home I found gathered there twenty or thirty prominent members of the movie colony, with not a black tie or low-necked gown among them. Followed a confused interval of introduction, during which I was aware of names and faces that any confirmed movie fan would have recognized instantly. But I never had been a confirmed movie fan, and my inability to identify these celebrities rose up and smote me sorely. It was as if a college student who had flunked Greek mythology should find himself suddenly on Olympus being presented to the gods.

But here at last appeared a tall, handsome, black-haired young man whom I recognized at once. He was the late John Gilbert, whose fine performance in Laurence Stallings' "The Big Parade" I had seen and admired. Also, I knew that Mr. Gilbert was to play the lead in the picture version of "Four Walls," a play which I had written in collaboration with George Abbott and which John Golden had produced that winter in New York. So I was sure of Mr. Gilbert, and felt mightily pleased with myself. I had recognized a movie star!

Then suddenly—as it seems to me now—there appeared from nowhere a pale, blond girl with rather prominent cheek bones and incredibly long eyelashes, who seemed wrapped in an invisible cloak of shyness. Actually she was wearing sports clothes, and there was no mark of make-up, no touch of artifice to accent her mobile mouth, her long lashes, her lovely arched brows. . . . All about her people moved, talking, laughing, filling the room with warm human intimacy and friendliness, but she stood strangely friendless, her spirit locked behind her eyes, not so much aloof as inexpressibly alone.

Mr. Gilbert introduced me to her, but what with the sound of voices in the room, I failed to hear her name. Then I was caught in a current of newcomers, and lost sight of her. It was perhaps half an hour later when I came upon her again. She was sitting in an armchair in a remote corner of the living-room, alone. I was seized with one of those awful compulsions to make conversation.

"Are you," I asked politely, "in pictures?"

She looked up at me incredulously, then with frank amazement; and then, tilting her blond head against the chair back, she laughed as a child laughs at [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 107]

tacts and impressions that stand out vividly in my memory.

So now I let my thoughts slide back to my first arrival in Los Angeles, where I was met by a telegram and a taxicab. The telegram was one of welcome from Mr. Arthur Hornblow, Jr., today a prominent and successful producer at Paramount, and most persistent escort of Miss Myrna Loy, who was then Mr. Goldwyn's assistant and general manager. The taxicab was to convey me to my hotel, and thence to the studio, where immediately I had my picture taken with Mr. Goldwyn. (I have an almost irresistible impulse to call this article "When Silence Was Goldwyn"—but I shall fight it off.) At any rate, I was received with kindness, courtesy and more words of welcome. The language employed was English. It gives me pleasure to add that during my subsequent association with Mr. Sam Goldwyn, I never once heard him make one of those verbal *faux pas* which have been attributed to him by the lovers of Oxford English and Joe Miller's Joke Book.

In fact, my recollection of his speech is that, while characteristically accented, it was unusually forcible and to the point. "I think it's terrible," he said once to a certain Eastern-trained author who had just submitted to him a synopsis for a picture.



Muni is one of the few actors who rates raves from public and critics alike, with such pictures as "The Life of Louis Pasteur," "Black Fury"

Muni and his wife Bella hard at play. These two inspire devotion and loyalty in everyone who knows them. And they give true friendship in return



The True PAUL MUNI

Only a writer as great as Louis Golding could penetrate to the soul of the man called by many Hollywood's greatest actor

By Louis Golding

THE question came out at me quite suddenly after I'd been three weeks in Hollywood. "What is the thing about Hollywood you're most going to remember when you leave here?"

The answer went back just as suddenly. "Paul Muni," I said. I've had time to think over that answer as the Santa Fé subdued the innumerable miles of Arizona desert and Kansas prairie. And I'm going to try and explain it here. I'm not at all sure it's going to be very easy.

Because, you know, three crowded weeks of Hollywood give the eyes and the mind and the heart a great deal to chew over. There are the countless pretty girls, to begin with. There they are, perambulating round the studio lots, banging the keys of typewriters, slipping hot dogs into sliced buns—they are devastating enough, I assure you. Then there are half a dozen women, a few less or a few more, who combine breathless beauty with considerable intelligence—women like Ann Harding or Marlene Dietrich. Then there are two or three men actors who are as great as Muni—I shouldn't say more than that.

Why then, I repeat, does Muni so lordlily impose himself upon my memories?

I'll tell you why. I think the greatness of Muni belongs primarily to himself; no director, no scenarist, no cameraman, no soundman, has had very much to do with it. It consists of a certain iron integrity combined with a certain delicate sensitiveness which can't be built up from outside. It must develop from within.

It isn't like that with most of the great lords and ladies of the screen. They only achieve greatness when the various elements I have spoken of get to work on them. They are like clay in the potter's hands, they are like exquisite musical instruments which are just as silent as any chair or table until the fingers of the master touch the keys or pluck the strings.

I met Paul Muni first in a New York theater on a first night. He is not exceptionally tall, yet his natural distinction was such that I found it difficult to see anyone else despite the swarming and the seething of the black crowds in the foyer. Frankly, it was a bad play. There was an expression of almost child-like pain on Muni's face. He can't stand up to the phony or the shoddy.

Then I met him again in my hotel in New York. First of all we talked about books. I don't know that I wanted to talk about books, because I write them for a living, and I like to get



Courteous yet independent, Muni, while unknown, walked out on a star who made him wait

away from them when I can, particularly when I find myself in the presence of an artist in another sphere whom I consider one of the masters. But Muni is not only a delicately courteous person, he is also a fundamentally modest one. He is always more interested in the person he is with than in himself. He still has not quite recovered from the shock of finding himself one of the most outstandingly successful of present-day movie actors and I don't think he ever will. As I say, he is modest. There is something almost of the eager schoolboy in him, he is so anxious to learn what he can from the practitioner in other fields than his own.

So we first talked about books. And then we narrowed the field down to the literary aspect of the movies. Does a fine film depend more on the excellence of the story or more on the acting? I inclined more toward the acting, he more to the story. That was all as it should be, very proper on both sides. Then I told him I should like to write a story for him; for I believe that a writer can do his best work for the cinema, if he works out his ideas under the inspiration of, and in the terms of, a powerful movie personality.

Muni then said that he could not work outside the limits of a fiery, an almost tough, realism. "I like something I can get my teeth into," he said, "something I can get hold of and pull at with all ten fingers till the jaw stiffens

and the tendons stand out on my forehead." That, of course is the sort of part he has done incomparably well in "Scarface" and "Black Fury" and "I Was a Fugitive from a Chain-Gang." But I am quite certain he is setting his limitations too close. He has already shown what suavity and subtlety he is capable of, in the "Life of Louis Pasteur," though even there he is still acting within the framework of a certain intellectual realism. I should like to see him take wings into the world of imagination, to enter into the ether till now occupied almost exclusively by actors like Conrad Veidt, Charles Laughton and Werner Krauss. I think he would attain an even greater eminence than theirs because his experience and instinct would always give his conceptions a certain essential truth and sanity. He would give us the best that both worlds can offer, fact and fantasy.

But my concern is with Muni of the present and past, rather than with the Muni of the future. He is one of those actors whose future can be relied on to look after itself, for it is not bound up with a pretty profile [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104]

Right, James Stewart and Margaret Sullavan in "Next Time We Love." He's her closest friend—Fonda's too



Famous as Margaret Sullavan is through her films, not until this story has anything of the true girl been told

The Stormy MARGARET

We went straight (an accomplishment, we acknowledge it) to three men who know Margaret Sullavan best and asked them. Three men who know women and Hollywood like a book. Any old book.

The unanimous opinion was, that the Wyler-Sullavan marriage would never have lasted anyway. As one friend of Maggie's who adores her but who states he could tan her stubborn hide said, "They were too much alike to have it last. Both were good at speaking their minds, only Maggie was the better at it, God bless her baby heart."

What does that signify to you? Yes, we gathered the same thing. Men just love to be told off by a five-feet-two, grey-eyed sass-box, as grandma termed them.

As to the Henry Fonda business, the joint opinion of all three representative gentlemen—a director, a producer and a press agent—was that Margaret Sullavan always had loved Henry and always would, God bless her baby heart again.

The director contended Maggie and Hank were in love only as a brother and sister are. It's not the male-female or man-woman attraction so much as a tender, sympathetic, brotherly-sisterly affection. Each one is interested in the other's career and problems. Both are kids at heart and love to play and romp like kids.

"Neither one has yet discovered the grand passion of his life."

The press agent had different ideas. He said that he knew Margaret Sullavan loved the boy the day she brought him out to Universal Studios (he happened to be there on business that day) and said, with pride in her eyes, "I want everyone to know I'm interested in Henry's career. I believe in him. I think he is a wonderful actor and I want him to have his chance."

The producer said, and hold on to something, "I'm pre-

IT'S typical of Margaret Sullavan that she would break her arm and her marriage all in one lump. And think it silly anyone should be even slightly concerned at her goings-on. She wouldn't be Sullavan, of course, if she would.

Two days after she finished a picture with ex-husband Henry Fonda, she went home, packed her bags, went down to the living room and said good-bye to her then-present husband, William Wyler, and walked out of his home and his life forever.

Not a soul on the set of that picture, "The Moon's Our Home," knew what was in Margaret Sullavan's mind or heart.

Again, she wouldn't be Sullavan if they had.

Immediately the question arose as to whether the reunion with Fonda, her former husband, awakened old memories and stirred up the flame of an old love, making her present marriage impossible.

She laughs at a boy one day, marries him the next. One man describes her:



Hollywood and the world ask: How does Maggie like playing love scenes opposite her ex-husband, Hank Fonda? (left)

Heart of SULLAVAN

paring to hear that Margaret Sullavan has remarried Henry Fonda any day after her divorce is granted."

"But Henry says he won't," I protested. "He says 'No'."

"Yea? Young lady, did you ever hear of hurt pride? Now get out, I've got to think up ways to coax that Sullavan, (yoi, what a dame) into letting me co-star them *after their marriage*."

So there you are. The verdict is in and as far as Hollywood is concerned, the case is closed. Except for one point more. When Margaret Sullavan was taken to a hospital with a fractured arm and a nervous collapse, not one soul was permitted to see her. Maggie herself, as well as the doctor, insisted on it.

Not one? Well, only one. And that one was a tall, out-of-breath young man who tore down Hollywood side streets on one wheel and one spark plug, raced up hospital steps like mad, bumped over two nurses, two bed-pans and one and a half internes on his way up, and as the door of her room swung open, paused a moment and cried, his heart in his voice.

"Maggie!" And then the door closed softly.

The upsetting young man was Henry Fonda.

Margaret Sullavan is a strange combination of a woman and a child. A determined headstrong woman and a prankish, lovable child.

The broken arm occurred when Maggie seized a seltzer bottle on the set of "Hotel Imperial" and ran childlike after Stu Erwin to squirt him. She has a water-pouring-on-people complex. It's Maggie's idea of riotous living.

Margaret Sullavan has two more pictures to make on her present contract for Universal and has openly stated she will not sign another. Margaret will choose her future pictures with care.

Within the troubled conscience of the girl Margaret Sullavan, there lurks the feeling she has sold herself down the river in



Sullavan's movie associates say she is abrupt, won't play the Hollywood game. This story shows another side

coming to Hollywood. It lashes her, torments her, bedevils her into the sullen, moody, rebellious individual she is.

She feels out of place and out of tune with Hollywood and all it stands for. She meant to be a great actress, but not in the Hollywood manner. Yet somehow she's caught. And like a frightened, fearful, determined little squirrel in a cage, she's lashing out this way and that way in search of something, she knows not what.

She will not play the game. The Hollywood game. She's shortsighted on that score, friends claim, but no difference, Maggie won't play.

Everything connected with the business, except the actual acting, is plain silly to Sullavan. And the embarrassing thing is she says so.

Walking across the studio lot one day with a studio press agent, she encountered an [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 97]

"She can hurt a man like no woman I've ever known."

By Sara Hamilton

cal york's gossip



Curious, even as you and I. Jack Haley, Alice Faye, and Michael Whalen caught like three kids sitting on the curbstome so interested in their fan mail they don't wait to take it home. That lovely little Faye girl has changed her hair to brownette. It's very becoming



Bill (Hop-Along Cassidy) Boyd tries out a new steed, one of those cycles that are the current rage—sold with the outfit!



Above, that walking Scotch plaid is the happiest groom in town, Jack Oakie, and his bride Vanita Varden. Jack has replaced his usual wise cracks with a fervent, "Isn't she too marvelous?"

DESPITE rumors to the contrary, we are sorry to report W. C. Fields is far from well. All possible care is taken of the comedian during the shooting of his scenes in "Poppy," but when Bill wanders over to the director and says he thinks, if they don't mind, he'll just toddle home, and flips his fingers through the air to hide the pain, they know Bill Fields is still really ill.

A WOMAN visitor on the "San Francisco" set leaped to her feet in wide-eyed amazement at the sight of Jeanette MacDonald flying at Clark Gable in what seemed a perfect fury, pounding him on the back while Clark howled with laughter.

"They're only kidding," an extra explained to the visitor.

"Imagine," breathed the little tourist, her voice hushed with awe, "just imagine being able to pummel Clark Gable on the back."

MYRNA LOY and Jean Harlow have decided to hate slacks. Which isn't news of any importance. But when they start an anti-slack movement in Hollywood, and preach to all the little extra girls against the sloppy things, and hold committee meetings about the campaign on the set—then that's a headline. In bold-face!

ON one of the great wooden uprights that will eventually be part of M-G-M's new commissary you can find, if you look closely, four initial letters and a heart—carved very deeply in the oak. The letters are I. H. and A. J.—and the heart speaks for itself.

Hollywood romances are brief sometimes but Irene Hervey and Allan Jones refuse to believe that. Their engagement has just been announced.

WHEN the Yacht Club Boys finished being a sensation in "The Singing Kid" they made a sizeable bet with Al Jolson that Warners would call them back and put them under contract within five weeks.

They were so sure they'd win that they refused all the offers they got from New York producers—and is Jolson moaning!

They're working with Dick Powell in "Stage-Struck" now.

MRS. OFFIELD, attractive mother of Jack Oakie, has expressed only the keenest delight at her son's marriage to Vanita Varden. "After all," she says, "I've had him for my own for thirty years. I mustn't be selfish."

And yet, a visitor to the Oakie home the other day found "ma" out in the garden of her home, sitting alone. In her lap rested her scrap book opened to Jack's picture as a little lad in school. Down over the beautiful ring, with its gleaming setting, that Jack had given her in farewell, ran two large tears.

"Thirty years can be such a short time," she murmured.

of hollywood...



Above, two of the screen's most seductive heartbeats, Lily Damita and Marlene Dietrich, watch a plane leave for New York bearing another charmer, Dolores Del Rio, with husband Cedric Gibbons



Above, on "The Road to Glory" set at 20th Century-Fox, one of the wittiest men in Hollywood, Gregory Ratoff (center) entertains Lionel Barrymore, director Howard Hawks, and Fredric March with funny stories which he tells in his own inimitable dialect

WITH all Hollywood tapping at typewriters or scribbling notes on blank music sheets, anyone who isn't writing a popular song or a book these days is kinda out of the picture. And Bob Taylor would hate to be out of any picture.

So he's sitting at home night after night writing a novel! Honest. He won't tell what it's about, except that the story isn't set in Hollywood. Autobiography?

BEFORE the huge signboard on the Universal lot upon which Uncle Carl Laemmle had printed his last good-bye to the studio he had builded from a small beginning, stood a studio truck driver, a bit actor and a very old woman from one of the smaller wardrobe departments.

They stood there together, these three, and read over the words. Slowly, without having spoken a word, they each turned, wiped away a nasty tear and went on their way again.

THE Clifton Webb fizzle out in Hollywood is still a topic of lively conversation.

Clifton, the noted musical comedy star, was brought out to Hollywood to play with Joan Crawford in a picture and nothing at all happened about it.

Remembering how Joan cast Bill Gargan out of one of her pictures because Mr. Gargan cast mild aspersions at her acting ability, Hollywood wonders if Joan is remembering too well the caustic take-off of the Crawford-Fairbanks divorce Mr. Webb and Marilyn Miller indulged in for the stage show, "As Thousands Cheer."

DAVID W. GRIFFITH, once the emperor of directors and now out of the active business, wandered onto a set at Metro one day this month. Famous W. S. Van Dyke came over to him, pumped his hand, invited him to lunch—but, "I want to watch how you do," said Griffith.

Not too long ago Van Dyke was Griffith's office boy and water-carrier—learned everything he ever knew about pictures from his former employer. About the same time a man named Eric von Stroheim came quietly through the side studio gate, entered his tiny office, and settled down to work on an original story he's trying to write.

FOR one of her scenes in "Showboat" it was necessary for Irene Dunne to put on black-face and with many other blackfaced ladies, go into her dance.

Immediately after the scene, a visitor to the set walked up and spoke to Miss Dunne.

"How in the world did you know which one was Irene Dunne?" one of the publicity boys asked. "After all, they are all made up alike."

"It was her personality," the visitor explained. "There is something about Irene Dunne that even black face can't conceal. Whatever it is, she radiates it, even in a bandana and gingham apron."



A perfect picture of love in bloom are Allan Jones and Irene Hervey at the Troc. Their engagement has just been announced

IF you wonder why romances and marriages fade out more quickly in Hollywood than any other place, here are two examples that show how it's done.

A large picture of Grace Bradley and Addison Randall appeared in all the local papers bearing evidence that Grace had thrown over her fiancé, Frank Pierce, and was now stepping out with Randall. Only the fact that Mr. Pierce had accompanied Miss Bradley and had stopped a moment to speak to a friend while the picture was snapped, saved Miss Bradley many explanations and perhaps a broken romance.

Another story to the effect a sweetheart of Josephine Hutchinson's had boarded her train at Pasadena and patted her hands all the way to Los Angeles, was printed in a syndicated column and read by thousands of people including Miss Hutchinson's family, friends and husband.

The fact that the hand-patting young man happened to be her husband, again saved many explanations and maybe a broken marriage.

At any rate, you begin to see how it's done and who is really to blame.

WHEN acting is in the family blood you can expect almost anything from your offspring—anyway Norma Shearer is having a lot of fun with little Irving, Jr., these days. He's developed a sudden tendency toward his parents' profession and Norma is so proud!

She's busy every day at the studio, the child is at Palm Springs with his nurse—so they talk together by telephone every evening. Each night Irving plays a different rôle; first he is a Marx Brother, then Clark Gable, and once he even did a swell take-off on his governess, who was standing right beside him! He's good, too—but then, naturally, Norma would think so.

SMART gal, this Claire Trevor. Brian Donlevy offered her a stick of gum the other day to help cut the taste of the fog that enveloped the scene they were working in.



A bandaged ankle prevents elusive Luise Rainer from getting away from the camera as she enters the Troc with Wolfgang Reinhardt



Above, William Powell squires devastating Jean Harlow to the Troc. To our indulgent eye, this team is romantic dynamite on or off screen

Hollywood movie fogs, you know, are made by vaporizing mineral oil.

Claire immediately had a bright idea and took it to the special effects expert. She suggested he vaporize some peppermint oil along with the mineral oil. They tried it and it worked like a charm.

THERE'S a famous rat in Hollywood. But not the one you're thinking of. This rat, Archibald by name, belongs to little Edith Fellows, the miss who kicked up such delightful rows in "She Married Her Boss."

When Columbia sent little Edith away on location recently, she took Archibald along. On the train, the rat managed to slip out of his box and created such havoc among the passengers, the conductor finally had to stop the train.

Edith now has her white pet in a box on which is printed in big black letters for all to see:

Archibald—The only rat that ever stopped a train.

A TIMID little lady, with several others in tow, advanced to the Universal dining room, in search of celebrities. Approaching a keen looking man in business clothes she said, fumbling at her autograph book, "Could you tell me if there are any movie stars here I could get to sign my book?"

The man smiled at her. "Would I do?" he asked.

She merely smiled, shook her head and walked away. The gentleman was only Buck Jones, leading cowboy star of the films.

GIRLS, if you don't like golf and won't ride a horse or play tennis or take setting-up exercises, try Jean Howard's method of keeping the figure neat and trim.

Jean, a promising young actress in movies, just climbs stairs. Up and down twenty times a day does the trick and Jean has the rest of the day to herself. To eat and do what she pleases.



Ready for the Hollywood Hotel broadcast: Alan Baxter, ZaSu Pitts (back row); Frances Langford, Fred MacMurray, Joan Bennett, Bennie Bartlett, Allan Jones



Cesar Romero has beamed Betty Furness since her debutante days in New York, and they are still constantly together at the Troc



Little man, what now? Maybe it's Cesar Romero's mercurial Latin temperament, but here he is with another girl, lovely Ann Sothorn

IT'S nice to feel appreciated even in Hollywood. Producer Walter Wanger must realize the fact for at the completion of every Wanger picture, he writes every member of the cast a personal note expressing appreciation of their work.

No wonder actors vie with each other to grab off a part in a Wanger picture.

A COUPLE of months ago, Gloria Stuart's nursemaid and a milk-man in Brentwood Heights started a romance which Gloria hated to break up by moving into her new Beverly Hills home. The milk-man had formed the very pleasant habit (for the nursemaid) of leaving a fresh gardenia with every bottle of milk.

Came the following wire to Cal today:

"The topper to the incident about my baby's nurse and the gardenia-bearing milk-man is that she has left me here in Beverly Hills to go back to Brentwood Heights where she is now employed in a house on the same milk purveyor's route. Forlornly, Gloria Stuart."

IF you've been wondering what ever happened to the Greta Garbo-George Brent romancing, you'll be edified to learn that the postman brought George a nice package from Sweden last Christmas. And who does George know well enough in Sweden to rate a Christmas package? You guess.

Incidentally, George hasn't tripped seriously over a feminine form since Garbo departed. He's pretty much of a man's man now. Spends all his spare time flying around in his plane.

Other day, a friend of his called him at nine in the morning.

"Call me again around noon," said George, "I'm going up for a minute."

The friend waited until twelve. "Hello," answered George, "Just came down. Been down to Palm Springs."

The friend gasped. It was quite a trip to make in that short time.

"What did you go down there for?" he asked.

"An ice cream soda," said George.

FRED MACMURRAY, with a lovely singing voice, has never been given a chance to show his talent in pictures except once and that once brought forth a comical stipulation from Fred concerning his new picture, "The Princess Comes Across."

"Yes," said Fred, "I'll sing in my new picture if you want me to, but I will not sing on a roof and I will not lie flat on my back while I'm doing it. If I can stand up like a man and sing, I'll sing. Otherwise, no."

It seems Fred was called upon to render a little ditty in "Hands Across the Table" while lying down on a roof and the song failed to register properly.

Now Fred stands before an audience, and with an orchestra for a background, sings his new song, "My Concertina," in a manner destined to win him new fans all over the country.

ALISON SKIPWORTH, at the present moment, is the most popular actress on the Paramount lot and all because Alison knows how to play every card game invented. All the extras and bit players make a rush for Alison between scenes to play some certain games with them.

In fact, the thing has reached such a pitch that Alison is now dated up for lunch time Tuesday for a game of hearts, between scenes Wednesday morning for a pinochle group, Thursday lunch time for the euchre crowd, etc.

Alison fairly beams under the rush of popularity.

ANNE SHIRLEY did her best by mashed potatoes, butter, cream and sweets galore and still couldn't gain the extra pounds she needed to fill out her too-thin ankles. So she started cooking her own meals and gained four pounds in two weeks.

"It's the tasting does it," she revealed. "A sip of this, a nibble of that and then having to eat the whole dinner in self-defense."

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106]



Frances Dee, director Sidney Lanfield, Brian Donlevy, co-starred with Miss Dee and Charles Butterworth, with his usual dead pan, rehearse for "Half Angel"

THIS story rightly begins almost nine years ago.

One gloomy October morning in 1927 a youth of nineteen and a girl one year younger stood before the worldly wise manager of the Park Central Roof, swank night spot of New York. They were applying for the job of headline dance team for the ultra-smart floor show.

The manager eyed them speculatively. Their physical appearance left nothing to be desired. The boy was tall, slender and darkly handsome and bore himself with an unmistakable air of breeding. So did the girl, who was a fragile blonde and lovely to look upon. But nothing had been said about the all-important matter of experience. After all, the Roof was no training school for amateurs, however talented.

"You have, of course, had experience," the manager said, rather than asked, in a take-it-for-granted manner.

The girl turned frightened eyes toward the boy. The boy smiled confidently, almost condescendingly, in answer.

"Of course," he said smoothly. "Our last engagement was with 'Lady Do'."

He failed to mention, however, that the engagement in the hit musical comedy by that name had been their first as well as their last engagement and had actually been for one week only while the show was "breaking in" in Brooklyn prior to its Broadway opening. Nor did he see fit to mention the reason they had been given a one-week engagement, that the girl was a Brooklyn socialite whose name the manager believed would draw smart patronage there and get the show off to a good start.

"Well, on the strength of that I'll give you a trial," the Roof manager decided. "You kids can start on Saturday."

Parenthetically, this seems as good a place as any to mention that four months later the pair were still a great drawing card at the Roof, a record for floor-show entertainers in Gotham to shoot at.

The boy was Cesar Romero, now one of Hollywood's popular leading men headed for stardom, the beau of such glamorous screen beauties as Virginia Bruce, Carole Lombard and Betty Furness, and considered one of the town's most eligible young bachelors. The girl was Lisbeth Higgins, socialite daughter of the wealthy ink manufacturer, Charles Higgins. The bluff was the one that started Cesar to screen fame.

I doubt if many actors would admit as courageously and frankly as Cesar that bluff had played an important part in their careers and successes. Not so Cesar. He admits openly that bluff has played a great part in his professional life.

"I would not say I have got where I am by bluff alone," he

Hail, Cesar!



As an expert dancing partner, this handsome Cuban is as much in demand in Hollywood as he was with the New York débutantes

said. "After all, bluff can only give you a chance, open the door to opportunity. You have to have the stuff to back it up or you are in the same fix as the fellow with a pair of deuces who bets his head off against three aces and gets called.

"But all of us have bluffed at one time or another in our lives and have got away with it. I myself can think of five other times I bluffed and nobody called."

I settled back in one corner of a deep divan in his apartment to hear the story of those bluffs and what they had got him, how each one brought him one step nearer his goal. His apartment, incidentally, is surprisingly modest considering what his present salary could stand in the matter of luxuries. It has, in fact, an almost frugal look about it, but that is another story that has to do with his saving money to lavish on a wife when he chooses one and putting a kid brother through school and caring for his parents right now.

A Filipino house-boy, his only servant, brought us tall glasses of beer chilled just enough and his sister, Maria Romero, an ex-school teacher who superintends his establishment, looked in for a moment to be sure we were comfortable and then discreetly disappeared.

As a prelude to the story, Cesar sketched in his family background.

He was born in New York of Cuban parents under conditions which made it seem extremely unlikely his life would be other than the bed of roses of the son of a wealthy father. He had private schooling and all the rest of the conventional program. It was planned he would take his father's

place some day at the head of the great Romero company which exported sugar machinery to Cuba.

Then came the sudden collapse of the sugar market and with it, the Romero fortune. Cesar was fifteen. By the time he was nineteen it became acutely necessary that he get a job and support himself. He did, as messenger in the National City Bank at seventeen dollars and fifty cents a week. Seven fifty of that salary went for his hall bedroom in the rooming house across the street from an elaborate apartment house his family had once owned.

The remaining ten dollars took care of carfare and lunches nicely. Dinners, fortunately, were no problem at all. It was a great year for débuts, and because of his family background, his good looks, his ownership of well-fitting evening clothes and ability as a dancer, his name was rarely omitted from the guest lists of fashionable coming-out dinner dances.

Even on the rare nights when no deb parties were being held he

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]

At last, a highly successful young male star admits frankly that bluff has played a great part in his Hollywood career!

By Kay Proctor



Watch for beautiful, vivid "Mary of Scotland." Katharine Hepburn plays the tender tragic Queen. Douglas Walton (above) is Lord Darnley, her jealous husband; Fredric March is Bothwell



This is getting down to bed rock, but we think lovely Olivia De Havilland deserves a much softer spot after "Anthony Adverse"

Fair and



If this is what is known as perfect form, we put in our oar, too, and agree. It belongs to Martha Tibbetts, in "The Blackmailers"

Pretending, with reason, that she is just another peach in this orchard is June Travis, in "Times Square Playboy" for Warners





Spring fever seems to have struck this languorous young star, Jean Muir, who should be at work on snow scenes in "White Fang"

Warmer



This gorgeous sun worshiper has what it takes to bring anybody's son out on the beach every day. She is Carol Hughes, in "Sons O' Guns"



Instead of making hay while the sun shines, here is Carol Hughes all dressed up as a farmerette, having a mid-summer's day dream on a hay-stack. Ah, life!



A triumph built upon solid worth is genial, handsome Fred MacMurray's sensational rise in less than a year from saxophone player to starring parts. His next is "The Princess Comes Across"



More thoroughly enchanting than ever in "Captain January," Shirley Temple, in the new musical version of "The Poor Little Rich Girl," will lead a chorus of forty little misses each as tiny as herself



Fascinating and fascinated is pretty June Lang, who plays the charmer in the lives of Warner Baxter and Fredric March in 20th Century-Fox's powerful World War epic, "The Road to Glory"



After scoring an outstanding success as the vital, fiery, Anna Held in "The Great Ziegfeld," versatile Luise Rainer was cast as the meek Chinese wife in "The Good Earth" with Paul Muni



Ronald Colman in "Under Two Flags" goes his outwardly suave-and-indifferent, inwardly sentimental-and-thoughtful way which he has held to for twelve years without a disturbing challenge



Lovely Funny Face

Marie Wilson broke into
Hollywood broke! But she
brought: ambition, long
eyelashes and laughter

By Mitzi Cummings

MARIE WILSON spent eleven thousand dollars in one month. After that she was dead broke. That was two and a half years ago. Today, all Marie, who recently proved herself to be that rarest of Hollywood discoveries, a young and pretty girl who is also very funny, has to show for it is a mink coat, the lining of which, until she recently signed her contract with Warner Bros., was held together with safety pins. And on the coat, and on the pins, there hangs a tale.

Marie Wilson, who, at nineteen looks like the girl in the Old Gold advertisements, was born in Anaheim, California. Anaheim is a thriving little town, mostly dedicated to farming, located about forty miles from Los Angeles. Her father died when she was very little, and her mother married again to a man who took sick and stayed that way.

In those days Marie's chief claim to fame were her amazing eyelashes. She measured them carefully, and they hit the three-quarters of an inch mark on the ruler. Nature did it—no salves—and nature was crazily expansive. It got to be a bit of a bore, always having her friends tugging at those fringes to see if they were real, but maybe the exercise made them grow longer and longer!

Deep within the heart of this little girl, who today has the entire country predicting stardom for her, was a desire to go on the stage. A desire to be admired—to be famous—to be fussed over. One couldn't get much fussing in a house with several step-children, a sick father and an old grandpa and a busy mother, so Marie went her way, dreaming her own dreams.

She didn't have the money to go to dancing school, but a friend of hers did. Marie saved five dollars which she paid her to learn a routine. The twelve-year-old, stage-struck Miss Wilson had a bright idea. She, with her partner, would go to a Monday night try-out at Loew's State theater and see whether they couldn't land a dancing job. The friend was dubious. Marie wasn't, and on the following Monday night they found themselves, along with another group of hopefuls, none of whom, however, were as youthful as the palpitating pair, waiting their turn. It never came. The next week it didn't come, either. The third week the girl-friend lost hope completely, so Marie, dressed in her hand-made black frilly costume (she had an eye for contrasts even then, and today she still dresses chiefly in black) went to the theater with her mother.

While she waited hour after hour her mother's fears finally discouraged the courageous little girl, but her tears magically vanished. When, wonder of wonders, she was called upon to perform. She didn't get the job. The gentleman in charge tried to soothe her feelings with the explanation that no children were employed. This ended Marie's stage sortics.

But it didn't put a stop to her undying ambition to become famous. She decided that she'd be an actress. She needed money.



Marie Wilson beautiful to look at but a clown
when acting, a rare combination meaning fame

The sum that her father had left her was supposed to be hers immediately, but litigation held it up until she was sixteen. By then her inheritance had dwindled to eleven thousand dollars, still a pretty nice sum, and Marie decided it was the hour to strike. She struck.

She moved the entire family to Hollywood.

In Hollywood, she rented a big house on top of a bigger hill. Then she tucked the eleven thousand into her pocketbook, and, literally and figuratively, | PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 109 |



At Paramount, funnyman W. C. Fields returns to the screen after a long siege of illness to play in "Poppy," and is greeted by Adolphe Menjou, Catherine Doucet, and Director Eddie Sutherland. Bill's set for croquet!

Our news sleuth sees the Hollywood star spangled passing show from back stage and interviews Donald Duck for the first time

By Michael Jackson

**We Cover
the
Studios**

FEW people like their jobs. But we like ours not only because we're a natural born snooper, but because it gives us a chance to kibitz over the shoulders of the world's most famous people doing the world's most glamorous jobs. Let us take you with us on this, a typical month, and show you back-stage Hollywood.

First we go to Paramount, the only big studio actually in Hollywood, to greet Bill Fields, who is returning after a long siege of illness to what is jokingly called work. That is not a red light you see at the door of stage twelve. It's the famous nose of famous W.C. Fields. It's getting a little fresh air before the first take.

When Fields goes back onto the set, dapper Adolphe Menjou, himself a convalescent, congratulates Fields on being back at work. Since everything that happens in Hollywood must be duly recorded for posterity and the roto sections, a camera man pops up out of nowhere and gets a snap of Menjou greeting Fields. Director Eddie Sutherland (who's head man with Loretta Young these days) and Catherine Doucet stand in the picture, too, and try to look natural.

The set is a lovely thing, the garden of a Colonial mansion. The profuse flowers are artificial. They photograph better than the real thing, and can withstand the searing glare of the lights. The picture is called "Poppy" and Fields, who has no kids, plays the leading rôle.

Our favorite funnyman wears a high beaver hat, checked trousers and (honestly) a brown fur-trimmed coat. He's the last word and he's welcome to it. In this take, as they stroll into the garden, the buxom Miss Doucet asks him if he can croquet. "No," answers our debonair hero, "but I can tat."

All the while the dialogue is going on, Fields, once a juggler, steps on croquet mallets, trips over wickets, drops his cane with an awkward skill that comes of years of practice. One of the comic things about him is the way he seems to give life to these inanimate props. All the world—people, animals and things—bedevil him.

Fields is one of the few people to admit they hate dogs. The reason is that he was once a hobo, the dog's natural enemy. He mistrusts all animals. In "Poppy," there are going to be elephants. That's the way Fields' luck runs. When he was a little kid, all the other boys used to beat him up regularly. This was because Fields was a runaway, a hard-boiled guy. Thus, by socking him, the home kids became even tougher than a runaway. Simple.

Today convinced that the world is in league against him—he sits his back and expects the worst. But before he places himself

in a chair, he examines it for broken legs, tacks and the like. It's too late to break the habit now. Fields got into the movies from the Ziegfeld Follies. He trusts the camera no more than he trusts an audience. He looks at it as though he expects water to squirt out from the lens.

We leave him holding a glass of something. He eyes it warily for a moment, then swallows quickly and is surprised that it isn't fatal.

Paramount is in the midst of a political shake-up at the moment, but that doesn't depress any of the help. We hear three jokes (2 good . . . 1 fair) on the way to the next set. And even the pictures are laughing matters. Now we watch Charlie (Tiger-Man) Ruggles and Mary Boland.

In this picture, "Early to Bed," Charlie plays a bookkeeper in a glass eye factory. He's psycho-analyzed by Dr. Colin Tapley. Charlie, it seems, is a beast at night and a dove in the day-time. His fiancée, Mary Boland, wants to know why. Well, why shouldn't she?

Ruggles' trouble, the doctor discovers, is that he has a split personality. A somnambulist, Ruggles is the sort of person in his sleep he'd like to be when awake. Director Norman McLeod, a successful commercial cartoonist, draws little figures as he watches Ruggles and Mary Boland rehearse. Before the scene is shot, the script girl reads out the lines to the actors. The dialogue doesn't seem funny. But in the hands of these wise troupers, the talk becomes so ridiculous that even the stagehands laugh. A slight inflection here, a grimace there do the trick. We can't explain it. But it convinces us that acting is an art.

A thing that you notice as you go around the lots is that each studio has a distinct personality. At Paramount you find good natured, and often ribald, camaraderie. There is a care-free atmosphere about the studio. Everyone ducks out occasionally to go to Lucey's, the Italian restaurant across the street. M-G-M is the elegant lot, with even the blasé press agents impressed by their stars. This is the only studio to have a partition in the commissary shielding the Garbos, Crawfords and Gables from the herd. Warner Brothers is run with the snap and precision of a large factory, or wholesale house. Columbia is a cramped, confined little place with no show or pretensions.

And 20th Century-Fox, our next stop, is like a huge sprawling boom town that has not caught up to its population. The place changes by the day. Carpenters hammer on new buildings, people scurry by, actors whizz by in cars that carry them to the distant back-lot sets. The air hums with activity.

We ride past war villages, ocean liners, new dressing rooms, forts, and papier-mâché mountains and finally arrive on the tented set of "White Fang." The star of this picture is a German police dog who's Strongheart's grandson. The dog, whom you may remember as Cary Grant's guide in "Wings in the Dark" is supposed to be half huskie, half wolf. So the make-up department blondined his hair to make him look the part.

This set runs two blocks long. And if you want to know what makes million-dollar pictures cost a million dollars, you should see this take to find out. This is supposed to be the main street of a mining town in the arctic regions. Though the camera is focused on Jean Muir and Michael Whalen, and the background will be but a fuzzy blur, some five hundred extras, bundled to their chins, walk around in the background. There are a lot of dogs in the take, too. They make more money than the men who lead them. Perched along the roofs of the saloons and gambling halls are the electricians, throwing huge beams of light across the crowded street.

Jean Muir wears a fetching little brown velvet outfit of the 1900 period. She stands waiting for Director Dave Butler and when she bends, a bustle busts. "One flexing of the Muir muscles and bang! goes the coat," she says. A wardrobe woman dashes out to mend it. In this scene, Jean is to sneak up behind Whalen, [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 94]



Out at M-G-M, Spencer Tracy finds the Law is catching up with him as the suspected kidnapper in "Mob Rule." He plays opposite Sylvia Sidney



Is it the memory of a marriage failure that gives Cary Grant such definite ideas on his romantic future in Hollywood?



The Hollywood grapevine is humming these days with rumors of a coming marriage between Cary and Mary Brian

The Reluctant Bachelor

There's a new face on love these days
for Cary Grant—and he explains why

By Warren Reeve

THAT'S what *Winchell* says. . . ."

Cary Grant leaned back in his chair and stared thoughtfully at the drizzling rain outside the window. "She's a lovely person, Mary Brian. A beautiful girl. We get along together and I'm terribly fond of her—but there's no engagement. There hasn't been any talk of marriage at all.

"It'll be five years before I'll be ready for that."

And there's your answer. Cary and I sat opposite each other in a stuffy little office while the rain scribbled meaninglessly on the window; and during one hour of conversation I learned more about this dark-haired British-American than I could possibly put on paper. He sat restless, his quiet voice sincere and a little troubled—trying to analyze himself and the psychological change that has come to him.

Because Cary Grant, today, is not the Cary Grant of one year ago.

All of his attitudes about life have changed, all of his emotions are jumbled; he is busy writing for himself a new formula of happiness.

It takes a pretty big shock—an emotional and mental landslide—to rearrange a man's personality so radically. . . . Last winter, when Cary went to England, his father died. For the first time in his life he saw death, felt death near to him. And for the first time in his life he was left alone.

That did something to him, and it's one of the reasons why he won't marry for five years. That—and a newly understandable philosophy about this business of love and family. In five

years, if Mary Brian and Cary Grant are still good friends; if they're in love and are sure they want to spend the rest of their lives together—then they'll probably be married.

But it has to be for good. Cary wants a family and children, he wants lasting peace and contentment—and divorce can't be even a remote possibility.

Because it wouldn't be fair to the children, if any.

Because it wouldn't be fair to either husband or wife.

And because Cary Grant had one taste of the bitter broth called divorce when he and Virginia Cherrill made both the courtrooms and the front page. . . .

In order to appreciate his deep need for security and understanding you must know what a cluttered, unsettled affair his life has been.

"I've always had to take things in stride, as they happened to me," Cary said. "It's not been easy—and there've been times when success or failure has been a touch-and-go matter. I didn't mind then; I had all the buoyant energy and the hope and all the dreams of a healthy young man. I enjoyed the uncertain pattern I was living.

"But that's changed now. My viewpoints have shifted: I'm going to start enjoying my life, getting something out of it, if it's at all possible."

. . . Very briefly, that "uncertain pattern" began in Bristol, England. He was born there of a middle-class comfortably-off family, and first shook hands with the stage when he was twelve years old.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 112]

Trials and Triumphs Of A Hollywood

THE women in a Hollywood gown designer's life are the most beautiful in the world. But sometimes Travis Banton wishes they weren't.

Banton will tell you that when a woman's loveliness veers toward perfection, her gown designer's nerves veer toward crack-up.

For like Claudette Colbert, she will look into a mirror and instead of seeing a figure that is one of nature's masterstrokes, will discern hollows and bones, dips and curves that no eyes but her own can detect. And, like the divine Colbert, she will not only discern them, but will demand that they be camouflaged.

The first time Travis saw the disparaging Claudette was on the screen in a badly recorded, shakily filmed picture of the early turn-'em-out-anyhow era of sound, fittingly titled "Hole In The Wall." But in spite of the execrable lighting and make-up, Banton caught the promise of a rare loveliness. He also recalls that on that occasion he uttered profound prophecies concerning her future and observed heatedly that if they (pronoun designating Paramount executives) did not go to New York and sign up such perfection and beauty for some good Hollywood pictures, they were crazy passing up such a good bet.

But they (pronoun still designating Paramount executives) did sign up "such perfection and beauty," and in 1930 brought her to the coast to appear with Fredric March in "Man-slaughter," while Banton waited impatiently for their first fitting-room conference, and waited and waited.

When his brunette ideal finally arrived she dealt him a shattering blow by bringing a complete Fifth Avenue wardrobe with her for the picture. It seems that "such perfection and beauty" nurtured two bouncing phobias, one being Hollywood clothes, and the other, Hollywood designers.

However, in 1932, following a round-the-world trip and a few more New York produced pictures, Claudette was rushed to California (and with no time whatsoever for shopping) to star with Clive Brook in "The Man From Yesterday." And so finally it was Banton's night to howl.

But Claudette made short shift of all his little left-over enthusiasms. Their fitting-room sessions quickly dissolved into a dismal series of small daily tragedies. On the first day Claudette visited the pale green suite, Banton proudly produced a sketch for a lovely white chiffon frock. She made it quite clear that she considered chiffon unbecoming and furthermore she couldn't abide the floating stuff. The second day there was a sketch, for her appraisal, of an afternoon outfit comprising a frock and cape. She crisply informed him that she loathed capes in general and that they looked hideous on her in particular. On the third day she left no doubt behind her as to the fate of a perk



Claudette Colbert started with Banton by telling him she would never wear bows, for one thing. Above, is that a bow or a bow?



Marlene Dietrich has always been one of Banton's most inspirational models—but he hated her mannish garb, unbecoming to her grace



Dress Designer

Pants to petticoats for Dietrich; frills for Colbert; making Lombard happy—more Travis Banton secrets

By Julie Lang Hunt

little bow decorating a street dress, bows being one of her really important hates.

At this point, Banton would like you to know that in Claudette's latest picture, "The Bride Comes Home" she wore two chiffon frocks, one cape and a wide assortment of bows. But this is getting far ahead of our story.

Claudette, then, was still discarding sketches as fast as Travis could draw them, but he refused to run up the flag of surrender, and stayed hunched over his drawing board night and day. He became irascible, testy and choleric. His appetite vanished and he suffered from incipient insomnia, but by sheer "cussed" perseverance he finished that first Colbert wardrobe on time for the starting date of the picture.

No one, least of all Banton, can tell you just how the pair of them managed finally to grope through the thicket of their early antagonisms to the comfort



Above, Carole Lombard looks down upon the first gown Travis designed for her. And not once since has she questioned his judgment

of a warm friendship. Perhaps Banton learned that many of Claudette's adamant prejudices concerning clothes were merely the result of her strange proneness to conjure deficiencies in her splendidly unblemished figure, and he became more sympathetic. Or perhaps, the distinctly pleasant criticism directed at the Colbert wardrobe in "The Man From Yesterday," might have had their mellowing influence on Claudette's skepticism. And then again it might have been her discovery that Banton was a Paris and New York trained artist and no mere Hollywood upstart.

But to this very day, and in spite of four years of completely congenial companionship and a deep mutual respect, the pair of them continue to spar and scuffle the moment they enter the fitting-room.

For instance, there was that skirmish of theirs over a lot of pesky little things involved in the wardrobe for "Imitation of Life." They argued over the neckline of that lovely metal cloth evening gown [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 84]



Marion Talley's Five



Merrily on her way to a beautiful figure goes Marion Talley who says a ten minute spree on the stationary bicycle will do wonders for a pair of over-thick calves and will accomplish miracles at the ankle

Here is the exercise that Marion uses to strengthen her abdominal muscles. Even before she thought of a smooth tummy, though, such an exercise was necessary to fit her for the rigors of opera régime



OVER 130 pounds and 5 feet, 3 inches tall. That was how the scales read when Marion Talley made her début at the Metropolitan ten years ago. Today, twenty-five pounds on the minus side, she looks ten years younger, alive, vital and lovely enough to stand the test of even that most merciless eye, the camera, before which she is soon to make her first bow. How did she do it? By a chemically correct diet, exercise and "intestinal fortitude," a will to see the thing through, once she had started. "Eat and grow beautiful," says a food nutritionist who has

many of the Hollywood stars as his clients. You can learn to like the foods that are good to your figure and your complexion. Marion loved hot breads, potatoes, fancy pastries. Perhaps you do, but you must re-educate your taste away from starches, and sugars. They are acid-forming and play havoc with your health and efficiency. Learn to like cleansing, vitalizing foods. They will give you health, strength and vitality. Fasting to reduce is neither simple nor sane. There is no short cut to slim lines, no lazy road. Bluff won't work. It's up to you. First eat what you need and then eat what you want.

Figure Exercises



One. Two. THREE! Ah, she made it. This is an exercise that gives Marion a leg-up on both beauty and health. After she has managed ten of these, she finishes off with a few minutes of imaginary bicycling in fast, one-step time

The picture of Marion on the left shows that exercise even tends to change the expression of the face. "Before taking—exercise" might have been clever; but this picture was made when she was already a famous opera star

Start the day with fruit juices, as Marion does, oranges, lemons or grapefruit, or a glass of prune and grapefruit juices, mixed. A half hour later, a hot beverage with cream or sugar, but never both. If you are hungry later in the morning, drink a glass of buttermilk or tomato juice.

Luncheon time should be salad time. Green salads are full of precious minerals and vitamins, which put that come-hither sparkle in your eye and spring in your step. Now don't spoil that big salad by a rich dressing. Here is a simple and non-fattening one. Two spoonfuls of lemon juice, one spoonful of olive oil and vegetable salt to taste and a bit of honey. A thin

apple and a demi-tasse or a large black coffee.

Now that menu isn't a starvation diet, is it? And it is only a sample of several delicious non-fattening menus which you may have upon request. A cosmetic diet for more beauty.

To keep her muscles firm as well as her figure trim, Marion determinedly follows this exercise regime.

Exercise 1. Breathing routine. Take hold of a bar, rise on your toes, stretch and breathe—one, two, three, four, etc., about ten times.

Exercise 2. A light-weight medicine ball is needed. Throw it against the wall to keep upper- [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 94]



Catch! Marion keeps her arms firm by throwing and bouncing this heavy medicine ball. The weight of the ball, when held at arms length, tends to bring every muscle into play. Catch?

slice of crisp toast with your salad and a beverage. If you're hungry in the afternoon, a pick-me-up cocktail made of the yoke of an egg beaten up in a glass of orange juice. You may add a dash of sherry if you wish.

Dinner may consist of a pineapple and grapefruit salad, two lamb chops, green peas, head lettuce, baked



★ THE GREAT ZIEGFELD—M-G-M

IN this completely enthralling picture, Hollywood reached a goal it has sought for years, a combination of music, drama, spectacle and humor, done in meticulous taste. "The Great Ziegfeld" is, to put it mildly, terrific.

The story opens when America's greatest showman, managing a honky-tonk, dreams of better things. It follows him to Broadway; shows in beautiful detail how he glorified the American girl; takes him through his stormy romance with Anna Held; and finally brings him abiding love with Billie Burke.

William Powell, as *Ziegfeld*, turns in what is probably his best performance, handling deftly a rôle that mingles eccentricity with extravagance, kindness with opulence. The cast is so large, and so individually good, that full credit cannot be given here; Myrna Loy, however, deserves a special rave for her sincere portrayal of *Billie Burke*, and Luise Rainer justifies all her earlier promise as *Anna Held*.



★ SMALL TOWN GIRL—M-G-M

DON'T miss this beautifully enacted, written and directed picture of a small town girl who suddenly finds herself married to a wealthy and sophisticated youth who does not love her and had no intention of marrying her. For appearance sake, he takes her to his parent's home, intending to divorce her and marry his former fiancée.

Janet Gaynor has the title rôle, and it is a personal triumph for her. Given the opportunity here, she proves magnificently that her talents have been too long smothered in pictures where she had little to do but look saccharine and flutter about in feminine helplessness. This is a mature performance, and she gives Robert Taylor, most promising of newcomers, a stiff race for high honors.

Noteworthy acting is contributed by James Stewart, Binnie Barnes, Lewis Stone, Andy Devine, Isabel Jewell, Frank Graven, Edgard Kennedy, Charles Grapewin, Willie Fung.

The SHADOW STAGE

A Review of the New Pictures



FOR the first time in PHOTOPLAY's long life, we are able to recommend but five of the usual six leading pictures of The Best Pictures of the Month which go on these two pages. Delayed production schedules, failure of the studios to pre-view pictures in Hollywood and even the partial burning of a master print have conspired against us.

Yes, we know that some magazines in this field wouldn't hesitate to review some of the bigger productions-to-come without pre-viewing, but PHOTOPLAY has never stooped to this practice and we have no intention of starting now. Rather than sacrifice the honesty and authority of this important page of reliable criticism and insult the intelligence of thousands of readers who have come to respect our judgment and depend upon our opinion, we are going to press minus one of the two longer reviews we have always carried to indicate the two leading films of the month.

Instead of faking a review, we are going to give you here-with a pre-preview of what we expect from some of the finer productions which are now in the making.

For instance: "Anthony Adverse," pictured above. From the tips we've gathered from the set, this picture is going to be grand.

Shirley Temple has a new picture: "Poor Little Rich Girl," but it's still in the cutting room. With such a story, it should certainly be a swell movie for Missy Temple.

And Grace Moore's "The King Steps Out" promises to be an exceptional film. Franchot Tone plays opposite Grace and it boasts a Fritz Kreisler musical score.

These and more will appear in the next (July) PHOTOPLAY.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

LET'S SING AGAIN

THE GREAT ZIEGFELD MR. DEEDS GOES TO TOWN
SMALL TOWN GIRL BIG BROWN EYES
I MARRIED A DOCTOR LITTLE MISS NOBODY
SUTTER'S GOLD DON'T GET PERSONAL

THE BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Bobby Breen in "Let's Sing Again"
Henry Armetta in "Let's Sing Again"
William Powell in "The Great Ziegfeld"
Myrna Loy in "The Great Ziegfeld"
Luise Rainer in "The Great Ziegfeld"
Gary Cooper in "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town"
Janet Gaynor in "Small Town Girl"
Cary Grant in "Big Brown Eyes"
Ray Mayer in "I Married a Doctor"
Jane Withers in "Little Miss Nobody"
Harry Carey in "Little Miss Nobody"
Edward Arnold in "Sutter's Gold"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 124



★ LET'S SING AGAIN—Sol Lesser-Principal Prod.

THIS delightful musical drama has turned out to be the surprise picture of the year, and will send audiences away enthusiastically proclaiming the charm and talent of a new child star, Bobby Breen, and rightly renew interest in the handsome George Houston.

The story is simple. Bobby is the son of an ambitious singer. His mother, no longer able to bear poverty, deserts his father and brings the child to America.

When she dies, he finds haven from an orphanage in the clumsy affection of Henry Armetta, an ex-opera star, who is now with a tent show. Armetta, discovering the child has an exquisite voice, trains him, only to have a disgruntled trapeze artist attempt to capitalize on it.

The father, hunting for Bobby for years, is finally reunited through a lullaby he used to sing to him.

Bobby Breen, radio protégé of Eddie Cantor, has an amazing voice, and even alongside of George Houston's magnificent adult baritone, his singing stands out; his acting has the great asset of naturalness.

Henry Armetta staunchly carries the emotional burden of the picture, which has a laugh to balance every sob. Ann Doran as the young mother is outstanding; Vivienne Osborne is romantically beautiful, and the rest of the cast ably carry their rôles.

You will be captivated by the superb musical direction of Hugo Reisenfeld and the two songs, "Let's Sing Again" and "Lullaby." For an unexpected treat, don't miss this melodious film.



★ MR. DEEDS GOES TO TOWN—Columbia

TINGED with satire, but definitely refreshing, this is an interesting and powerful picture, hilarious at times, and quietly serious at others.

Gary Cooper as the whimsical small town boy who inherits \$20,000,000 is excellent.

His portrayal of a simple, basically intelligent, often pathetic character is done with great sympathy and bound to affect you.

The improbable story takes *Longfellow Deeds* to New York to look after his fortune. He is ridiculed by the press, hounded by money-grabbers and finally attempts to give his money to the poor. He is tried for insanity, but the political jeering is handled so deftly as to offend no one.

You will enjoy Jean Arthur as the reporter who tricks *Mr. Deeds* into a story, then falls in love with him. Lionel Stander is funny, and Douglas Dumbrille is good as the crooked lawyer. See it by all means.



★ BIG BROWN EYES—Wanger-Paramount

THIS is grand comedy entertainment, just bubbling over with smart, witty dialogue, melodramatic mystery, and hilarious situations. Joan Bennett, as a wise-cracking hotel manicurist, turned sob-sister, and Cary Grant, as a police detective, carry the romance far and the fun and laughter farther.

After these two are brought together as a result of a jewel robbery and killing, Joan fakes evidence which traps the gangsters; Cary gets all the credit for the solution of the crime while Miss Bennett is quite content to take on another job—as his wife.

Both Miss Bennett and Grant do perfect work in their respective rôles. Walter Pidgeon, as the master crook, is excellent and together with Alan Baxter, Henry Kleinback, Lloyd Nolan and Douglas Fowley, provides plenty of thrills and excitement. The picture has Walter Wanger's usual fine production and is smartly directed by Raoul Walsh.

SELECT YOUR PICTURES AND YOU WON'T



★
**THINGS TO
COME—**
London Films-
United Artists



★
**I MARRIED A
DOCTOR—**
Warners

THE most important film, from the standpoint of technical achievement, to come from England, this presents H. G. Wells' story of a world, over-run by war (1940), collapsing into barbarism, redeemed by surviving scientists, and, finally, exploring the planets. It's well worth seeing and it will cause a great deal of conversation.

NONE of the original power and poignancy of Sinclair Lewis' "Main Street" is lost in this new version. Josephine Hutchinson is splendid as the city girl who marries the small town doctor (Pat O'Brien) and is cruelly rebuffed by her new neighbors when she tries to pierce their smug complacency. Ray Mayer, in a minor rôle, almost steals the picture.



★
**LITTLE MISS
NOBODY—**
20th Century-
Fox



★
**SUTTER'S
GOLD—**
Universal

LITTLE Jane Withers has a story worthy of her undeniable talents in this narrative of an orphan sacrificing love and a home that her best friend Betty Jane Hainey, may be saved from adoption by a selfish, unkind family. She gets into amazing scrapes, including an exciting robbery, but manages to win lasting happiness in the end.

IN pointed, dynamic episodes, history in the making—the discovery of gold in California and the addition of that sunny land to the United States—is brought to the screen in a colorful story. Edward Arnold as *Sutter* and Lee Tracy as his friend are superb, with Binnie Barnes and Katherine Alexander, the women in *Sutter's* life, splendid.



**TILL WE MEET
AGAIN—**
Paramount



**BORN FOR
GLORY—GB**

THIS movie of sweethearts pitting their brains and skill against one another in rival military intelligence services is a perfect answer to those who like adventure stories. Herbert Marshall is at his suave and polished best; Gertrude Michael is his alien spy romance. Rod La Roque, in a minor rôle, wins new honors.

AMERICAN cousins might not appreciate this story of what goes into the making of Britain's famed sea power as much as patriotic Englishmen, but they will thrill to a number of unusually fine shots of warship battle. The story tells of the adventures of a young British able seaman who makes great sacrifices for his country.

HAVE TO COMPLAIN ABOUT THE BAD ONES

**THE WITNESS
CHAIR—
RKO-Radio**



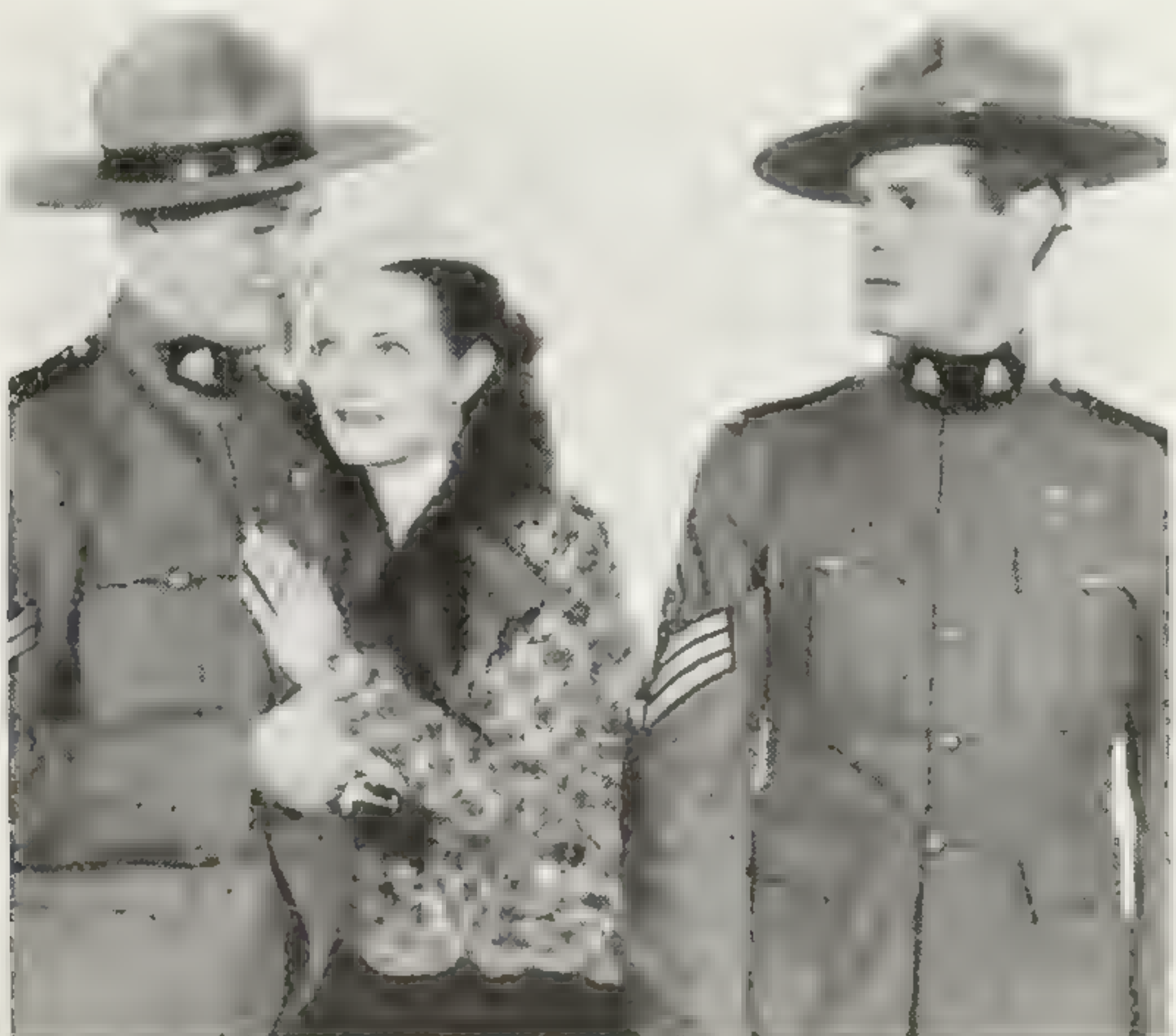
THE original stage play of this courtroom drama has been used many times as a model for pictures. Nevertheless, the abiding mystery and tense atmosphere created by an excellent cast makes this story of murder and a woman's great love good entertainment. Ann Harding is emotional with reserve, and William Benedict is highly enjoyable.



**MURDER BY
AN ARISTO-
CRAT—
Warners**

A WEAK sister in the field of movie mysteries is this confused and plot-heavy tale of three murders and an attempted fourth in an aristocratic family ruled by Virginia Brissac. The thrills and chills are patently phony. Marguerite Churchill is real enough as the nurse with sleuthing habits. Lyle Talbot has nothing to do as the doctor.

**THE COUN-
TRY BEYOND
—20th Cen-
tury-Fox**



INSURPASSABLE pictorial beauty and the cleverness of the magnificent dog, Buck, compensate for inadequacies in this story of the frozen north. Paul Kelly and Robert Kent are Canadian Mounties sent to solve a murder mystery connected with the theft of a fur shipment and find Rochelle Hudson and her trapper-father, Alan Hale, involved in the case.



**THE SKY
PARADE—
Paramount**

THIS film version of the radio serial, "The Adventures of Jimmy Allen," is disappointing stuff. Lack of real action is the chief complaint. Jimmie Allen plays his original character none too well, an unfortunate contrast to his sparkling ether personality. William Gargan, Kent Taylor and Katharine DeMille try hard but to little avail.

**LAW IN HER
HANDS—
First National**



THIS picture starts out as a regulation courtroom opus and then suddenly becomes an amusing, slightly satiric affair which will hold your interest and keep you chuckling. Story concerns two ex-waitresses, played by Margaret Lindsay and Glenda Farrell, who become lawyers and get themselves tangled with racketeers and a district attorney.



**DON'T GET
PERSONAL—
Universal**

THIS is a pleasant bit of sky-larking, nicely produced and well put together. It's on the order of "It Happened One Night." James Dunn, as the pugnacious, egocentric job-seeker who meets and quarrels with Sally Eilers, does well enough. Pinky Tomlin shows improvement. Go for a laugh or two.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 92]



Above, some of the shining lights of an ideal motion picture company Mr. Walpole would choose from the world's greatest talent in the arts and sciences

Illustration by Frank Dobias

I'VE said that the making of every picture is a mystery. That nobody knows how it will turn out or how it will be ultimately received. People complain that films are not yet an art. But of course they are not. They are bound to be an industry, and a synthetic one, so long as so many human beings of such infinite variety are involved.

Take for example, to emphasize my point yet further, a real Hollywood party. These Hollywood parties, I understand, have become the desire and envy, and also the derision, of the whole world. Things happen at them about once a month which are instantly telegraphed over the face of the globe. Somebody knocks somebody else down. Somebody makes some incredible bet. Some hostess decides that all her guests should be dressed as babies. Some lady is robbed of her jewels. Somebody even is murdered. There is no limit, apparently, to what may happen. And yet, what is the positive truth?

Hollywood parties are, as is Hollywood itself, the quietest and most decorative things, but interlaced with sudden activities of a very surprising kind. For example, the first large party that I ever attended took place in a grand house in Santa Monica on the edge of the sea. I arrived to hear the waves crashing on the beach, to see a wonderful room decorated with a Gainsborough and a Reynolds, lit with the most enchanting silver and glass candelabra, peopled with, it appeared, the most perfect ladies and gentlemen. We moved about, talking to one another the customary polite nonsense, grinning, sitting down and getting up again, drinking and eating, just as we might at one of the very duller parties in London.



Nobody Is Safe In Hollywood

It's a cruel town, a nervous town where careers hang by the thin thread of fate

By Hugh Walpole

Yet I had not been there for half an hour before a very famous film star, whom I'd never seen before in the flesh, gripped me by the arm in the most confidential manner and said, "I'm tight, honey, very tight. But there's one thing I want to say to you. Never lose your sense of humor." She refused to let me go, but held me apparently for no other purpose than to repeat this excellent advice over and over again.

I then discovered that three-quarters of my fellow guests were charming, sober and tranquilly-minded, but that the remaining quarter were invested with wild gaiety and irresponsibility which gave me the feeling that I was living in a kind of Alice-In-Wonderland world where anything might happen. Some things did happen that same night. A very nice man, whom everybody seemed to like, suddenly said that he would show us his shark's tooth, upon which he tore open his shirt, bared his hairy chest, and displayed to us a shark's tooth hanging from a silver chain around his neck. No one seemed to think this odd or queer. I also noticed that the most intimate secrets were being shouted aloud to anyone who wished to listen and I found afterwards that this last had its sinister aspect, because all of those secrets are transferred speedily to the columns of the local press and thence they whirl their giddy way to the capitals of Europe.

It seems to me that no one can complain of the activities of these columnists when people give away their secrets so readily and so openly. At the same time it is to my mind one of the real and serious pities of Hollywood that there should be such a necessity for indiscriminate drinking on each and any occasion. Here, I believe, without, I hope, being priggish in the matter, is one of the real weaknesses of our present Hollywood system. There is no one more opposed to prohibition than I am. And there are

thousands of people here who never drink, or at most drink very little. But if there is any place in the world that should, on the whole, be sober it is Hollywood. And it is for this reason: there is not a day of the week when some new crisis of extreme importance in the lives of hundreds of people does not develop, and again and again affairs are given a most unhappy turn because of the hilarious inebriety of some individual.

Remember, though, that people drink here, when they do drink, because it is the most nervous place in the world. It is nervous because, as I have said, we all live on shifting ground. The preview of any picture means inevitably the altering of the fate and lives of perhaps a dozen people. Everyone's value is just as great as the success or failure of the last picture they were in. I will admit that to myself these more important previews are most terrifying in their possibilities. I will mention only one which I attended some four months ago—the preview

of William Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream." There have been so many descriptions of the more famous previews at Grauman's Chinese Theater in Hollywood, that it seems ridiculous to attempt another. Let anyone, however, attend one of these with the supervisor or director or one of the principal actors concerned, and he will quickly discover that it is very much more than an empty and garish pageant.

I went on this particular occasion with two great friends of mine—Freddie Bartholomew and Constance Collier—who were, neither of them, personally concerned. Our car advanced through a shouting multitude of people. Freddie had made himself famous over night in the "David Copperfield" film of

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 102]





An octette of famous personalities who appeared over the Kraft Music Hall program were Lyda Roberti, comedienne; Fred Stone and daughter Dorothy; Bob Burns, the Arkansas philosopher; Paula Stone; Bing Crosby, master of ceremonies; Ken Carpenter, announcer, and Jimmy Dorsey, whose band is on the hour. Bing practiced "swing" while rehearsing

THE way for a singer to get a radio contract these days is simple, if a bit far fetched. Just get yourself a part in some movie and presto! broadcast sponsors will be out baying at your front door stoop with fat contracts.

Remember Smith Ballew? The very handsome orchestra leader who has toured the country these many years? He had short sustaining periods on the air but nothing that netted him any real money. Then Paramount cast him in "Palm Springs," opposite Frances Langford, and the Shell Oil People snapped him up to replace Al Jolson on their Saturday night program, Shell Chateau. He'll emcee and do solos. Massa Jolson just decided he was tired again and wanted a rest. That marks the second time he's pulled out of this lucrative job.

Another man with a voice is Phil Regan who was brought up to be a cop by his Irish parents in Brooklyn. But Phil had radio ambitions. Yet in the end he went to Hollywood and began making pictures. Radio sponsors didn't show much interest. Republic put him in a big part in "Laughing Irish Eyes" and so—of course—he's back in radio, on the Lifebuoy-Rinso program over CBS Tuesday nights.

The new Bing Crosby Paramount movie, "Rhythm on the Range," is featuring one of radio's newest funny men, Bob Burns, who has a lot to do with the success of Bing's program for the Kraft Cheese Company Thursday nights. Bing is reported to be asking for a vacation in July but he's doing so well his sponsors sort of hate to see him depart even for a few weeks.

I watched Miriam Hopkins rehearse for her Lux Radio Theater broadcast a few weeks back and learned something that might startle you. It was the first rehearsal day and while others in the cast hesitated and weren't sure of their lines, Miriam perched on a stool at the mike and rattled off her part. Seems that she had stayed up most of the night before, reading and memorizing. Stars will tell you, incidentally, that taking a part in those broadcasts is all work and no play.

Radio audiences had a break the last Tuesday in March. They were the first to be introduced to Jack Oakie's new bride, the girl he stopped off in Yuma on his way to New York to marry. Those reports that he calls her "pigeon" are correct. He did it again on the air. It was the new Ken Murray show—the same that has

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 117]

By Dan Wheeler



Sigmund Romberg and Lionel Barrymore on the Swift hour Monday nights, listen to Josephine Tumminia, new soprano



PHOTOPLAY fashions

BY KATHLEEN HOWARD

LACE FOR A JUNE BRIDE

Just enough blue not to be white is this bridal gown of lace designed by Lange for Jean Arthur. At the collar, cuffs and skirt hem, the lace blends into matching tulle. Tulips for decoration, to complement the Dutch origin cap.

Natural Color Photograph by James N. Doolittle



Mary Ellis in Private Life

RICHEE

A heavy silver and white metal and silk cloth is used for a dinner suit of outstanding crispness. Huge flower of white silk and emerald and diamond clip. Puffed sleeves and large lapels give the fashionable shoulder width

Deep burnt orange and black print in a one-piece dress. Shiny black buttons parade down the front and trim the sleeves. Belt is of black kid. Hat is of black straw encrusted with silk motifs and banded with silk cord. Black gloves



Snow White



Helen Taylor has designed this dance dress for Margaret Sullavan of white chiffon dotted with rhinestones. The belt and neckband are of net embroidered in rhinestones. A fringe of the same stones is worn as a hair ornament and they spangle her quaint silk net mittens in stars

Completely new in design is this striking evening coat of closely fitted ermine, skirted and collared in white fox. Jaeckel, who designed it, suggests that it may be inspirational in a "grand occasion" wardrobe for fall



An authentic Scotch cap with an eagle's feather, which may be tilted at any angle, will be worn by Katharine Hepburn as Scottish Mary



Of pale pink soufflé and valenciennes lace. This would make a charming cap for a bride. It is sewn with seed pearls, deliciously young



A blue velvet tam cocked over a velvet snood. Beige feathers curl over the brim. The historic hat is strictly up to present fashion mode



Mary's hunting costume is inspirational for Fall suits, sports jackets or coats. The bodice is of cocoa suède tucked in ridges. The skirt is dark blue wool, and the plaid is dark blue and green. Embroidered gloves of navy. Scotch cap in deep blue. The sketch is by Walter Plunkett who designed all the costumes for the RKO-Radio picture



This is how Mary wears her hat. Notice the pearl drop which complements her earring. The ruche is caught with pearls

Here is Mary wearing a velvet cape slung from the shoulders on golden chains with medallions. This idea may well be borrowed in 1936. Her scarlet suède gloves are embroidered and fringed in gold





A blue velvet double-brimmed hat with openwork lattice crown. Tiny puffings in pale blue faille silk encircle the edge of the halo brim



A delightful scarlet velvet cap embroidered in gold with gold thistles, Mary's own flower. This would make a charming cap for evening

Forecasting the Fashion Influence of "Mary of Scotland"



Sewing bag of scarlet velvet with initials and thistle in gold. Perfectly adapted for an autumn evening bag



Scarlet satin slippers with huge tongue and gold buckle. The inserts on the toe are gold cloth



A copy of Mary's rosary. Exquisite enamel work in blue and red on gold filagree. Medallion of painted porcelain



Queen Elizabeth catches pearls in her hair which match her earrings and pins a red rose on her ruche



Scarlet suede or fabric glove embroidered in gold. These would make gorgeous evening gloves in a longer length



Detail of a sleeve of scarlet satin and velvet. The quilted yoke and sleeve, rich in suggestions



Katharine has brought this costume to wear as an evening coat. It is of magnificent deep fuchsia velvet over a Fortuny gown of pastel blue satin. The sleeves are padded and scalloped at the top, the lower part, tucked. The skirt sweeps out into greater width at the hem. Watch all the sleeve treatments in this picture. They will surely be reflected in the mode

Mary Beaton wears many turn-over collars of lace, of lace and linen or of organdie. Good lingerie leads



Loretta Young's Wardrobe in "The Unguarded Hour"



Jodhpurs of cinnamon brown, perfect in fit, match Loretta's soft felt hat with a tiny feather fancy. White broadcloth shirt and correct scarf which is pinned with a gold crop pin set, set with a design of a racing horse. Polished calf boots and pigskin leather belt. A polo coat of light tan camel's hair tops the riding kit



For dressy town wear. Short sleeved dress of black crêpe, shirred at the waist-line to form a peplum. Coolie type hat of cellophane straw with a crisp little veil, all black. Her wrap of summer furs is formed of eight sable skins. The diamond chain and pendant as the only ornament. Pumps of black suède with patent trimming, black suède gloves.



There is a hint of Spanish inspiration in this costume designed by Irene. The skirt is navy blue crêpe and the blouse is of matching fringe. The shoulders are squared and a scarf of mauve silk is worn ascot style at the neck. The hat is navy blue silk, fringe trimmed. Navy blue pumps trimmed in patent leather. Pearl button suède gloves. Roomy pouch bag of navy suède. With the skirt lengthened and made all in creamy white this would be an exquisite dinner gown for summer



Chartreuse satin in a glorious print of flower design in brilliant red, blue, green and chalk white. The belt is laced with ties of the material. The skirt flares enormously at the hem. Too many ornaments would be out of place on this gown, designed by Irene, so Loretta wears one of the two bracelets in diamonds and emeralds. Chartreuse satin sandals and gossamer hose in pale beige



Pretty as a Picture in Pink

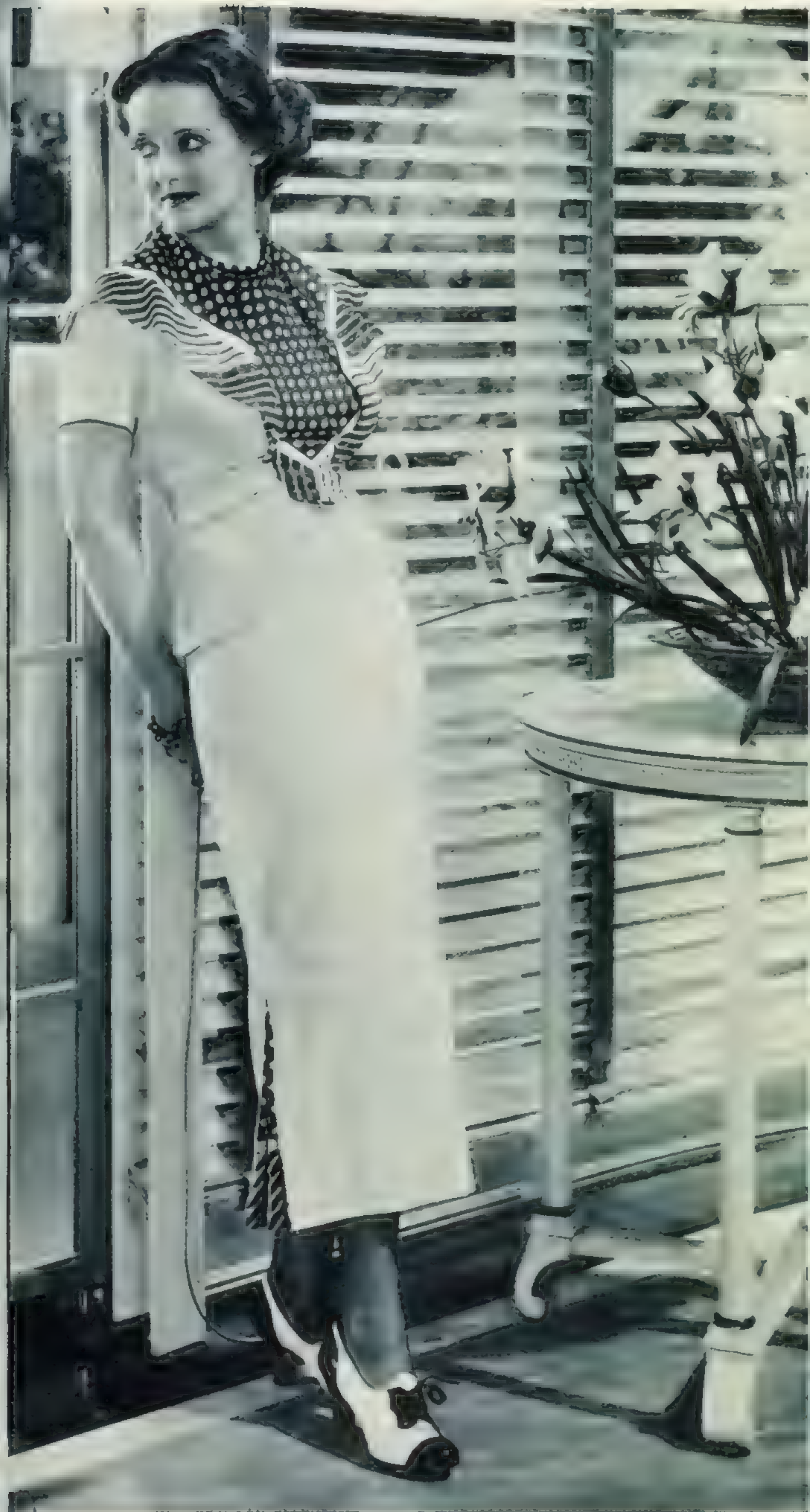


Lace of beautiful quality in pastel pink is used for Ida Lupino's youthful gown. Omar Kiam spangled it with tiny golden stars. The new soaring shoulders are achieved by catching the lace selvedge into the shoulder seam. Gossamer hose and open-toed gilded kid sandals



Knowing the difficulty of wearing a wrap over flaring sleeves, Kiam has given Ida a trailing cape of sapphire velvet, unlined, which fastens with a ruche round the neck and may be pulled up under the arms to keep off the breeze. Pink roses form a coronet for her curls

An Ultra Feminine Negligée



Of sheer white twill this dress has a smart peplum. The revers, blouse front and inset pleats on the sides of the skirt are made of blue and white handkerchiefs. Orry Kelly designed the frock. The walking shoes are of white suède, with navy blue kid trim.

Orry Kelly designs a negligée of misty gray chiffon for Bette Davis, to be worn in "Golden Arrow." The scalloped set-in belt is outlined in silver and silver lace gleams through the billows of gray chiffon. Open-toed strap sandals of silver kid reveal sheer hose of mist-gray.

On, in, and at the Sea



For yachting or lounging on the sands, June Lang has chosen a white shark-skin suit. The nautical buttons are red, with knots and double rings to fasten the belt. When June removes the visor of her cap, a beret tops her lovely head



June Lang wears a white piqué play suit, buttoned and striped in navy blue. White gabardine sneakers and white angora socks. Huge white panama hat

A most exciting grass net sun hat is worn by Adrienne Ames. It is made over a dishpan-like frame of stiffened Japanese Challis in brilliant colorings. Over her bathing suit Adrienne slips a fish shirt. The suit is white with red



Appropriate for dinner on a yacht is this costume worn by Marsha Hunt. A tucked white linen blouse and a black crêpe skirt are belted by a wide sash of cardinal crêpe. A bow tie matches it in color. The double-breasted mess jacket is of starched piqué



On Your Beauty List



Like the haunting fragrance of a cherry orchard in blossom time is the perfume contained in the exquisitely graceful flacon which Margo holds



Margo applies a cream containing rich nourishing oils, with special attention to area around her eyes



Above, every costume is dramatized by correct make-up, according to Helen Vinson, who selects a different lipstick with every frock. You can get them in lovely shades



When minutes are precious, June Lang uses an herbal lotion instead of water to cleanse and soften her hands

Right, June keeps her curls intact, when sleeping or changing her costume, by wearing a little net helmet with adjustable back. Easy to don and to remove



The Private Life of A Talking Picture

MANY of you who have followed from the beginning our series on the making of movies will clutch this month's installment with satisfied hands, snort with relief, and mutter things about "getting down to brass tacks at last. . . ."

Because, after about forty-five pages of leading up and of careful preparation, we've reached that climactic point in a motion picture's private life when the red warning light at the sound stage door is flashed on, and all the blinding white lights of the set inside are flashed on, and everyone stops breathing, and someone says, "Roll 'em," and by Heaven they're *shooting!*

But don't for a minute think that you're going to be allowed to stand idly by and spectate like any tourist with a visitor's pass—because if you did you wouldn't learn a darn thing more than that tourist, who has learned next to nothing. You've got a harder job ahead of you than that.

You're going to come along with me and get grey hairs with the director; you're going to direct baby spots with the light technicians and adjust volumes with the sound technicians; you're going to untangle the multiple problems of a sound stage, sweat and stew yourself into a frenzy with the cameraman, and take ten years off your life with the script girl who at a critical moment has lost three pages of her manuscript.

You're going to like it very much. Believe me.

BY this time you know, or should, that the locale for all these stories is Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, selected for observation because it is the largest, the best-equipped, the most complete studio in the world. Thus you may now consider yourself in Culver City, California, about to step into one of M-G-M's twenty-four sound stages where people like Nelson Eddy and Myrna Loy and Robert Montgomery work at the nerve-racking trade which earns them their weekly salaries.

There is only the remotest contingency that you do not know what a set that is ready for shooting looks like. You've seen them in candid camera stills published in newspapers and national periodicals; you've seen them in motion pictures built around the often repeated "Merton of the Movies" plot; you may even have seen them personally the last time you wintered on the Coast.

But just in case you haven't—a definition: the average cinema set is a piece of life built into a concrete barn, artificially lighted, started into motion, and photographed. It is an imitation of any place where things happen; and even the things that happen are imitated. And photographed.

All the other activities of the studio are only in preparation for this; this is culmination, this is the dream achieved. But about what actually happens during the filming of a scene, about the heretofore unmentioned departments represented, about the people who have assembled themselves here, there is so much you must be told that—cliché—I don't know where to begin.

. . . Yes, I do. We'll choose the key-figure for first consideration: the director, about whom I can only say that of all the people who work in the movie business he gets the least credit where credit is due. America at large thinks of this person as the cocky little man in the camp-chair who commands his minions to begin, and tells

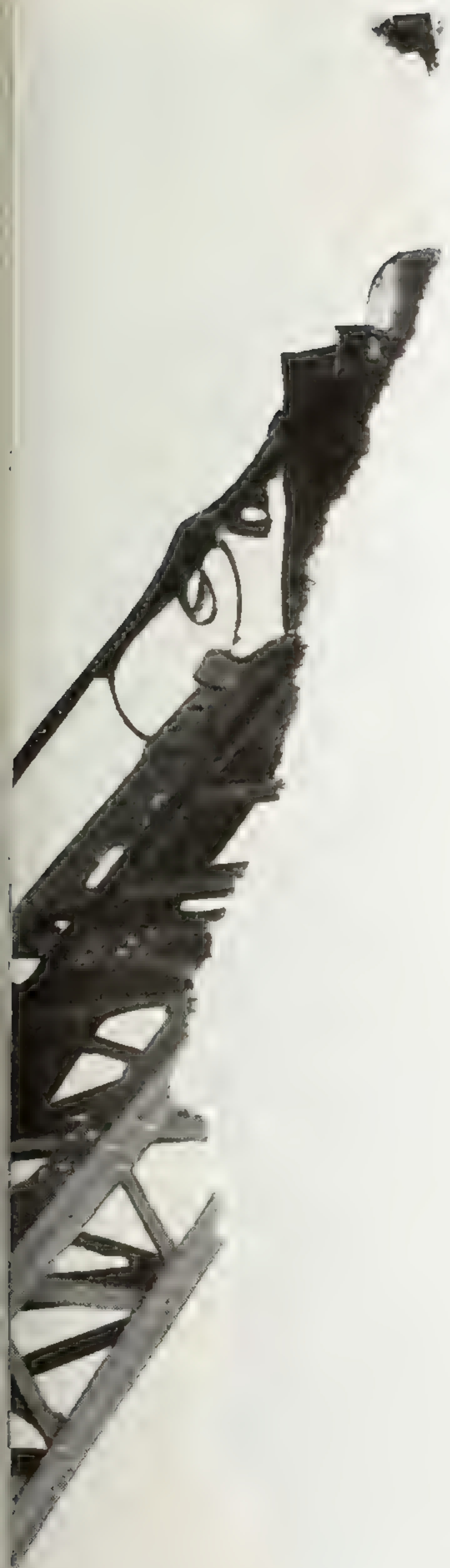
Continuing this brilliant series on the actual making of motion pictures with more exciting inside information about what takes place on the other side of the camera

By Howard Sharpe

them when to stop, and tears his hair when the result doesn't please him. This, thinks America, is his soft job. . . .

But America is wrong. A director is the most bedevilled man in all the world. He must not only know everything he must be able to do everything that is even remotely connected with the picture he is manufacturing. He starts at the beginning with story, he works through the designing of wardrobe, the building of sets, the choosing of cast; he must be thoroughly





familiar with every department.

He may know what to order and what can be done.

He has to be artist, writer, technician, carpenter, filmmaker in spirit, in understanding, if not in actuality. But the task he does is not based on his versatile abilities so much as on his unique genius; his intangible knack of connecting all the loose, completely separate scenes of a photoplay into one seamless picture in which not only the physical sequences are merged

and transitioned, but in which the *tempo* and *mood* is held throughout the story.

As one of these Metro Big Men explained it to me, "Any movie is made up of hundreds of incidents—little scenes—which must somehow be made to integrate themselves like vegetables in a ragout. And they must connect not only in terms of lighting and placement but in mental atmosphere. . . . It's very hard to put into words. But you understand that we shoot Joan Crawford saying something to Brian Aherne one



day. . . . He can't even get around to his answer soon. In the interim he's had plenty of opportunity to lose on a horse race and get into a foul mood or win and get very pleased with himself and the world; all that shows in his manner, his voice—but *I* can't let it show in the picture.

"I have to remember how he looked earlier in the day, even the way he felt; I have to prod the afternoon Brian back into the morning Brian, no matter how long it takes."

Most directors have acting backgrounds, of course: Jack Conway ("Viva Villa"), Charles Reisner, Robert Z. Leonard, Harry Beaumont, Edgar Selwyn, Ernst Lubitsch and Col. W. S. Van Dyke; Charles Brabin in England and Richard Boleslawski in Russia. Some have done other things as a start—George Hill ("Good Earth"), Sidney Franklin ("The Barretts"), and Victor Fleming ("Treasure Island") were cameramen; George Cukor was a stage director; Clarence Brown was an automotive engineer, Gregory La Cava, an animated cartoonist, Raoul Walsh, a Marine Corps officer.

They have assistants, these men, on whose shoulders is cast all the dirty work, all the detail, all the maddening worry about little things. A director's assistant is the first person on the set every day, the last to leave it. He inspects the background for any fault, calls the actors when they're needed, checks with wardrobe; he makes a little chart which maps out the picture's progress day by day and indicates what players, what gowns and what make-ups go with what sets at what time. He is a harried person, always too busy to talk or sit—but there is this about him: he may and probably will one day be a director himself. Justification enough, he thinks, for the slaving he does.

Besides these moguls, and the stars themselves, there are others present in this kaleidoscope [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 81]

Man

as a stenographer at the
for the lead in "The Age
Her latest pictures in-
s of Pompeii" and "In

R, WASH.—The man
nificent Obsession"
Frank Morgan are
s being Wupper-
owning the com-
a bitters. Joyce

CAGO, ILL.—
His real name
he was born
from the
out to be
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ack Com-
his success,
ly," brought

ances Lang-
Lakeland,
s 100 pounds
hes tall with
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st contract
the radio.
ture she will

VIOLET LANGSETH, MILWAUKEE, ...
Walter Abel entered pictures in 1933, and has
appeared in "The Three Musketeers," "Two
in the Dark," and "The Lady Consents."
He was born in St. Paul, Minn., is five feet
ten inches tall, weighs 170 pounds, has black
hair and brown eyes. He attended high school
in St. Paul and graduated from the Academy
of Dramatic Arts in 1917. He played in stock
and vaudeville companies and then on the New
York stage in "Mourning Becomes Electra."
He has the lead opposite Ann Harding in
"The Witness Chair."

RUTH KNESSLER, BANGOR, PA.—Myrna Loy
was born Aug. 2, 1905, in Helena, Montana.
She weighs 115 pounds, is five feet five with light
auburn hair and green eyes. She attended the
Westlake School for girls in Los Angeles, and
began her stage career as a dancer. For
several years she played Oriental parts, but
since "The Animal Kingdom," she has had
enormous success in drawing room comedy and
sophisticated rôles. Her current picture is
"Petticoat Fever," with Robert Montgomery.

M. L. TORRES, RIO DE JANEIRO, BRAZIL.—
Ralph Bellamy was born in Chicago, Ill., on
June 6, 1904. He weighs 178 pounds, is six feet
one and a half inches tall with light brown hair
and blue eyes. After graduating from high school
he founded a Little Theater of his own but later
went on the road with stock companies, and
finally on the New York stage in "Coquette,"

1930, his first big part was in "The Secret Six."
He is married to Katherine Willard, herself an
actress. His latest appearance is in "Roaming
Lady." Mr. Bellamy is an excellent bridge
player and has a hobby of collecting old music
boxes.

A large photograph of him was in the Jan-
uary, 1935, issue of PHOTOPLAY.

SARA, MARION, IND.—Dorothy Wilson, the
heroine of Harold Lloyd's new picture, "The
Milky Way," was born in Minneapolis, Minn.,
on Nov. 14, 1909. She weighs 103 pounds, is
five feet one and a half inches tall with brown
hair and blue eyes. She had no stage experience

The ANSWER MAN is a librarian of
facts concerning screen plays and per-
sonalities. Your questions are not lim-
ited, but brevity is desirable. Also,
The Answer Man must reserve the
right not to answer questions regard-
ing contests in other publications. If
you wish an answer direct, please en-
close a stamped, self-addressed en-
velope. Address your queries to The
Answer Man, Photoplay Magazine,
1926 Broadway, New York City.

ST. MINN.—The picture
s Old Man" in which Irvin Cobb
is playing has not been made before, either
under that title or any other, so George Arliss
did not appear in it, though he may have made
a picture with a similar plot.

MIKE, PASSAIC, N. J.—Benita Hume was
born in London, England, on Oct. 14, 1906.
She weighs 116 pounds, is five feet five and a
half inches tall with brown hair and brown
eyes. She uses her real name in pictures.
Ann Sothern's real name is Harriet Lake. She
was born in Valley City, N. D., on Jan. 22,
1911, weighs 109 pounds, is five feet one and a
half inches tall, has grey eyes and blonde hair.
June Vasek has changed her name to June
Lang. She was born in Minneapolis, her birth-
day being May 5th.

She is five feet three and a half inches
tall, has albino hair and blue eyes, and weighs
104 pounds.

P. A., LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Louise Henry
played the villain's daughter in the picture
"In Old Kentucky." Gail Patrick weighs 125
pounds; Jean Muir weighs 122 pounds. Miss
Muir's next picture is "White Fang" for 20th
Century-Fox.

You may write to Dorothy Wilson at the
Paramount Studios, Hollywood.

JULIET ARPIN, BERKELEY, CALIF.—Due to
an error, it was announced to you in the March
issue that John Arledge was married. Mr.
Arledge is not married.

Pursuit of the Hollywood He-Man

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16]

I think he still is—and escaped unscathed.

But—but—let's be fair. Wasn't practically every other woman in America, at that time, pursuing Mr. Gable? If not in fact, in fancy. Weren't they just as eager to have Mr. Gable play leading man for them as any of the Hollywood beauties? Merely lack of opportunity made the difference in their procedure. They wrote fan letters. The Hollywood stars wrote demands for a new leading man.

But to come back to the idea which all this suggested to me that only in Hollywood is there real and actual equality between the sexes.

In the first place, these so-called predatory females of Hollywood who pursue the he-men, are in every possible way complete and independent units on their own accounts. More so than any women I know anywhere else in the world. They are famous. They are all without exception either beauties or great personalities or—well, at least they have something that attracts millions of people up to a little window to pay money to see them

THEY earn as much—often more—money than the men.

Carole Lombard, for instance, has one of the most beautiful houses in Hollywood. Her parties are famous. As a hostess she has no superior in the brilliant film colony. She earns a huge salary; she is admired by millions; she has a life of her own and is a complete and famous individual herself.

Therefore, it isn't at all strange that she acts about as a man would act when personal matters engage her attention.

The false pride, the feeling of insecurity, the general feminine feeling that she must wait to be sought, isn't present and can't be present in women who have already conquered half the modern universe. They naturally assume that people are going to like them and they proceed along those lines.

The lady who owns a beautiful home, who has a charming setting of her own, doesn't think anything of inviting a man to dine with her.

There is, as a matter of fact, a "new sex" today. The independent and famous woman who makes her own living, pays her income tax, is sought after and run after, who has to compete with other famous women—her outlook on life cannot possibly be the same as that of the average woman. And I can tell you now that it jolly well isn't.

In the case of Carole Lombard and Clark Gable, I would like to bet you a lot of money that Carole is having a lot of fun and getting a lot of laughs and that she will give Mr. Gable plenty of fun and excitement before she is through. The pursuit, if any, will amuse her and that will probably be all there is to it. Unless somewhere along the line she and Clark should discover something more than a little game which helps keep life happy.

There is another angle to be considered where motion picture stars are concerned.

One of them, who for ten years has been at the top of the list, once told me that she absolutely had to make the advances where men were concerned.

"If I didn't," she said, laughing, "I wouldn't ever have a beau."

It isn't difficult to understand that. The

average man, who doesn't like being overshadowed, isn't as a rule seeking a love affair or marriage or anything else with a woman who is more famous and has a greater earning capacity than he has.

The average man wouldn't, for instance, think of attempting to date up Garbo, or Dietrich, or Carole Lombard, or Katharine Hepburn. Even in Hollywood, these ladies seem somewhat inaccessible. Their glamour burns very brightly. Men are afraid of them, for many reasons which my friend the eminent

screen stars. They are, after all, but men—these he-men of Hollywood and I have seen them as tongue-tied and fascinated in the presence of some of these glamorous ladies as any other men would be.

I don't think Hollywood women are predatory exactly.

I admit they pursue. I admit they select.

But I think they do it simply because they regard themselves quite naturally as being on exactly the same footing as men. They have had to discard the protection and the privacy



Shapely, fast-stepping Ginger Rogers rehearses for some new dance pyrotechnics in the next Rogers-Astaire film musical, "Never Gonna Dance." Hermes Pan, dance director of RKO, helps the serious Ginger toe the line

psychologist explained to me. They are afraid of being turned down, of being laughed at, of being inadequate. That's quite understandable.

In many cases where famous screen stars have married men not so well known to the public, even though those same men were able and highly paid and all that, I have seen the results of the woman's fame break up homes I remember, too, how those women have fought to use their husband's names in private life. Usually without success.

So, as this famous star said to me, she has to make the advances. She has to break down the barriers that her fame places between her and most of the men she meets, even other

and the helplessness of woman. They have had to compete for place and success, and most of them have done it alone. They have met the world face to face. Isn't it pretty natural that they should neither ask nor give quarter?

THEY aren't the happiest women in the world, this new sex. The struggle between their feminine instincts and their trained equality is pretty great sometimes. They have, the majority of them, masculine minds and outlooks, and feminine emotions and instincts. They get torn apart.

But personally I'm not much worried about the he-men. I guess they're having a pretty good time and getting a break at that.



DRAWING BY ROBINSON

"My dear, did you hear? We're being cast for the next Joan Crawford picture!"

-and Something New



Blush pink embroidered organza hostess gown, bound in gros-grain. A satin slip



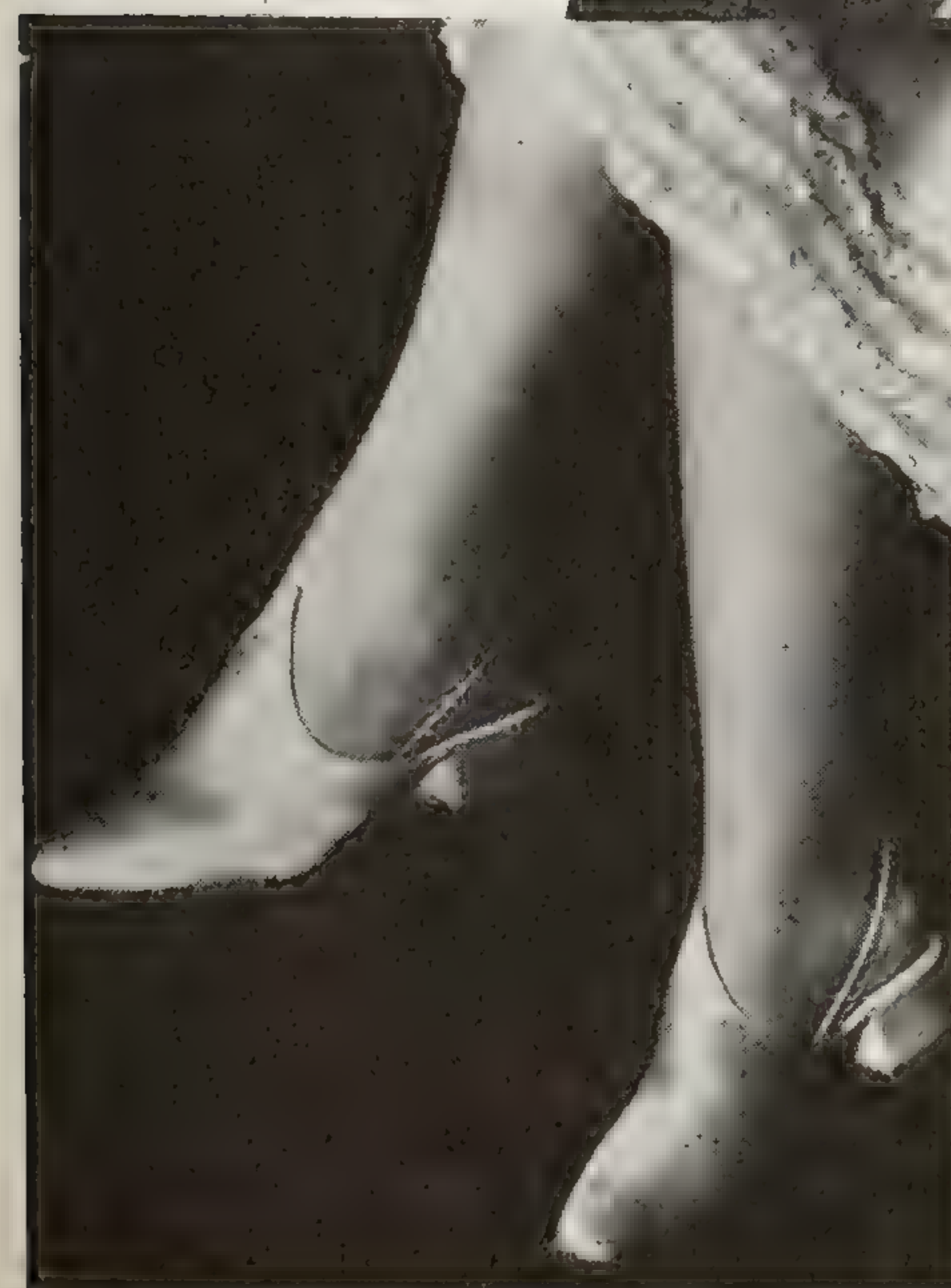
Piped in red, the crêpe melior panties have a matching slip. Up-lift "bras" of imported net



Gowns: sheer white, backless with sailor collar; trimly tailored, or "something blue," with fagoting and embroidered dots

The rustle of taffeta petticoats worn under spring frocks sounds the note of fashion. Satin mules of medieval design

The gown of a bridal set to be coveted is of white satin and Alençon lace, with pleated chiffon insert. Bonwit Teller



Photos By
Ilse Hoffman

Boos and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

A word of encomium, also, for that charming newcomer, June Travis, who is destined to go far if she gets the right rôles. To miss "Ceiling Zero" is to be deprived of one of the finest treats the cinema has offered.

WILLIAM McCAULEY, Springfield, Mass.

\$1 PRIZE

FORWARD WITH TECHNICOLOR

When I thought it impossible for anything more to be developed in the marvelously scientific motion picture field, I saw the curtain open upon a new era in film land, that of technicolor. I followed its development from the experimental stages; sat enthralled with the beauty of "Becky Sharp" and now give three cheers for "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine." I shall never forget the gorgeous symphony of color, even in the simplest scenes. It is truly an auspicious beginning of a great epoch. Forward with technicolor!

WILLIAM S. MULFORD, Milwaukee, Wis.

\$1 PRIZE

PAY ATTENTION TO DIXIE

Calling All Fans! Calling All Fans! Attention everybody who is anybody. I just want to tell you to be on the lookout for a new star from Georgia. Her name is Dixie Dunbar, the nicest five feet, ninety-eight pounds of personality I've seen in a long time.

She is not only a clever little dancer but a cute little trick whom you can't seem to forget. Fifty million American Americans can't be wrong, so let's give her a big hand to stardom.

BEULAH MAE KLINK,
Canton, Ohio.

\$1 PRIZE

FREDDIE IS STAR STUFF

I was never particularly impressed by the performance of a child movie star. But the appearance of Freddie Bartholomew has certainly changed my ideas. His charming English manners, his perfect diction, his unique personality and his brilliant acting have definitely stamped him as a great discovery. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer was quick to recognize his genius when they signed him practically unknown, and he has rewarded their confidence by turning out some of the greatest performances ever seen on the screen.

FRANCES HARWIN, Brooklyn, N. Y.

A TRIBUTE TO TROUPERS

Bouquets to two people who seldom have starred in a picture, and yet have often made the pictures in which they have appeared. They are Basil Rathbone, and Edna May Oliver. Without them, "David Copperfield" would have been tame indeed, and what other actors could have played the parts they took in "A Tale of Two Cities"?

I maintain we give too much adulation to the stars, and fail to show our appreciation of all those grand troupers without whose support the stars would fall.

MARTHA K. WEBB, Nashville, Tenn.

MAKES AUDIENCE CHEER

On every side since the release of M-G-M's sea opus, "Mutiny on the Bounty," praise has been heard for the excellent characterizations given by Charles Laughton as *Captain Bligh* and Clark Gable as *Fletcher Christian*. But there has been little or no commendation given to Franchot Tone for his truly great performance as *Midshipman Byam*.

To my mind, the dignity, austerity and yet the simplicity of Mr. Tone's dramatic address at the trial stands as one of the outstanding pieces of acting since the advent of talking pictures.

Any actor who can, as Franchot Tone succeeded in doing, make theater audiences cheer for a speech which is given on the screen deserves every bit of the praise accorded him.

JACK B. COLE, Jamul, Calif.

UNFAIR EXPECTATIONS

It is most unfair to expect autographs from the stars, and after all is said and done, they don't mean a thing.

Anyone can get one by hounding their favorite long enough and the chances are it will be given unwillingly and not in good spirit.

The system you use, of mobbing, mauling and tearing a person to bits, is sufficient to make a Saint lose patience and the stars do well to stand up under the strain at all.

Of course, they realize they must give them — a refusal and their fickle admirers turn instantly to a new star of the day.

The Temples took Shirley to the beach, picking a spot away from others, but soon a lady spotted her and, of course, asked for her autograph which Shirley gave. Soon the mob descended and she had to be taken home without her play.

See the trouble you autographers cause others?

MRS. CLAIRE POUND,
San Mateo, Calif.



"... fingernotes are just as intriguing as footnotes on Fred Astaire... his hands... create in Chaplin-esque pantomime"

The Private Life of a Talking Picture

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73]

of activity called a sound stage: Here the "grip" men, the script girl, the electricians, the sound experts, the cameramen—all essential, all important cogs in the one big movie wheel.

There are the "grips," husky fellows whose keen minds are trained to meet constant emergencies with intelligent split-second responses. They carry things—walls and tables and chairs and boxes—as ordered; they lift and tug and move the heavy machinery from one place to another; they are inexhaustible. If you asked a "grip" to change the Empire State Building's location he'd say "Yessir," spit on his hands, call for a rope, and start to work. . . .

There is the script girl, of special consequence. "I," remarked one of them to me with becoming modesty, "am the director's left hand man"—and she spoke the truth. Seated at a little chair-desk with the yellow-bound book of dialogue in her lap, she keeps track of every bit of clothing, every tie, hat corsage, and the order in which they are worn from scene to scene. She can't make a mistake—if she does, Bob Montgomery is liable to come up to a doorway wearing a panama and come through that door on the other side wearing a grey fedora.

SHE watches the wordage in the lines, prompts forgetful actors, remarks the slate numbers, and generally keeps things straight. There is so very, very much to keep straight.

Then there are the electricians, artists as well as scientists and mechanics. I stood with one of these amazing men on a cat-walk high above the ceiling-less interior one afternoon and, in intervals between heart-stopping slips and clutchings, listened to a highly technical discourse on the business of lighting a stage. Some of it wouldn't interest you, some I could understand. Of the multiple kinds of incandescents with which he works a few must of necessity be explained.

First, he adjusts huge "sun-spots"—giant globe spotlights—on three sides; "baby spots" (the name described them) are moved into place for more delicate shading; an "overhead bank" gives central concentrated light on desk or table; rectangular floor lamps with blinders or black screens to subdue their intensity stand below to give low illumination to the foreground.

Just a matter of pointing lights at things? Listen: "The faces to be photographed as well as the mood of the scene (said the electrician) must be taken into consideration. If the dialogue is melancholy, the lighting is soft, tender; if the action is fast and gay, the lighting is brightened and intensified. If the star's face is round and soft in appearance, we must define it sharply; we must remember not to distort the all-important nose-line, or bring ears into prominence.

"For the main figure in the scene we use many soft lights instead of just a few bright ones—and then for that extra snap and sparkle we add one small brilliant spot. The average face requires only a mellow diffused glow, and background shading must be uniform with the color-tones of the star's gown. Above all, we must avoid flatness: there is always something that needs high-lighting—a wave in blond hair, the curve of a silver vase, something. . . ."

"All that's easy," I interrupted, "compared with keeping your balance on these silly little planks up here. It's a wonder any of you live more than a few days—gimme a hand, will you, for the love of Mike."

There are these people of great moment. And there are, for your very special regard this month, the cameramen and the sound staff. But before we probe into their personal activities we'll talk first with Douglas Shearer, who is head of Metro's sound department and who is, incidentally, the greatest man of his field living today. From him we'll learn the principle behind modern photography and



Happily married to George O'Brien, lovely Marguerite Churchill finds she is still in demand for pictures. She is under contract to Universal

modern recording in talking pictures; we'll discover why the 1936 movie is so much better from a technical standpoint than that of ten years ago in the flicker era; and we'll know, finally, the meaning of progress.

"Progress," Norma Shearer's brother told me, tapping on his desk with a pencil, "in this phase of motion pictures has been so fast, so tremendous in the last few years that it's been hard to keep up with it. Equipment, knowledge of details—all are a new science. We had to start from scratch, of course, and Heaven only knows what we'll be able to do in another decade.

IN the beginning we had only the cinematic idea-germ: that if pictures of progressive motion are passed rapidly before the eye the objects lose their still life and leap into action—at least, that's the illusion. You know, of course, that when we're shooting, the ribbon of film doesn't move behind the lenses in continuous motion; you'd get nothing but a blur that way. Instead, a ratchet effect pulls a section of 'frame' of celluloid back of the glass,

holds it there for an immeasurable fraction of a second, and then releases it to pull up another. This makes a clicking noise, of course, and so the cameras have to be enclosed in heavy metal bungalows, called 'blimps,' to keep the sound muffled away from the mikes."

He paused while I assimilated. "Then when sound came along," he went on, "we had a lot of new problems. At first the words and the lip movement of the speakers didn't correspond, tones were bad, the whole was shattering to the nerves. . . . The scientific principle of the talkies?—but that's simple."

He recited rapidly, while my unaccustomed brain turned mental somersaults: "A mike, like any phone receiver, has a diaphragm which vibrates to sound. These vibrations set up a tiny electric current that is amplified as are radio waves sent out from a broadcasting station; the amplified current travels through a coil, causing a light valve to flutter, thus creating a minute slit that opens and closes. A beam of light passing through this slit falls on moving film, imprinting there a ribbon-like light of different gradations.

"At this point the voice of the actor has been transformed into a wriggly streak on celluloid. To play it back into sound again another beam of light is passed through the moving film, and falls on an electric cell, where it sets up a series of dark and light split-seconds; they start an identical series of vibrations which are amplified and played through a loudspeaker hidden in the theater stage. Our modern screen in full voice."

"Yes, indeed," I muttered brightly. "As you say, very simple."

HE smiled, continued: "All sound from the set is picked up by the mikes and carried over electric cables here to this department, where twelve recording machines photograph it. On each stage there's a glass-enclosed 'Monitor Room' where 'mixers' sit, adjusting and regulating volume."

"Oh, that's what they are!" I said. I'd seen them. I'd also seen the central recording building, a sprawling place with great battery rooms where storage cells maintain an unvarying current; with machine shops for overhauling equipment; with projection rooms where only the sound-track is run off and tested. I said, "Go on."

He went on. He talked enthusiastically for almost an hour on this subject about which he knows more than anyone else in the world. Since I'm writing magazine articles, not a book, I must somehow tell you what he said in a paragraph or two.

Motion picture sound has reached its present degree of perfection, then, because: first, the technicians know their job thoroughly. They are students, with no precedent and with no text-book to study except that of try and fail, try and succeed, try again and eventually succeed every try. They have discovered wider ranges of vibrations, and vibrations of higher frequency; they have learned secrets of echoes and bounce-backs; they have faced the problems of acoustics, of different types of theater sound machines, and they have solved those problems. They are, in every sense of the word, experts.

Second, the equipment is advanced, better

in all details. The department and Shearer have invented the little "acorn tube," the new "bullet mike," and lighter portable booms. (Booms are long metal arms, worked by gears, that suspend the microphone out over the set.) A new turbulation development has removed the last vestige of chemical wavering or flicker from the sound-strip; easier movement of the mike has brought steady volume in sound.

Third, miracle-man Shearer has found a way to eliminate useless noise, and to choose from a medley of sound the one tone or note he wants most to capture. It's called "directorial recording," he told me, and is accomplished by means of a parabolic reflector—like the curved mirror of a telescope—which selects any special voice and tosses it straight into the mike. Thus from amidst the shrieking din of a traffic-filled intersection one whispered sentence stands out sharply, in understandable clearness.

AND finally, Metro's technical staff can make sounds that don't exist! It's not so difficult as it appears; they just run a swiftly alternating current through a light-valve coil, and photograph the vibrations. When the strip is played back they get a shrill note that can be changed in key by changing the alternation degree.

You should be interested in knowing that M-G-M, that unbelievable place, has a library of noise. Stored away in a giant reference room are miles of sound-track film, on which have been recorded every sort of vibration known to man. You can look up a bit of celluloid, run it through a machine, and listen to roosters crowing, women yawning, or a storm on the Atlantic with all the variations of pounding waves, driving rain, and thunder. I spent an entire morning there, just listening; it's a lot better than a record store.

But so much for sound. Photography is next, and there's more to tell about that science-art than about Mr. Shearer's department because cameras were being developed years before talking pictures were thought of.

An entire building, an entire studio section, is devoted to those complicated little masses of machinery called cameras; there are offices, repair rooms, experimental laboratories and a storehouse—Metro maintains the largest department of this kind in existence (That superlative phrase again; but can I help it?).

This particular studio uses three standard types: Bell, Howell, and Mitchell. For following airplanes and for especially fast work they reserve the Graingers and the Akeley's, and for photographing titles they've invented a special machine. Each camera has a "turret" or

turn-table carrying three lenses—a two-inch, a three-inch, and a 40 millimeter circle of polished glass; with these they can achieve any angle they want, take in as little or as much space on the set as they care to, and manage other desirable effects so necessary to a good movie.

Aside from things like tracks for moving the camera silently and other perfectly obvious developments there is one Gargantuan device that you must know about. It's called the "Rotambulator" and is the answer to all those questions of yours about how one is able to sit in a theater and seemingly swoop across ballroom ceilings, and in out of doorways and windows, following the action as it speeds along. In lay terms, it is a steel turntable mounted on wheels and ball-bearings, making possible any movement of the heavy camera bungalow with micrometer precision.

The camera, hung on gears, is attached to a vertical rod; and wheel controls operated like pointer-controls on artillery move the "blimp" laterally, transversely, and vertically—all directions at once or only one direction at a time. The whole affair is big enough to hold a cameraman and his assistant, the usual paraphernalia, and even the mike and its light supports. Being counter-balanced and gear-controlled the "Rotambulator" is a docile monster, moving at the touch of a finger although its weight is measured in tons. Obediently it rises and falls, describes great arcs, advances and retreats, or swings over the players' heads and trains on the entire set.

For special effects photographers have turned chemists and scientists at will, inventing things daily to meet their needs. They fussed with the celluloid and finally came forth with a new panchromatic super-sensitive film that solved the light problem, eliminating the intense heat of former years; they brought depth and feeling and quality to the screen, and made machinery that can test effects with millionth-part-of-an-inch accuracy—that can catch as little as one thousandths of a candle light.

They needed phantasmagoria scenes to interpret dizziness or drunkenness, so they fixed up a whirling lens with four planes that revolved in that familiar morning-after way. They built cameras to super-impose figures on foreign background and otherwise to fool you, the public; a special kind of deceit which is vaguely called "production" and which is kept, closely guarded and watched over, a secret. Why not?—you enjoy the illusions these modern magicians bring you, and if you knew how they were done you'd lose interest fast. If you're of a practical nature, with good technical background, you can

guess most of it; but don't ask Metro to verify your results. They'll be polite and sympathetic—and adamant.

Of the cameraman personally you must know that he is respected on the set as an artist; that in the course of his work he photographs not a figure but a *character*; that he must know how to eliminate blemishes from a star's face by the "diffusion lens" process; that he is called on for every type of effect from oil-painting textures to eerie murderous moods; that, working closely with the director, he is one of the biggest reasons why a movie is either good or bad. . . .

And so, now that you know your background, you can understand what actually happens when I describe to you the progressive action of a scene in the shooting.

The set is lighted, to the satisfaction of all and sundry.

The camera is ready, the sound department is ready, the stars are ready. They know their lines, it is hoped.

Out of the riotous insanity of the sound stage comes the miracle of silence. Into the stillness an assistant shouts, fiercely, "Quiet, everybody! We're shooting!"

"That last rehearsal looked all right," says the director to his aide. The aide nods. "Roll 'em," commands the director.

The cameras start, the slate is clicked. "Okay for sound," remarks the man at the boom. A moment of silence. . . .

"Action."

Set doors open and close. People laugh and talk and weep and kiss and knock each other down and sleep in beds.

"Cut! That's not at all bad—more emotion on the embrace, Miss Harlow. All right, roll 'em."

The scene is identical, but there is more emotion in Miss Harlow's embrace. "We'll print that," says the director finally. "Test for sound, please."

NOISE comes out of hiding and fills the building. Stars retire into portable dressing rooms to smoke and rest and study lines. The scene is done.

And so am I—for this month. In the concluding story of our series, in PHOTOPLAY's next issue, we'll go to a location camp to study its problems; we'll cover music, one of the greatest departments in any studio; and we'll follow the reels of film from camera to theater, through development and cutting and editing and all the things that transform meaningless detached sequences into a finished movie.

And when you've finished that story you'll know how a talking picture is made.



Acting is simple. Just how simple, is proved by "Professor" Jack Oakie who offers to teach budding stars the essentials in six lessons beginning with coyness and ending in a burst of passion. Jack's current picture is "Florida Special"; "Burlesque" next

At 6—Sally is tired out after a hard office day



At 7—Sally is radiant, gay, her skin fresh and delicately fragrant



This quick Beauty Bath peps you up—leaves you *dainty*...

FOR the girl who wants to win out with men, *daintiness* is all-important. There's a world of fascination in skin that's not only thoroughly clean, but delicately fragrant, too!

You'll love the way a Lux Toilet Soap beauty bath relaxes and refreshes you. You'll love the fresh, sweet odor it gives your skin. And here's another important thing:

The lather of Lux Toilet Soap is ACTIVE. It cleans the pores

deeply, carrying away stale perspiration, every trace of dust and dirt. After a Lux Toilet Soap bath, you feel like a different person. You're ready for conquests—and you *look* it!

9 out of 10 screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap because they've found it such a superb complexion care. They use it as a bath soap, too, because they know neck and shoulders need the beautifying care this gentle soap gives.



The Trials and Triumphs of a Hollywood Dress Designer

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

(remember it?), over the large black hat she wore with the printed frock, over the trains on her tea gowns and a dozen other carping details. Banton won most of the rounds in this particular contest, and when every leading fashion magazine in the country went into columns and pages of raptures over Colbert's superb sartorial spree in the picture, his beautiful adversary came hurrying to the fitting-room in true abnegation. She said:

"Honestly, Travis, I'll never argue with you

frock of tulle was Claudette's Gethsemane. She flatly refused to wear it, so Banton designed another costume to take its place. But the very next week Claudette spied one of the studio's younger players swishing across the lot in the discarded gown and once again there was a scene of contrition in Banton's suite.

"The frock is lovely. You're right, and I'm wrong again. You're always right, darn you. But this time I mean it, I'll never argue . . ."

(and so on).

friendship. One June afternoon in 1933 Claudette revealed her magnificent loyalty to him by appearing with four other stars as a model in his first (and so far his last) fashion show for the press. Only those who knew her well could calculate at what terrific cost Claudette sauntered and pirouetted before those three hundred pairs of staring eyes. And only those who knew her well could discern the pallor beneath her make-up and the trembling of her hands. For hers was the torture that only the inherently timid can suffer. But she went through the ordeal with a firm tread and a steady smile, for wasn't she doing THIS for a FRIEND?

And on that same June afternoon Banton could count a second valiant comrade in his lineup of famous models, Carole Lombard. But for her the show was a lark and a frolic. For her there was no trembling or recoil. The audience could hear the constant ring of her high laughter from the upper floors long before the gay swirl of her entries into the show-room.

But somehow you always manage to hear Carole's laughter just before she surges into sight. Banton insists that he never writes down his appointments with her because he can literally hear her leave her dressing-room (two blocks away) and trace her approach across the lot to his fitting-room by the increasing clamor.

HIS first warning is the echo of a gay whoop (that means she is closing the door of her suite and perhaps saying good-bye to Gary Cooper her next door neighbor). Next there is a salvo of yoicks (that means she is passing Jack Oakie's dressing room). There follows a moment of silence and then the detonation of a gleeful series of bellows, yawps and halloos (the invariable signal that she has reached Oscar's bootblack stand just around the corner from the wardrobe building).

From that point the noise gathers into a crashing crescendo as Carole charges up the wardrobe stairs and finally catapults into the fitting-rooms. And as she tears through Banton's outer office she is already ripping at the buttons of her blouse in a paroxysm of impatience to get into the new exciting gowns. While she is disrobing and climbing into an unfinished costume, a volley of happy yelps and squeals reverberate through the closed door to Banton (that means the fitter is trying to pin her into a frock and that Carole is wriggling with ecstasy over it).

And a Lombard fitting is no light matter or a thing that is over and done with quickly. For Carole must parade for hours in each new outfit before mirrors, wardrobe seamstresses, stockroom girls, beaders, pressers, clerks, stenographers and typists. Clothes are downright fun for her and she wants everybody to join the frolic. For six years, ever since she did "Safety in Numbers" with Buddy Rogers in 1930, Banton has heard her shriek each time she surveys herself in one of his dresses:

"It's divine. It's too divine. I can't STAND it. Teasie (her nickname for Travis) you're divine and the gown is divine, and I'm divine in it, and oh, call in Edith and Mary and Lefa and Billy to see. Call 'em quick. Hey, everybody want to see something grrrrrand, come on in . . ."

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 86]



The luminous Marlene Dietrich's flair for unusual clothes to ornament her beautiful face and figure make her one of the most exciting sights in Hollywood. She is leaving the Trocadero wearing a magnificent fox cape

again. Every decision you make always turns out right. I'll wear whatever you design for me from now on and without a single comment, honestly."

And what's more, she did exactly that (well, for six months anyway). They didn't enjoy a single argument until her next big dress picture, "The Gilded Lily." On that occasion a

But no one would be more surprised than Banton if Claudette made good her repeated avowals, and no one would be more dejected. For what man prefers the chilly garlands of tranquillity from a beautiful woman when he can bask in the warmth of her spirited and combative friendship?

And Banton has beautiful proof of that



**THEY ALWAYS SAY
THEY WANT SOMEONE
WITH MORE
EXPERIENCE...**

**-BUT THAT
WASN'T
THE REAL
REASON
SHE COULDN'T
GET
A JOB**

THANK YOU **SO** MUCH FOR TELLING ME ABOUT THESE JOBS, MRS. WHITE - I'LL START RIGHT IN TRYING TO LAND ONE, TOMORROW -



NEXT DAY

I'M SORRY, MISS BAKER, BUT I THINK MRS. WHITE MISUNDERSTOOD ME - WE REALLY NEED SOMEONE WITH MORE EXPERIENCE

I **COULDN'T** TAKE ON A GIRL WITH PIMPLES LIKE **THAT!**



NEXT WEEK

NO, MRS. WHITE - I HAVEN'T HAD ANY LUCK. I **CAN'T** SEEM TO PUT MYSELF ACROSS. I WISH I KNEW WHAT..

MY DEAR, I'M GOING TO BE VERY PERSONAL. I THINK THE TROUBLE MAY BE YOUR SKIN. HAVE YOU EVER TRIED EATING FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST TO CLEAR UP THOSE PIMPLES?



LATER

MOTHER - I'VE **GOT A JOB!** IT'S WHERE ALICE WORKS - AND **SHE** SAYS **ONE** REASON THEY TOOK ME WAS BECAUSE THEY **LIKED** MY **LOOKS!** I MUST TELL MRS. WHITE!!

AND BE SURE TO THANK HER AGAIN FOR TELLING YOU ABOUT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST!



SAY - MISS BAKER - I'VE GOT **STILL** **ANOTHER** TRADE - LAST FOR YOU -

JIMMY - ARE YOU **SURE** YOU'RE NOT MAKING UP ALL THE NICE THINGS YOU TELL ME?



**-clears the skin
by clearing skin irritants
out of the blood**

Copyright, 1936, Standard Brands Incorporated

Don't let Adolescent Pimples be a handicap to YOU

AFTER the beginning of adolescence—from about 13 to 25, or even longer—many young people are troubled by pimples.

During these years, important glands develop and final growth takes place. This causes disturbances throughout the body. The skin gets oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin and pimples break out.

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast is often prescribed to help get rid of adolescent pimples. It clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Then—pimples go!

Eat 3 cakes daily—one about ½ hour before each meal. Eat it *regularly*—plain, or in a little water—until your skin clears. Start today!

For six years it has gone on like that, and the bedlam and the cacophony is still music to Banton's ears.

And Carole puts more blind faith into his ability to dress her than any other star (not excepting his gallant admirer, the late Lilyan Tashman). She refuses to look at a sketch or discuss what she should wear in this scene or that. Every trip to his fitting-room, whether for screen or personal clothes, is redolent with surprise for Carole. When her own stock of frocks runs low she will leave a scribbled note

colors or materials I prefer. Just go ahead and go fast, darling. Carole."

Along with her superb figure Carole has something Banton contends that few women on the screen possess, a thing he calls "clothes quality." She has the uncanny gift of shrugging herself into any gown, giving it a pat and a twist and the effect is immediate and devastatingly chic. She handles her body in some mysterious manner that transmits a gripping importance to every costume she wears whether a gingham housedress or a gown of silver cloth.

for the privilege of working with that girl. It must be wrong, don't you think, to take money for so much sheer pleasure?"

Now the spring of 1930 was fairly spangled with destiny for Travis Banton. In April of that year he met Claudette Colbert and that sleek New York wardrobe she brought with her for her first Hollywood picture, "Manslaughter." In May he picked himself up from the first dizzy impact with Carole Lombard's *joie de vivre*, and knew he had a "winner" on his hands.

And in June he met Marlene Dietrich.

On the occasion of their introduction she uttered not more than four words, but some instinct warned Banton that this unknown and lavishly beautiful woman was about to add an exciting chapter to his Hollywood experience.

And even during the somber and impenetrable silences of their first fitting-room encounters (they were for "Morocco") he still continued to believe that some day the enigma of her compelling personality would reveal itself to him.

Banton will never forget those first Dietrich fittings. They took place at midnight because Von Sternberg kept her working late on location every night. She would arrive white and unsteady with fatigue, but would accept no word or gesture of sympathy from Banton or his fitter. And so the three of them would set to work in the tomblike stillness of the deserted wardrobe building, Dietrich standing before the mirrors like a carven image, glorious, unfathomable, inexorable, through the eerie hours.

SOMETIMES as dress after dress was put over her head, pinned, measured and adjusted with no word or sign from her, Banton had to clamp his teeth over his lips to keep from shrieking. He wanted to yell:

"Say something. Say anything. Tell me it's terrible, impossible, amateurish, but just say something."

Later he realized that she was merely badly frightened and baffled by a new country, a strange people, an unfamiliar language and the shocking familiarity (to her Continental mind) between stars and studio employees.

He realized all this and refused to admit defeat. Had he not brought Florence Vidor from behind her impervious barrier of aloofness? Had he not won the skeptical Colbert for a staunch friend?

He could wait for fear and bewilderment to diminish.

Not until 1933 when Dietrich made "Song of Songs," did the splendid foundations of her seclusion begin to crumble. When that picture was completed she sent Banton an exquisite wrist watch with the message that she wished only to thank him in some small way for having made her look so lovely on the screen.

And so the exciting chapter was at last begun and since 1933 it has been etched daily into the pages of Banton's memory like a series of effulgent vignettes.

There is, for instance, the unforgettable evening of March 10th, 1933, when he stopped by her dressing-room to pick up a long promised autographed picture. She was sitting at her modernistic desk, scratching a pen across the photograph with her powerful scrawl, when suddenly the floor heaved beneath them, the walls shook and an unearthly rumble crowded terror into their souls. As from a single anguished throat the cry, "Earthquake!" filled the entire studio, and Banton found himself

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88]



A perfect picture of the well dressed little scholar in her dark blue Peter Thompson suit, Shirley Temple reads her Photoplay on the set

on Travis's desk similar to the one I saw there the other day. It read:

"Teasie, dear; I need the following and how: Three evening frocks, three dinner things, four dresses to go under my fur coat, two suits with matching topcoats, two pajamas, one hostess rig. And for heaven's sake don't let Fieldsie know (Fieldsie being Madalynne Fields, her efficient secretary who holds on to the purse strings, or tries to). And don't ask me what

And the rollicking relationship that exists between this star and her designer can be summed up, I believe, in the following words (Banton himself whispered them to me one evening when he arrived hours late for his own dinner party):

"I knew I'd be late, but I was fitting Carole and we were having such a swell time I wouldn't have left early for a hundred guests. You know sometimes I think I ought to pay Paramount

The snapshot came
when I was feeling
low, wondering if
our great day—
THE DAY—will ever
come. I can't tell you
how much new courage
it brought me. Darling!
Bob



A LITTLE square of paper can hold so much! Memories... hopes... the look, the very personality of someone you love. Make snapshots now—they'll mean everything to you later. And don't take chances—load your camera with Kodak Verichrome Film. This double-coated film gets the picture where ordinary films fail. Your snapshots come out clearer, truer, more lifelike. Any camera is a better camera, loaded with Verichrome—use it always... Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

Accept nothing but the
film in the familiar
yellow box.



The snapshots you'll want Tomorrow—
you must take Today

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presents

A NEW POLISH FAR SUPERIOR TO ALL OLD-STYLE FORMULAS



The most important news in years, for lovely hands

HERE is such a nail polish as you've dreamed of wearing! The new Glazo, with its remarkable new formula, attains a beauty of sheen and color far beyond the realm of polishes of the past. Every longed-for virtue of nail polish perfection reaches its zenith in Glazo's new creation.

You've never seen a polish so rich in lustre...so long and perfect in wear. Chipping and peeling are gone—and—forgotten woes. Glazo's exclusive, fashion-approved shades retain their full beauty for several *extra* days.

Streaking becomes a lost word, for new Glazo floats onto every finger with perfect evenness of color. Evaporation has been so amazingly reduced that the polish is usable down to the last drop.

For even a day, don't deny your fingertips the luxury of this new Glazo. Just 20 cents.



frantically rescuing a thoroughly calm and completely collected Marlene, who suggested in the midst of the hideous confusion that his "rescuing" was really needed across the hall where a terrified Miriam Hopkins was clutching a swaying door-jamb.

Then there is his favorite picture of her at tea time bending over a single gas plate in her dressing-room, stirring up an omelet of delicate perfection for him. And the picture always includes the sharp details of the beautiful incongruity of her appearance as she worked dexterously with eggs and cream and mushrooms. For on that particular day she was hard at work on "The Scarlet Empress," and although she had removed the encumbering robe of state costume and had wrapped herself in a gingham coverall apron (the \$1.95 sort that good housewives prefer), she was still wearing the towering white wig of Catherine the Great, and her arms, fingers, ears and neck were laden with the heavy Russian crown jewels.

There is also the brittle outlines of a certain morning when she strolled casually into his office to find him hard at work on a sketch for Carole Lombard's personal wardrobe.

"And why have you never done a personal gown for me?" she asked.

"BECAUSE I must have an absolutely free hand when I do these off-screen things," he explained. "Miss Lombard gives me complete freedom."

There was a moment electric with silence and then she said:

"Will you do the same for me, with a very free hand?"

This was triumph, for Marlene was still concentrating on trousers and mannish evening attire and Banton had yearned to groom her in the soft loveliness that her hyper-femininity demanded. And the first personal gown, a black and jade green affair, managed to stop the show cold when Dietrich appeared in it at the Trocadero one night. The next morning a truckload of flowers arrived at the Banton front door. Which is Marlene's lavish way of saying "thank you, very much."

It is interesting to recall that Dietrich quite suddenly discarded her beloved trousers-tuxedo-bow-tie formula of dressing with the birth of that famous black and green gown. And if you have any medals to offer for this mighty conversion, pin them on the very deserving chest of one T. Banton.

And the vignettes include bright flashes of Marlene in the fitting-room with her daughter, Maria, for an adoring audience, the pair of them eating ravenously from a ten cent bag of candy purchased at Oscar's studio boot-black-cigarette and confectionery stand; of Marlene breathlessly opening her monthly box of Paris gifts from her husband, usually a chic assortment of gloves, handbags, costume jewelry and scarfs; of Marlene sending back lovely costumes for her forthcoming picture and pleading for new ones because she becomes tired and bored with a gown when she sees it hanging in her closet for more than a week; of Marlene standing for fittings from nine in the morning until six at night because she wanted Banton to finish twenty-five gowns for her New York trip; of Marlene eagerly watching him spoon up ambrosia in the form of her magnificent torte cake and flushing with pleasure when he praised her cooking.

Still another vital date on Banton's calendar of fate was the golden October afternoon in 1932 when a Paramount official brought a famous New York star to the fitting-room for her first clothes talk. The star was Mae West.

Now Banton had dreaded that meeting for weeks and had put it off as long as possible, for it seems that his uncle, Joab Banton, New York City's district attorney, was the chief reason Mae was arrested and sent to jail for ten days for her eye-popping show, "Sex."

Banton hoped that Mae's memory for names might prove faulty, but the moment their introduction was accomplished she looked searchingly at his face and asked:

"Banton? Banton? Any relation to the Joab Banton of New York?"

Travis admitted the unfortunate family connection and waited for the worst. But to his bewildering relief Mae's face broke up into hearty smiles. She said:

"HMMMMMM, wish I'd known you when the fireworks were going off. Might have had some say with that uncle of yours. But he was a fine gentleman and was only doing his duty. I don't hold any hard feelings."

And so they buried the past between them and looked into the future, and it looked very bright, indeed, to Banton. Mae's fitting-room virtues were a comforting collection, including as they did an even disposition, an innate generosity, and a glorious sense of humor. Their conclaves before the triple mirrors sparkled with Mae's witticisms, quips and stories that usually became world-famous a scant month or two later. No silences, no aloofness, no barriers to break down here. It was going to be a cinch.

But it wasn't a cinch. With the shattering success of "She Done Him Wrong," a strange new difficulty arose to haunt Banton at every West fitting. Her disposition remained unimpaired, but not once, since the day she became master of her own screen productions has he been able to capture her complete attention for a single full minute.

Now a half dozen men accompany her to the fitting-room, and there they discuss endlessly the problems of her forthcoming, current or recent picture. Hours late she will arrive with an army of song writers, story writers, cameramen and directors, who carry on their ceaseless talk while Banton tries to coax the overworked star into taking just one good look at herself in the mirror.

SHE has actually gone through the motions of three fittings on a single costume without once noticing its color or adornment. The day she dons it for work on the set she is quite likely to say:

"Oh, this is a pink dress. I thought all along it was blue."

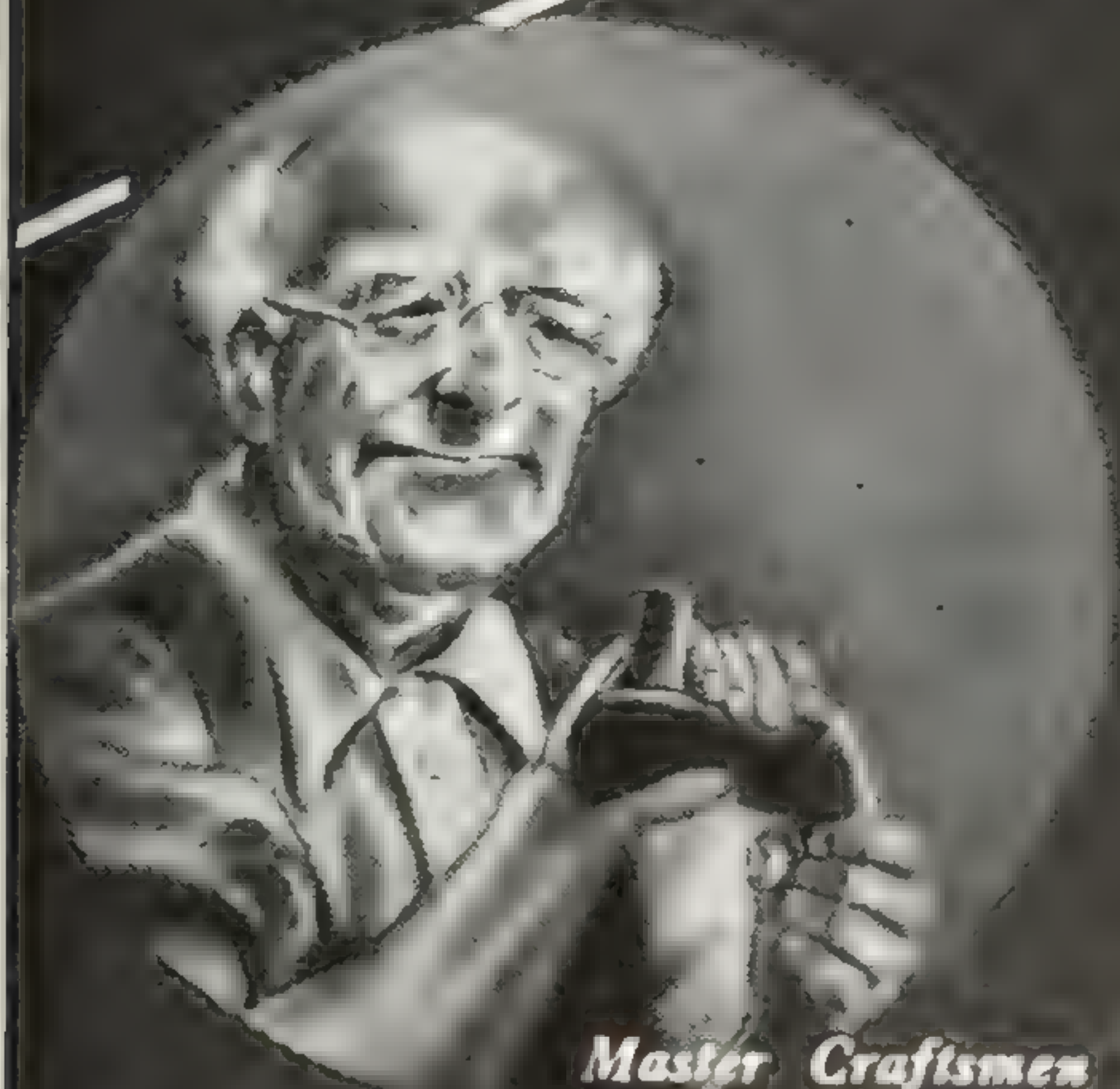
And then there is the tangled web of her superstitions. Her list is really admirable, including such taboos as pearls (they mean endless sorrow); Sunday work on any of her costumes no matter how far behind schedule the company might be (Banton doesn't know the reason for this one); peacock feathers or anything that resembles them (just good old fashioned bad luck); stitching on any gown she is wearing, even if it is a mere rip caused during the making of a scene (it seems to mean a poor picture or play or something); and the everyday assortment that forbids whistling in the fitting-room or dressing-room, the complicated behavior of umbrellas and a superlative caution where mirrors, ladders and black cats are concerned.

And then there is the unfinished business concerning Mae's ever trailing skirts (unfinished as far as Banton is concerned). Twelve years ago he managed successfully to wheedle Pola Negri and Leatrice Joy out of their beloved dramatic trains.

Why not Mae West in 1936?

Why

BUSY WOMEN GO PLACES COMFORTABLY IN ENNA JETTICKS

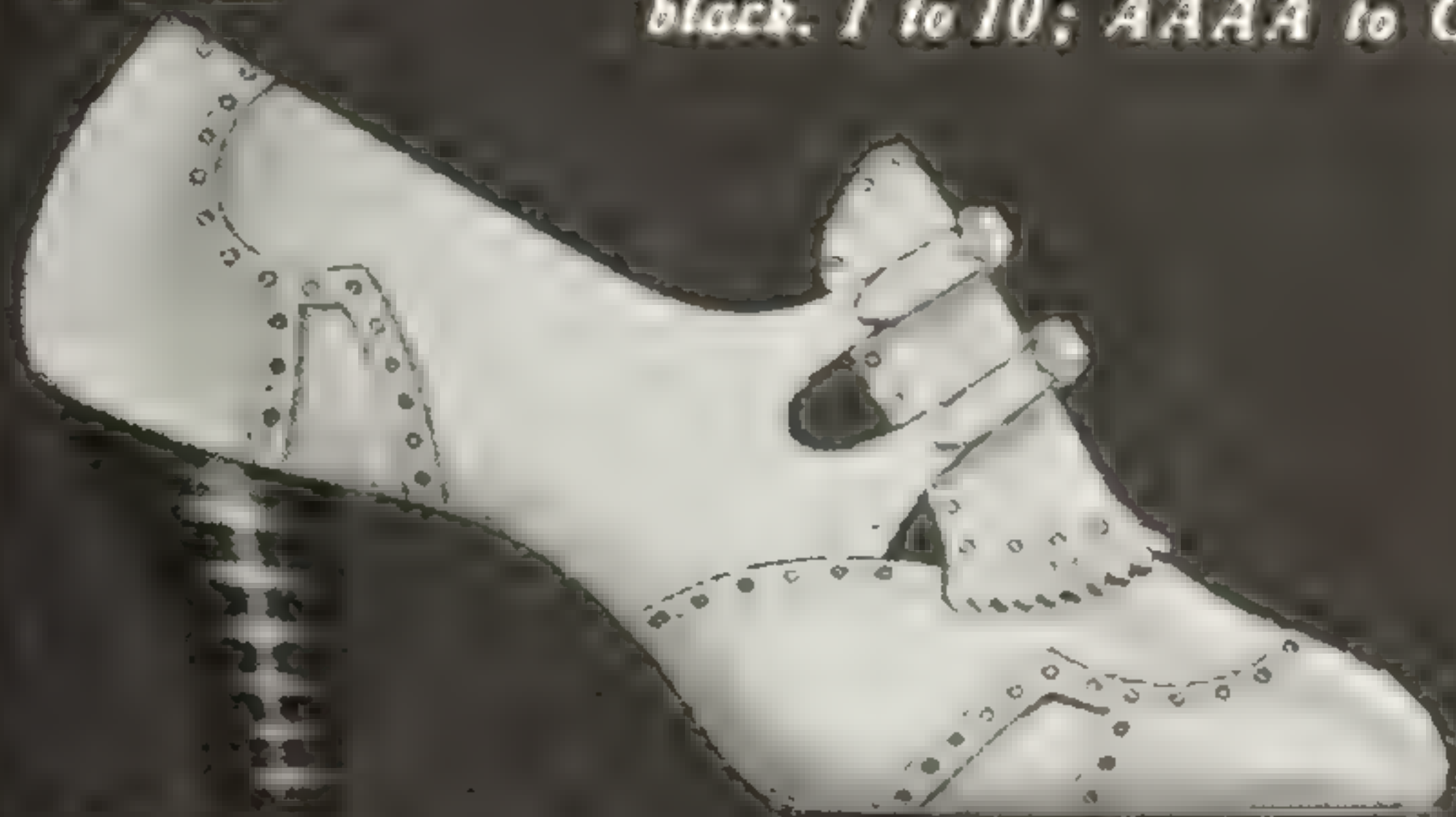


Master Craftsmen "hand-flex" your Enna Jettick Shoes for you!



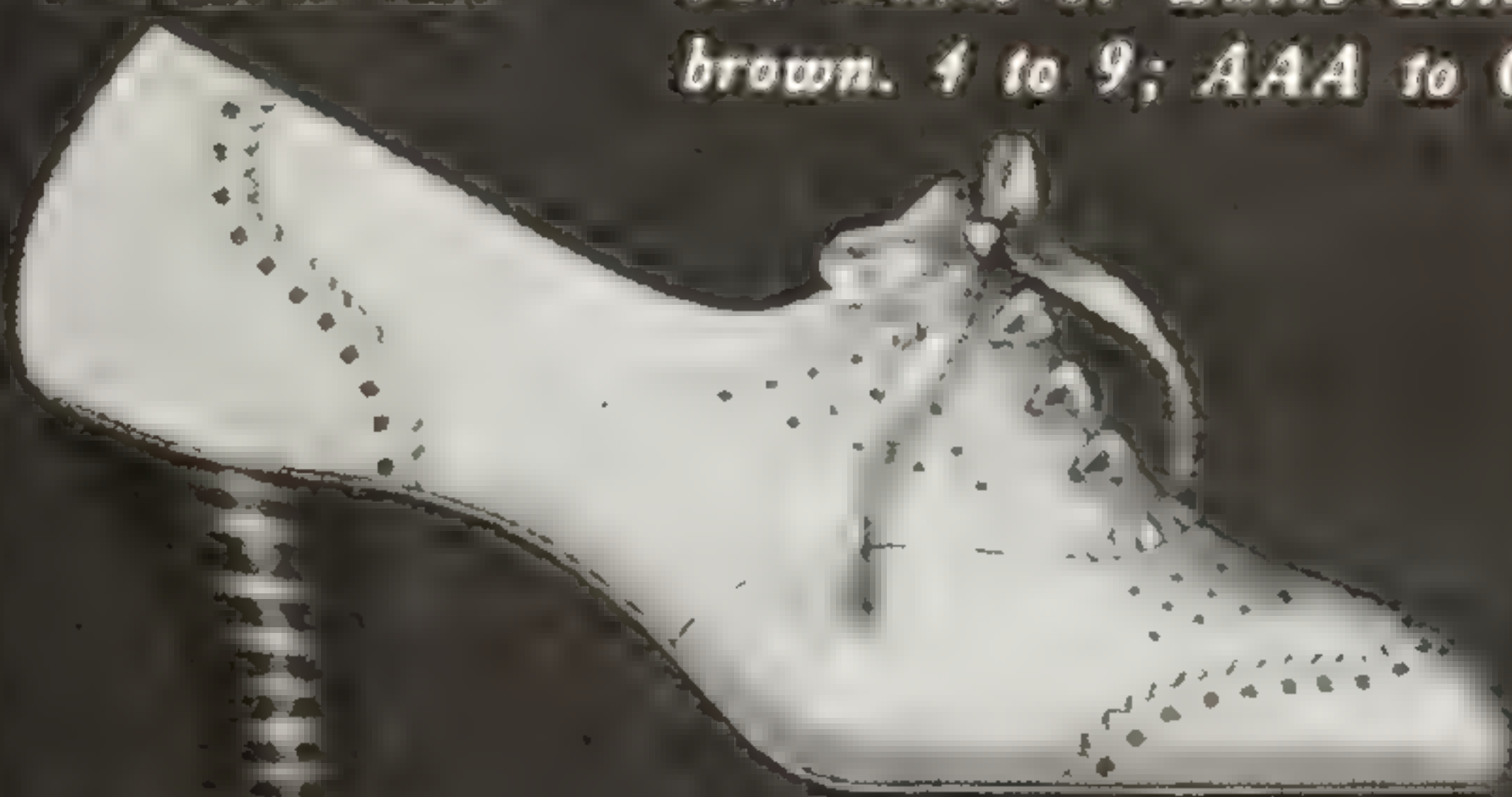
Vera

\$6. White, blue, brown, black. 1 to 10; AAAA to C.



Marina

\$6. White or white-with-brown. 4 to 9; AAA to C.



Berkeley

\$6. White or white-with-brown. 4 to 10; AAAA to C.



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\$5. White or brown. Sizes 2½ to 10; AAAA to C.



ESTHER RALSTON
featured in
"REST CURE" a
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Production

Since busy women like Esther Ralston have no time to worry over shoe smartness or comfort, Enna Jetticks are a real find for them. Enna Jetticks are smart . . . as the pictures show. And now they come to you "hand-flexed" (broken in by hand) . . . made lighter and more flexible . . . more comfortable . . . than ever before. That's why women as busy as Miss Ralston always know where to find Enna Jetticks. Why not follow them and enjoy real shoe smartness and comfort in your new WHITE Enna Jetticks this Summer!

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SIZES 1 TO 12 WIDTHS AAAAA TO EEE

SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN CANADA

AMERICA'S SMARTEST WALKING SHOES GO PLACES COMFORTABLY

Dinner for One, Please, Johns

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25]

"I can't promise," she told me frowning. "Right now I'd be willing to bet this house against that doughnut you're eating that I'll never marry again. But then people have said that before."

"Just now I want to have a good time. I want to keep my friends and see them often—I want to be able to go dancing with some fellow without reading next day in the papers that I'm engaged to him."

She paused, looking impassively into her cup. "That's what happened with Robert Taylor and me, you know."

"I think we might do well to clear that up," I said. "The newspapers won't take your 'No' for an answer."

"But it's so absurd!" She smiled to hide her annoyance. "I went to the Trocadero that first night with Zeppo Marx and his wife—I go around a lot with them—and Bob was there. He came over, talked a while, asked me to dance. . . . And someone snapped a picture while we were walking out to the floor. Next morning I read that I was 'being seen at all the night-spots' with Robert Taylor. Good Heavens! We were Mister and Miss to each other that evening!"

"Anyway, he called me the next day, and made a date to go dancing at the Beverly Wilshire; we both like the orchestra there. After that we were 'going to be married any minute now.' You understand? We amused each other, we danced well together, we were good friends. We went down to Ocean Park and rode on the coasters and shot clay pigeons and tossed darts at balloons—had a marvelous time. But to the gossips it was a romance—it was Barbara Stanwyck forgetting her sorrow in a new love."

"And the worst of it is, no matter how sensible both of you are there's a strained feeling that creeps out finally when you see that person whose name was linked with yours. You joke about it and pass it off, but nevertheless there's a trace of uneasy formality in the conversation."

We sat in silence for a moment, each doing a

little individual worrying over the set-up. Then:

"Oh well, it doesn't really matter. You know what my stand is. You appreciate the way I feel. All the melodramatics and the hysteria of my life are past—I expect to lead a normal and happy, if slightly crazy, existence whether the papers like it or not. I'll work hard at my job, not because I want to 'lose my pain in work' but because I like being busy. I like acting. Even if a picture turns out badly, I can remember the fun I had making it—and that's a good thing, when you enjoy the task that earns your living for you."

"I'll go about to supper rooms and cabarets with my friends, and get photographed and gossiped about; I'll fly a kite some gusty afternoon because the wind will be just right and because flying a kite will seem like a good idea—and if there's a man anywhere in sight, I'll be rumored engaged to him. And I won't get married, and I'll have fun."

THERE was no bitterness in this little monologue. There might have been a year ago. She took herself very seriously then.

But this was the new Stanwyck laughing at herself, at a situation, and at life in general. And enjoying it.

The next hour we spent at her huge automatic recording machine, watching it slip record after record onto the disk, haggling over what would be next. She liked Ray Noble, Ambrose, Hilton, and some orchestra that could play "Limehouse Blues" so that it sounded like a Hasheesh dream. I liked Cab Calloway and wanted to hear that thing about Minnie kicking the gong around.

The conversation sounded like two clerks in a record store talking business. She lives by that music, goes to bed and to sleep with it playing, wakes up in the morning with "The St. Louis Blues" crashing in her ears.

A year ago she had little time or inclination for jazz. She was too busy being unhappy—too busy discovering herself.

Well, that was a year ago. . . .'



Two is obviously very good company in the case of Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor caught driving down the boulevard. What price rumor?

don't forget...
bring home lamps
that **STAY**
BRIGHTER
LONGER

15-25-40-60 WATT
MAZDA LAMPS
only
15¢
18 major price reductions on G-E MAZDA LAMPS since 1921

GENERAL ELECTRIC
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Also the famous G-E "Dime" Lamp. The first real value in a 10c lamp. It is available in 60, 30, 15 and 7½ watt sizes, and is marked like this . . . **GE**



**YOU WEAR ONLY ONE
GARMENT ON THE BEACH...**



You'll look your best
**in a
perfect fitting
Jantzen**

● You are *sure* when you wear a Jantzen. It is America's finest fitting swimming suit. Many suits, you know, fit satisfactorily in the try-on rooms. Not so many a month later. And a swimming suit must retain perfect-fitting qualities if it is to retain its style, beauty and comfort. Week after week, month after month, a Jantzen fits perfectly. The magic of Jantzen-stitch molds it to your body gently, firmly, with an amazing degree of figure control.

Never before have such glamorous swimming suit fabrics been created as the new Jantzen Kava-Knits. They combine rare and unusual beauty with permanent perfect-fitting qualities. These fashionable fabrics have been styled into the most striking new models of the season. See them at your favorite shop or store.



JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS, Dept. 251, Portland, Oregon.

Send me style folder in color featuring new 1936 models.

WOMEN'S ☐ MEN'S ☐

Name _____

Address _____



IRENE BENNETT, appearing in the Paramount picture, *The Sky Parade*, wears this charming Jantzen. It is one of the new "adjustables" in gorgeous Kava-Knit fabric, very easily and quickly adjusted by the contrast braided straps.

The ADJUSTA-BRÄ \$5.95
Other Jantzens \$4.50-\$8.95



The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

THE GIRL FROM MANDALAY—Republic

THIS was intended to be a rip-roaring jungle picture—but it isn't. Too much restraint so far as action is concerned makes the story mildly uninteresting. It's a somewhat morbid affair about a British plantation foreman who goes to Mandalay after his fiancée has jilted him. There he meets a cabaret girl (Kay Linaker) and marries her. She likes to flirt, and obviously has done plenty of it in her time—anyway, there are complications, with a man on the next plantation involved. You get tired of her regeneration and of Nagel's nobility, and wish the tiger hunt would get going. The cast tries hard.

ABSOLUTE QUIET—M-G-M

DON'T try to make sense out of this batty comedy melodrama and you may get a lot of fun and one or two stepped-up heart beats out of it; take it seriously and you are sunk. Lionel Atwill, a sinister but sickly gent, is ordered to his ranch for a rest. When an airplane crash dumps a lot of people he doesn't like on his hands and two escaped killers take refuge on his property, he attempts the rôle of fate-maker.

THE DESERT PHANTOM—Supreme

MINGLING mystery with the usual hard-riding Western plot, this sage-brush saga is definitely above the average of its kind. Johnny Mack Brown is surprisingly good as the ex-cowboy who catches the Phantom, and the photography is excellent. Story revolves around an unnamed sharpshooter who tires to force the sale of a ranch and its adjoining goldmine. The girl owner (Sheila Mannors) will have none of his high-handed methods, however, and John Mack Brown's arrival is fortunately timed. There's good romance and tense drama throughout. You'll enjoy it.

KING OF THE PECOS—Republic

A NICELY photographed, but stereotyped Western with the usual fast shooting, hard riding cattlemen. With the help of John Wayne, a young lawyer motivated by his desire to revenge his parents murdered by a gang of thieves who stole their water rights, law and order finally triumphs. Muriel Evans is lightly romantic and Cy Kendall is splendid as the hard boiled thief.

JAILBREAK—Warners

SET within the bleak walls of a famous big house, this story of murder and escape evolves logically to a good surprise finish. Craig Reynolds is given top rôle as the reporter

who solves everything. June Travis handles her rather thankless part ably and Dick Purcell does his best work as chief menace. It's exciting melodrama.

THREE ON THE TRAIL—Sherman-Paramount

HERE'S another one of those Hopalong Cassidy Westerns with a little slower tempo, but better suspense. William Boyd is the same likeable cow puncher and this time Onslow Stevens comes in to make you grind your teeth in sheer hate. The unimportant story deals with *Hoppy's* savage chase after villain Stevens.

THE FIRST BABY—20th Century-Fox

EVERYONE will find something personally appealing in this well written and well enacted story of a young couple who encounter in-law trouble that lands their marriage on the rocks. Of the splendid cast Johnny Downs as the husband, Marjorie Gatenon as his wife's selfish mother, and Jane Darwell as his sensible mother are definitely outstanding.

AND SO THEY WERE MARRIED—Columbia

WHEN man-hating Mary Astor meets woman-hating Melvyn Douglas the fun starts and keeps rolling Mary and Douglas from jail to matrimony. Story revolves around Edith Fellows and George McKay, respective offspring of Mary and Douglas, and their attempts to keep their parents apart. Succeeding too well they proceed to reunite them with a well planned hoax; laughs and mixups result. Setting lovely. The capers of the children are natural and refreshing.

DON'T GAMBLE WITH LOVE—Columbia

ONCE partners in a gambling club, Ann Sothorn and Bruce Cabot find that wedlock and gambling do not mix. Wife Ann exposes the tricks of her husband's trade in an exciting climax that will make you forget the familiarity of this otherwise ordinary film of domestic strife. Good acting by an effective supporting cast, including Elizabeth Risdon, Clifford Jones and Irving Pichel.

THE HARVESTER—Republic

STRICTLY a family picture, this homely saga of love among the corn husks is sincerely and simply told. The story is that old stand-by of two women after one man. Joyce Compton is the schemer, Ann Rutherford the heroine, and Russell Hardy the farmer boy. You'll smile and drip a tear or two and come out feeling happy. See it.

HARD-WORKING DEBUTANTE

Instead of the debut her mother had planned, Rosalind Russell tossed sables, swanky automobiles and the "400" out the window and took the tough road to dramatic stardom.

Don't miss this grand story on "Roz" Russell in the July PHOTOPLAY, out June 10th.



YES INDEED — even if you'd not dream of exceeding a speed limit, chances are your eyes are reporting you for careless driving. Careless of their beauty! Little red lines, cloudiness, irritation! The more careful you are to keep your eyes on the road the more likely they are to occur . . . and RUIN your appearance!

Do this — to avoid driver's eyes. Before driving, fill the little silvery helmet with McKesson's IBATH and tip it to each eye. Feel the cool eye-refreshment coaxing them to lasting clearness. After driving, repeat the treatment to clear away the slightest sign of strain or redness. And use IBATH always, before you go out, to give your eyes true flashing beauty! IBATH is a physician's own formula that may be used constantly with only the most delightful results!

Inexpensive also (50c at all good drug stores), so start your first big bottle — and IBATH sparkle — today!

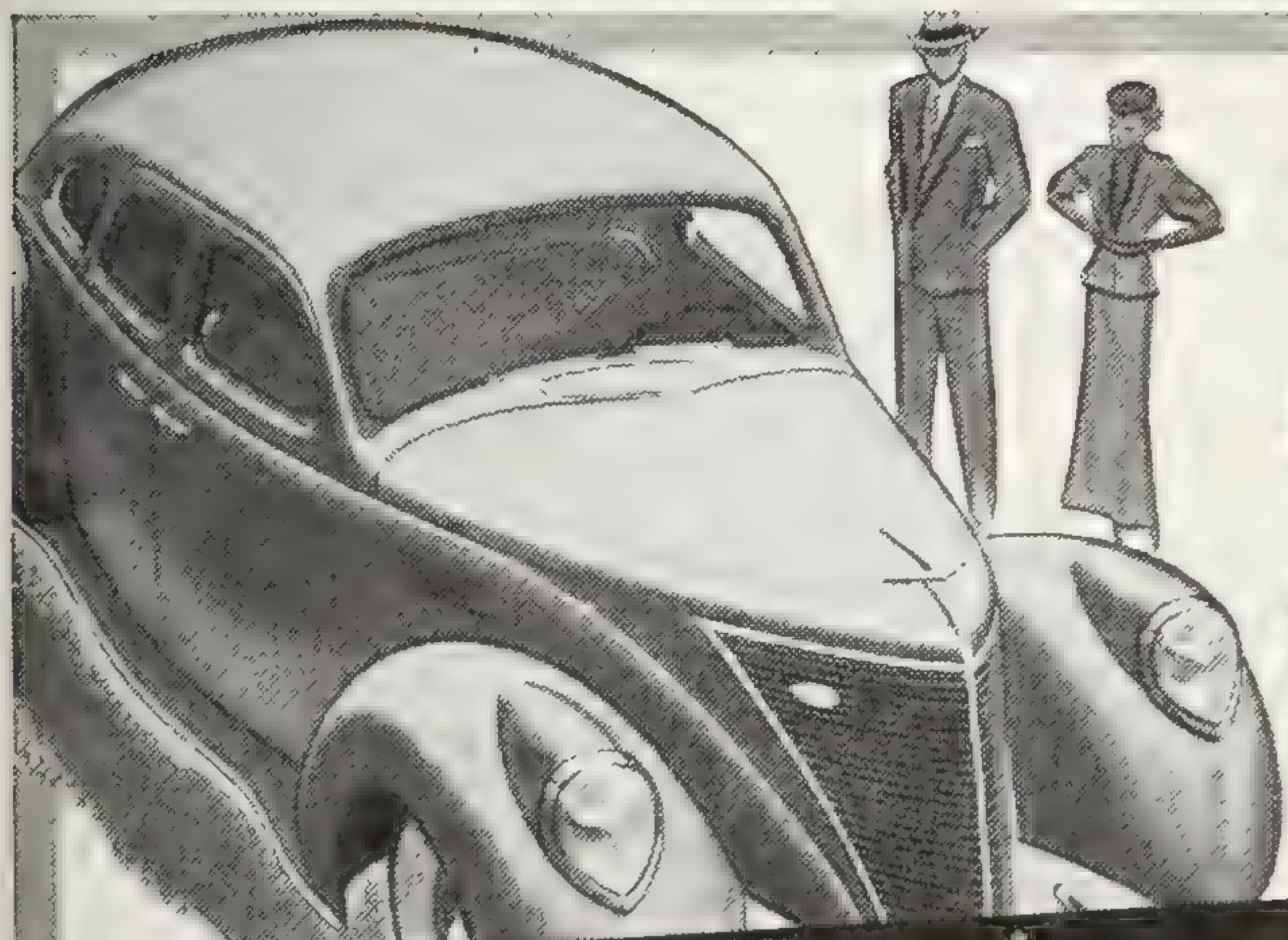


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2nd PRIZE → RCA-VICTOR RADIO-PHONOGRAPH COMBINATION
(or \$500.00 in cash)

3rd PRIZE → EASTMAN CINÉ-KODAK AND PROJECTOR
(or \$300.00 in cash)

4th PRIZE → CHEST OF COMMUNITY PLATE SILVER
(or \$150.00 in cash)

360 PRIZES WORTH \$6000.00!

THE ICE-CREAM-OF-THE-MONTH IS SEALTEST BUTTER PECAN

HERE IS THE LIMERICK

*Here's Sealtest Butter Pecan,
A spoonful will make you a fan.
Without ifs, ands, or buts,
You'll say it's the "nuts,"*

YOU'LL be the envy of all your friends, with this Lincoln-Zephyr . . . the motor-car sensation of 1936! It's new in idea, new in construction, new in beauty, and new in performance . . . *a car ahead of its time; there is no other like it!* And you have a chance to own it by scarcely lifting your hand! (1936 license tags and insurance for a year are included with this first prize!)

Look at the other liberal merchandise prizes listed above . . . and there are 356 more Cash Prizes to be awarded in the Sealtest Limerick Contest for May! Here is opportunity's well-known knock. Don't fail to answer it . . . don't miss the thrill of winning!

This is what you do: Go to an ice cream dealer selling ice cream produced under the SEALTEST SYSTEM OF LABORATORY PROTECTION. (He displays the Sealtest Symbol.) Ask for a free Entry-Blank (*which must be used*) for the May Contest. Then, (1) simply add the missing line to the limerick . . . (2) write a brief statement telling why you prefer the ice cream in your community made under the Sealtest System . . . (3) attach an oval Sealtest Symbol from a package of the ice cream sold by your dealer. That is all you do! . . . What could be easier or simpler!

Enter this generous Contest. You have 360 chances of winning money or merchandise during May. But enter today. *The closing date is Midnight, June 10, 1936.*



BUTTER PECAN FRUIT CUP

(Made with the Sealtest Ice-Cream-of-the-Month)

Arrange mixed fruit in crystal sherbet cups. Add Sealtest Butter Pecan Ice Cream. Garnish with a little whipped cream. Top with candied orange peel.

LOVELY ADRIENNE AMES as guest-member of the Sealtest Kitchen Flavor-Jury for May, helped to select *Butter Pecan Fruit Cup* for this month's dessert suggestion. Try it at dinner tonight!



Send for "**150 New Ways to Serve Ice Cream**" . . . a beautifully illustrated, practical recipe-book prepared by the Sealtest Laboratory Kitchen. To cover mailing-costs, send 10c (stamps or coin) and attach an oval Sealtest Symbol clipped from a package of the ice cream in your community made under the Sealtest System. Address: Sealtest Laboratory Kitchen, Dept. P-6, Radio City, New York City.

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LOOK FOR THE ICE CREAM DEALER WHO DISPLAYS THIS SYMBOL

WE CAN'T PROMISE YOU A

Love Affair



...BUT *Nonspi* THE SAFE
DEODORANT DOES PROMISE
YOU LASTING PROTECTION

● A love affair must be of your own making. Nonspi promises only to keep you fastidious... what else can you ask of a deodorant? Nonspi is a sure and safe anti-perspirant and deodorant for underarm moisture... *because:*

1. *Nonspi* has been pronounced entirely safe by highest medical authority.
2. *Nonspi* can be used full strength by women whose delicate skin forces them to use deodorants half-strength, with only half-way results.
3. *Nonspi* protection lasts from two to five days...and you can depend on it.
4. *Nonspi's* siphon-top bottle prevents contamination. And there's no dripping or waste with this patented Nonspi applicator.

Remember these four points when you buy. Protect your delicate gowns by stopping underarm moisture effectively and safely. Insist on genuine Nonspi at all drug and department stores in the U.S.A. and Canada. 35c and 60c a bottle.



NONSPI

Marion Talley's Five Figure Exercises

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

arms firm. Hold the ball knee high and slowly raise it overhead. This will pull the stomach in and throw the shoulders back—a perfect exercise for good posture.

Exercise 3. A graceful exercise Miss Talley learned from taking ballet dancing. Stand with feet together. Stretch and bend from the waistline, first to right then to left about ten times. It must not be done strenuously, as it is a routine to develop grace. The waistline is kept small and trim by the flexing motion.

You'll probably never see Marion Talley in shorts—on a bicycle—in the streets. But nevertheless, she doesn't let her distaste for shorts and public exercise keep her from getting the benefits from a little bicycling every day.

Exercise 4. Bicycle exercise. Ten minutes is time enough to keep the calves and thighs strong and firm. Any more than this tires a

woman needlessly and won't do any more good—take Miss Talley's word for it that ten minutes is just right.

Exercise 5. Bicycling in air. This routine adds one more benefit—that waistline again. It flattens the stomach, too. Lie flat on the mat, place hands on hips and then—hep, hep, and you're up. Then bicycle for all you're worth.

With five simple exercises Marion Talley is through for the day—and she comes up smiling.

And you, too, can come up like a siren on the beach, when the swimming season opens, if you will put yourself on a diet and exercise regime. You'll be in top-notch condition in less than thirty days. Want it? If so, please send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Carolyn Van Wyck, PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City.

We Cover the Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]

cover his eyes with her hands and say, "Guess who?" Whalen is so tall that the carpenters have to get boards for her to stand on. "I've been in pictures where they've had to do that for the man, but never for me before," she said.

Before the scene is shot, an assistant director tells the extras what to do. Almost each one of them has a bit of business, an exact place to go. Extras divide into two classes: those who want to horn in on the camera in hopes of being 'discovered' and those who want only to sleep until pay-time. It's up to the assistants to see that they take the middle course.

Fifty huge spotlights go on, the extras mill in the background and Jean puts her hands over Whalen's eyes and says, "Guess who?" "Lillian Russell," he answers. Even we could guess better than that, so we leave for the "Turmoil" set, to watch Jean Hersholt, who's just had his salary doubled for his work in "The Country Doctor."

After we watch what Mr. Hersholt had to go through, he deserves all the money he can get. Ernie Westmore, the make-up artist, shows us how he makes a seventy-five-year-old man out of Mr. Hersholt. This disguise takes two and one-half hours to put on and an hour and a half to take off. Much of it is actually painful, and so contorted is Hersholt's face that he can neither eat nor smile all day long. Explaining it to us as he worked, Westmore stuck gum in Hersholt's hair to draw back the hair line. He put transparent fish-skin on the suffering actor's face to make the eyes sag. A mixture of ether and collodion is rubbed on the hands and while you look they pucker into wrinkles. Hersholt is just about worn out by the time the ageing process is finished, but that's only the start of his day.

Just so the make-up men leave the lovely Frances Dee alone, we have no complaints. She's working in "Half Angel," her first picture since she presented hubby Joel McCrea with another baby. In this story, she gets accused of murder twice. While we watched her only worry was over little Etienne Girar-

dot, the tiny madman who made a startling debut in "Twentieth Century." He was the religious maniac who stamped people's backs with church stickers. He's azy-cray in this picture, too.

To keep him company there's Charlie Butterworth, the only Notre Dame graduate not to make the All-American football team. Charlie plays a newspaper reporter in "Half Angel." He and another loafer, Brian Donlevy, have the job of seeing that Frances is not hanged for the murders she didn't commit. While they're away, Frances does a short take with Helen Westley, who is up to no good for our Nell, and then it's time for lunch.

Eating is always fun at Fox. Its commissary, the Cafe de Paris, is by far the best, both for looks and food, of any studio restaurant. But even lamb stew can't hold us long when that gorgeous Loretta Young is doing a scene with smoothie Basil Rathbone. So, dessert in hand, we dash over to the "Private Number" set, where director Roy Del Ruth is showing the suave Mr. Rathbone just how to go about insulting a gal.

IN this scene, Rathbone, elegant even in his butler's uniform, is just about to hire Loretta Young as maid. The dialogue reads innocently enough, but the oily tones with which Basil coats the words gives them a silky menace. As the camera trolleys in for a close-up, with the cameramen and the assistant director getting a free ride, Loretta begins her scene.

She lists her qualifications for the job (not mentioning deep blue eyes such as you have never seen), while her prospective boss sits back and listens. When she starts to go, Rathbone intones, "I'll give you a month's trial. Sixty dollars a month, ten of which I shall keep. (The rat!) Make yourself, er, adaptable and I'm sure we'll get along." As Loretta nears the door, he says, "Remember, you are responsible to no one but me as long as you work here." And, charming gentleman that he is really, the implications that he gives that

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96]

"MOST GIRLS,"

says Rochelle Hudson

"make this mistake in make-up"

...do you?

"Everyday, I see girls who are only half as lovely as they could be if they would harmonize their powder, rouge, lipstick to their type, the way screen stars do," says Rochelle Hudson.



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ROCHELLE HUDSON

in 20th Century-Fox's

"EVERYBODY'S

OLD MAN"



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Very Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDE
Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Gray <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE
Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE
Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	REDHEAD
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
SKIN Dry <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES (Color)	If Hair is Gray, check type above and here <input type="checkbox"/>
Only <input type="checkbox"/> Normal <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE	

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for Daily Home Use

speech mark Rathbone as the screen villain of all time.

So away from the huge Fox lot and its aura of sex, we go to the tiny Disney playhouse, where sex has yet to be heard from. This little spick and span studio is hidden on a side street in the Silver Lake district of Los Angeles. We come to interview Donald Duck, the Jimmie Cagney of the animated cartoons. Everything is scaled down in this lot, even the projection rooms are no larger than an apartment kitchenette with screens the size of a window.

In the waiting room are all the things that Mickey Mouse has endorsed. Watches, sweat-shirts, books, even Big Bad Wolf alarm clocks that growl instead of ring, and complete Mickey Mouse villages. Inside the lot, you find five hundred people—musicians, cartoonists, mechanics and gag men. But if you expect to have all your illusions destroyed, then you will be disappointed. For these animals are real to the men who create them.

IN the story conferences, the writers talk about the ducks, mice, pigs and cows just as if they were distinct individuals with distinct personalities. For instance before Donald Duck was ever shown on the screen, they discussed all the things he could and couldn't do. Donald, being a toughie, can fight whenever he wants. But Mickey has never been known to pick a scrap. He's not the type.

No one man is any one animal. One draws him, one colors him, one thinks of things for him to do, and another man is his voice. The boy who speaks for Donald Duck gets that rasping effect by talking with a rag in his mouth. Walt Disney is the voice of Mickey Mouse. Walt created Oswald the Rabbit and when he left Universal, he found that he couldn't, because of contracts, take Oswald with him. Being Mickey's voice assures him that he and the mouse will never be parted. Mickey was called Mortimer Mouse at first. All of the studio heads predicted he'd be a failure because of women's fear of mice.

Back to the stern realities of studio life, we stop in at M-G-M where Spencer Tracy and the pixie Sylvia Sydney are making "Mob Rule." This is a stark little treatise on lynching. Tracy, suspected of being a kidnapper, is on trial for his life. Every time the defense lawyer says anything, the angry crowd mumbles. After years of trying, we have finally broken into the movies. For if you listen closely, you can hear our voice, mumbling quietly but defiantly, all through this scene. We hope you like us.

Finally the prosecuting attorney explodes. "I want facts, not chit-chat," he shouts. "I object. I object," retorts the defense. When the take is finished, Frankie Albertson, who plays Tracy's brother, comes over to us and says, "We've decided to call the picture 'Magnificent Objections.'" Fritz Lang, who directs this, is the only studio worker to wear a monocle.

Hollywood has never been famous as a sane town. And one of its crazy values is that the older cars are the more they're worth. As we left the "Mob Rule" set, we were honked at by an old crate that was being driven to the casting office. Many people register their cars at the studios and autos worth not more than fifteen dollars on the road will rent as high as seventy-five dollars a day. So don't junk your jalopy. Send it to Hollywood.

One of the most interesting spots on the M-G-M lot these days is the work room of Dan Groesbeck, the muralist. We've often heard

people remark that a certain scene in a movie is just like a painting. Mr. Groesbeck is the man who sees to it that "The Good Earth" will give that effect. We climbed up to his rooms to see what he is doing on Pearl Buck's Chinese epic. Groesbeck paints a loose, free idea of a courtyard or village scene, or a black and white sketch of a Chinese farm-house at sunrise. Using his work as a basis, the studio draftsmen reconstruct the whole set. Sometimes the cameramen come in for lighting ideas. Luise Rainer and Paul Muni are starring in this film, which we hope to tell you about next month.

Just as we were leaving the lot, some one rushed up to us and said, "Bob Montgomery's doing his first costume picture and he's grown a mustache. Don't you want to see him?" So we went to the "Suicide Club" set, the club room of an eighteenth-century ship. The story concerns a group of hot-headed duelists and that sly Rosalind Russell is the cause of it all. The stage was full of pretty hoop-skirted girls, but with our mind ever on business we looked around for Montgomery. And, sure enough, he was in costume and he did have a mustache. Thought we ought to tell you.

No studio is farther away from M-G-M than Warner Brothers. And we can't explain even to ourselves why we took it for the next stop. We were more than pleased that we did, though. For here we found one of the most interesting sets of the month.

William Dieterle, who directed "The Life of Louis Pasteur," is now making another medical biography. This time it's "Florence Nightingale," the mother of the Red Cross. Dark, languorous Kay Francis plays the title rôle. Sitting with Kay on the sidelines is Delmar Daves, the scenarist, who may be Mr. Kay Francis by the time you read this. Director Dieterle has his visitors, too. Frank Borzage looks in on the set to watch how another man handles actors.

The set is a depressing but dramatic place. It is the interior of a soldier's hospital where *Nightingale* has come to give first aid and encouragement. The action takes place during the Crimean war, in which France, Turkey and England joined forces against Russia. All the maimed soldiers lying about on dirty cots are real war veterans. These legless, armless and blind men you see are not the work of some clever make-up man.

YOU might think that the soldiers would be glad to have a woman like *Nightingale* come among them, clean up their dirty hospital and give aid. But as a matter of historic fact, the soldiers resented her at first. In this take, *Nightingale*, carrying a platter of vegetables and eggs, comes up to a hard-boiled guard.

"I have food for the men," she says.

"Food," the guard says, sneering. "Meat's the only food for a soldier." And with that he throws a scrap of ripe beef to a legless, bedraggled fellow on the floor. Even at that, the guard may be right, for the eggs that Miss Francis is carrying have been around the stage for the last week.

When the scene is over, the crippled extras talk quietly to each other. Kay Francis, obviously affected by the war-twisted hulks lying on the floor, walks to a corner by herself.

At dusk, as you drive home from this, the last set, you see these men walking through Dark Canyon on their seven mile trek to Hollywood. Walking saves forty cents of their seven fifty check. This is a side of movie-making that the press agents don't tell you about.

The Stormy Heart of Margaret Sullavan

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

important executive, the Beau Brummel of the village.

"Well, Margaret," he smirked, "how are you getting along?"

"All right," Margaret said.

"And do you still dislike Hollywood?"

"Yes," snapped Maggie. "I think it's silly."

"Now, now, Margaret, you like me, don't you?"

She looked up and down his five feet one.

"No," she said. "To me you're the silliest thing in the whole silly place."

The press agent, I'm telling you, fell flat on his face. Swooned dead away and tried to stay that way. He was *afraid* to come to.

The whole keynote of her character may be summoned up in a statement she once made.

"If Katharine Hepburn and I could have our way we'd strip this town of its silly sham. When more like us come to Hollywood we shall, too."

In a way, Katie and Maggie are amazingly and uncomfortably alike. Uncomfortable for Hollywood, that is. Both are girls of breeding, education and background.

BOTH are typical of the new out-spoken, plain-thinking, insulting young moderns.

"Yea," someone sneered, "a couple of babes ready to take the dough we hand out but not ready to play the game our way. Starving our publicity departments and stifling our cameramen (a dreadful sight—a stifled cameraman), cramping our art departments, etc."

Well, I don't know about Hepburn but I do know Hollywood's gold means as little to Margaret Sullavan as to anyone I've ever known.

"To act, you hear me?" she stormed, wept, cried to a close friend one day. "What do I want with the silly trappings, the posing, the clothes, the prying interviewers, the dirty money of theirs? Why can't I just act? Just act? Oh, please understand I want nothing of this town but to be allowed to act in peace."

She threw herself into his arms and sobbed out her heart on his shoulder.

I hesitated to draw back the curtain on this little scene, but I must be fair to Margaret Sullavan and her side of it, too, you know.

Maggie is just the plain little old gray mule of the village. Just as stubborn and immovable in her opinions. She makes up her mind for herself and no shoving from the rear, no pulling by the ears does any good.

They've even built bonfires under her and there she stood, scorching away, but never budging.

She's moody. And never begins a new picture but what, after one week's shooting, she's convinced she's miscast and tries to go home and never come back. They could have killed her outright that first week on "The Moon's Our Home" set. This time she *knew* she was wrong for the part and begged Walter Wanger to excuse her. She made life miserably unhappy for everyone.

The second week she was crazy about the part. Loved being a comédienne. And there isn't a member of that cast or crew who wouldn't lay down their lives for her. Literally and absolutely.



When the horse runs home and the ground is hard,
When you wish you were safe in your own back yard,
When your face is red as a riding coat,
When things get tough and they get your goat,
Then it's time to test the flavor true
That helps you forget you are black and blue . . .
Don't faint, don't swear and don't count ten,
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When most of them became ill with flu on location, it was Margaret who became the official nurse rushing down to the village store at Truckee to get them toys. A doll cut-out book for the script girl, a painting set for the electrician (and was the picture of that huge hulk dipping his little brush into the water colors and coloring his little giraffe something to stop a clock?), and a tiny miniature orchestra for the assistant cameraman who "dest woved to pay the dwums."

They adored the ground she walked on, those men.

The bringing together of Fonda and Sullavan was dotted with chuckles and some concern. In good old blundering studio fashion, the first thing required of the divorced pair was that they make still pictures of the love scenes.

They approached each other warily. They smiled frostily, began to shake hands, faltered, smiled even more frostily and went to it.

IF Henry was looking at the birdie, birdie must have been doing a Karloff for Henry looked a pea-green sight. Margaret was a stony-faced take-off of a sphinx. They clinched like two frost bitten snow men bored with life.

Gradually, the ice between them thawed and in no time at all Margaret no longer sat alone in her corner between scenes and Henry in his.

They both sat in the same corners and the gay, old comradeship was once more in full swing.

"She can hurt a man like no woman I've ever known," a man who stands for something in the business told me. "She's ungrateful, unappreciative and thoughtless."

"Why?" I asked. "In what way?"

"Well, a friend of mine went to bat for Sullavan and finally emerged from headquarters, bleeding but triumphant. He had the promise that her name should be in letters as high as those of the name of the pictures. That meant Sullavan was a star of stars and no mistake. Not only that, it meant at least \$250,000 to Margaret Sullavan in extra cold cash over a period of several years."

"It's silly twaddle," Margaret told my friend when he broke the big news to her. "What do I care about that? Or the money. Silly, all of it."

"It darned near broke my friend's heart. And yet," he drew his hand across his eyes with a puzzled gesture,—"and yet, Margaret Sullavan was honest in what she said. It was just that to her—silly Hollywood twaddle. Can't dislike a woman for being honest, or can you? I don't know."

"What are you thinking about, looking at me like that?" Margaret once asked an outspoken biggie of the studio who was really fond of her.

"Margaret," he said, "I'm wondering why you are such a so and so of a blankety blank."

"Is that what you think me?" she asked him.

"No, Margaret, oddly enough it isn't. I don't know why, but inside I don't. But why you go to the trouble of trying to make me think so, I don't know."

She was in his lap with a leap. His feeble man tears mingled with hers, falling over her brown tousled head. A strange woman and a man who understood but was powerless to help.

No wonder they say, "God bless her baby heart." Or should it be "God help her baby heart?"

Here are a few examples of her inability to

know that she, a star in movies, is good copy. A few examples of the brave, lonely heart who ignores publicity as you would a plague.

During the making of her first picture, "Only Yesterday," she lived alone those fourteen weeks in a duplex in Hollywood. Working until midnight one night she found her driveway blocked by a car. Hearing sounds of revelry emerging from next door, she rang the bell and asked them to move the car. As the neighbor swung around to get his coat, his arm came in contact with Margaret's ear. There was a sickly dull thud followed by a stabbing pain. Alone again, in her apartment, she summoned a doctor.

"Sorry, miss" he told her, "but your ear drum is split."

Alone she endured the agony through the night, but next morning found her at the studio as usual.

The director snarled at her through the morning. "Why don't you do as I say for once?"

"I didn't hear you," Margaret explained.

"That's a laugh," he said. "You heard yesterday."

"Oh, I forgot to tell you, I'm deaf on this side. My ear drum is split."

He stood frozen where he was. "Say it again," he demanded. She told him, apologizing even more.

Stalking off to a corner he took out his handkerchief and blew his nose very hard.

Deaf, maybe forever. And not a word. Not a word.

He blew in the handkerchief practically the entire afternoon. Every time he looked at her, in fact.

An old man almost eighty came out to the studio one day with a picture cut from a newspaper clutched in his feeble shaking hand.

"Does this girl work here?" he asked Johnny Johnson, director of publicity.

"Why, yes," Johnson answered, wondering what Sullavan had done now.

"I want to thank her, please I want to. You see, one day I was walking along and as we old people sometimes do, I forgot and stepped off the curb into the street. This girl whirled her car and ran into a pole endangering her life to save mine. I recognized her picture this morning. I owe her my life and my wife says to thank her too."

JOHNSON asked her about the story. "Oh, sure, but what of it? It happened four or five months ago anyway." Can you see the headlines had that been most any other Hollywood celebrity?

One more:

Driving alone from Ojai one night, a drunken driver forced her into the ditch, wrecking her car and tearing a gaping wound in her arm. Five miles through the dark and fog, growing weak with pain and loss of blood, she finally came to a gas station and phoned for a wrecking car, arranged her own transportation back and finally going alone, as morning broke, to a doctor.

It was almost two years before the studio knew anything about it. And then not from Margaret but from the doctor.

So you see, publicity is after all silly to Margaret Sullavan. She means it, all right.

She likes to lie flat on her back on the floor. Carpenters are constantly tripping over her on the sets.

She's an out and out sleepy head, going off between scenes, and sleeping in sawdust piles in the corner of the sound stage or in prop beds or on carpenters overalls rolled into balls.

They never say "Call Sullavan for scene"

anymore. They casually say, "Go wake up Sullavan. We're ready."

Director Seiter, who has had his life plagued out of him by actresses who fuss and primp and make-up before every scene, got so nervous at Maggie's lack of vanity he like to die.

"Margaret, for heaven's sake powder your nose or do something," he'd cry.

"Why?" Margaret would ask in innocent surprise.

"Just to do it," Seiter would say. "I'm used to it, and my nervous system can't stand this sudden change."

Margaret would make a snoot at him and let it go. She'd rather pour water on people any day.

Intimate friends claim Sullavan is a child of fate and shudder to think of her past hairbreadth escapes from death. Things fall on her or she on them constantly. It's almost an uncanny eerie jinx.

She keeps most of them to herself.

ONE friend explained, "Sullavan is kind to people on the set, the prop boys, electricians, and so forth, but she's hell to the boys in the front office.

"She'd much rather be misjudged than argue and she won't do things just because those things are done by the best people. Not Sullavan. No, siree."

"That dame?" a boy around the studio cried in answer to my inquiries. "Say, that dame is too deep for me. I came along here one day and here was this Sullavan dame shoving her director Mr. Wyler out the door. They were arguing over the picture and I'm telling you she was a-putting him out. So what?

"Three weeks later she was marrying him. Say, I gave that dame up long ago."

"Margaret Sullavan?" a kind adviser and a mutual friend said of her, "well, I'll tell you.

"Margaret is the kind that wouldn't lift a telephone receiver on Christmas morning to offer a greeting to a man or woman who had rendered her invaluable service throughout the years because she wouldn't think of it. She'll forget everything a friend has ever done for her in the past in some new peeve and refuse to speak to him or see him. She's intolerant but not arrogant. Abrupt, blunt, frank and stubborn.

"But if I were suddenly flat on my back, broke, alone and in trouble, of all the rich and famous people who have passed through my life I'd call first for Margaret Sullavan, wherever she was, mad at me or sore as hell, I'd call to her first.

"And I'd find in her the one true friend a man needs when he's down."

What, may I ask, does it all add up to to you?

NOW, since we've brought the Sullavan up-to-date, let's go a step farther and look ahead with producer Walter Wanger, a young man who is just that smart he can have my money on the line any day.

"Margaret Sullavan, eh? I have this to say of her. In two years, two years mark you, she'll be the biggest thing the motion picture screen has ever seen. That's what I think of Sullavan."

As to Fonda, if shoving people out is a prelude to marriage with Maggie, he's more than eligible.

Fonda's already been shoved.

Once.

Oh yes, the "a" in Sullavan is not an affection.

It's been that way for three hundred long years.

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Hail, Cesar!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36]

fared remarkably well. His landlord was a pastry chef who delighted in bringing home samples of his handiwork to his "gut young man" or inviting him to join himself and Mrs. Landlord for dinner in her steamy, sweet-smelling kitchen.

But for all its surface pleasantness his life at this point was an aimless affair and not a wholly admirable one and Cesar realized it. There was an ugly phrase, "glorified gigolo," that came perilously close to fitting him and the other youths of once-wealthy but now impoverished families who danced for their suppers nightly with the charming, the beautiful or just plain wealthy girls of social prominence. Realizing it, Cesar was honest enough to want to do something to alter it.

His schooling was proving of little use. He had learned to do only three things well: Play bridge. Play tennis. And dance. He could do neither of the first two well enough to earn a living at it. In dancing, which he loved, he felt there was a possibility if only he knew how to go about it.

THEN he met Elizabeth Higgins at a deb party and so well did they dance together, so instinctively were they perfect partners, that she suggested they form a team and try to enter the professional field. They subsequently worked out routines together, practised assiduously after bank hours and when they felt themselves ready, asked for and got the audition and engagement with the "Lady Do" company under the conditions I mentioned before.

Cocksure of tremendous and lasting success, Cesar threw up his bank job with a lordly gesture. Look out, world! Here comes Romero!

He realized he had been a bit hasty when they were fired at the end of the week, but when week followed week of unemployment and discouraging disinterest on the part of other musical comedy managers, he was ready to throw in the sponge.

Elizabeth and Cesar had split up at the end of the Roof engagement for both personal and business reasons. Cesar got new partners, always with social register names, and new jobs, both with little difficulty. It was his last partner, however, who wrote finis to his professional dancing career. She was a rather large girl and Cesar seriously injured himself in swinging her through the air and above his head in their intricate routine. Many times toward the last he collapsed in pain in his dressing room after their number was finished. A doctor finally issued the ultimatum: no more dancing of that kind.

After several months spent recuperating, Cesar turned his ambitions toward the stage. Getting started, since he had had no experience in legitimate drama, presented a major problem and one, he felt, it would take him years he could not afford to solve. It was time for another bluff.

He heard Tullio Carminati was leaving the cast of the hit play, "Strictly Dishonorable," to play his same starring rôle in a London production of it. Cesar promptly applied for Carminati's job. The sheer, the unbelievable impertinence of it!

"I knew I would have to tell some tall tales about experience this time so I was careful to pick out spots for my mythical past that were too far away to be checked up on right away,"

Cesar related. "It must have sounded darned impressive because the manager said he would give me a try-out the following morning."

Thereupon Cesar borrowed the price of a ticket to the play, intently watched Carminati go through the rôle that night, memorized all his little mannerisms of speech and gesture and returned for his test. He got the rôle, he who had never spoken a line on a stage in his life!

Immediately he set about really learning his new business, listening, watching others, studying all the time. He was on the road with the show for a solid year with Elizabeth Love as his leading lady and a little girl named Margaret Sullavan as her understudy. He recalled that vividly recently, although Miss Sullavan apparently did not, when he was cast in little more than a walk-on part in her starring vehicle, "The Good Fairy."

At the end of the tour, which did not include California and therefore aroused no violent motion picture aspirations on his part, he returned to Broadway. During the next few years he played, with indifferent success, in various productions with Judith Anderson, Lenore Ulrich, Blanche Yurka and others. He also was given five screen tests at varying intervals, four for M-G-M and one for Universal, all of which netted him zero.

Once again he went on the road, this time with an opus called "The Ten Minute Alibi." It was a terrible flop and he returned to New York in the state commonly known as flat broke.

To make matters a little tougher, he could not get a job of any kind.

Then—

"Enter the Third Bluff," Cesar laughed. "When I say I was broke I mean just that. I had not made very big money at any time during the past years. I was really getting experience more than anything. Literally, I did not have one thin dime and I knew only too well that in New York, particularly, nothing succeeds like success. So it was up to me to appear successful."

Cesar's life might easily have taken a different turning then had it not been for his good friend, Charles McCauley, manager of the exclusive apartment hotel, The Lombardy. He agreed to help Cesar put over his bluff on Broadway, and did it by installing him in the McCauley apartment at The Lombardy and providing him with food, laundry, etc. Everything, in fact, but cash which Cesar would not accept. This gave the actor an excellent address and an impeccable appearance at all times.

SO there he was, to all intents and purposes, a successful young actor without an apparent worry in the world and obviously not concerned about being employed at the moment. It was the oldest gag in show business but it worked again. Along came M-G-M with a fifth screen test and following it, a nice fat contract for Cesar to play in the now memorable "Thin Man."

He had to borrow one hundred and forty dollars in cash to get himself to Hollywood to work!

Bluff Number Four was pulled right after he got to Hollywood. He was frankly scared to death. Scared of this new medium in which he had never worked, scared he would not succeed, scared of the future. Because he was so

nervous and ill-at-ease, he kept to himself a good deal of the time.

Hollywood, however, mistook it (as I think Cesar intended it should all the time) for a polite snooting by a wholly confident young man and loved it. Certainly no one then found out the truth.

M-G-M let Cesar go after loaning him to Warner's for "British Agent." He was panic-stricken, but decided to bluff it through again. He let it be bruited about that he was wanted in New York immediately for a big play, that he was glad his Hollywood "time" was up, that he did not care to do any more pictures.

In the inexplicable way those things do, it worked again. Universal signed him to his present long-term contract and he started the first of the eleven pictures he has made for them or under loan by them including "The Devil Is a Woman" with Marlene Dietrich and "Show Them No Mercy" for 20th Century-Fox.

IT was with the Dietrich picture his sixth bluff worked. His rôles prior to that had offered little opportunity to do more than stand around and look handsome. When the Dietrich rôle came up and he was told to report to Miss Dietrich for a test he got a first class case of the jitters.

"I wanted the rôle terribly because I knew how much it could do for me," he said, "but I didn't think I had a dog's chance of getting it. I thought so less than ever after Miss Dietrich and Von Sternberg eyed me up and down like a prize piece of cattle and then jabbered excitedly, in German, which I could not understand.

"Finally they told me to get a uniform from the wardrobe and let them see me in that. I was both scared and burned-up then so there was a lot of I-don't-give-a-damn-about-this-thing when I paraded in front of them in the uniform. Maybe it was that insolence, maybe it was apparently not caring what happened, but anyway I got the rôle."

It was his work in that rôle that definitely took him out of the supporting-rôle class into leads and may eventually take him to stardom.

Between you and me, I think Cesar is in the midst of pulling his seventh bluff although I did not tax him with it. He appears to be taking his new success these days very matter-of-factly, as if he was slightly bored and tired of the whole proceeding.

I am willing to bet my last dollar he is really as thrilled about it all as Junior was when he got his first fire engine from Santa Claus!

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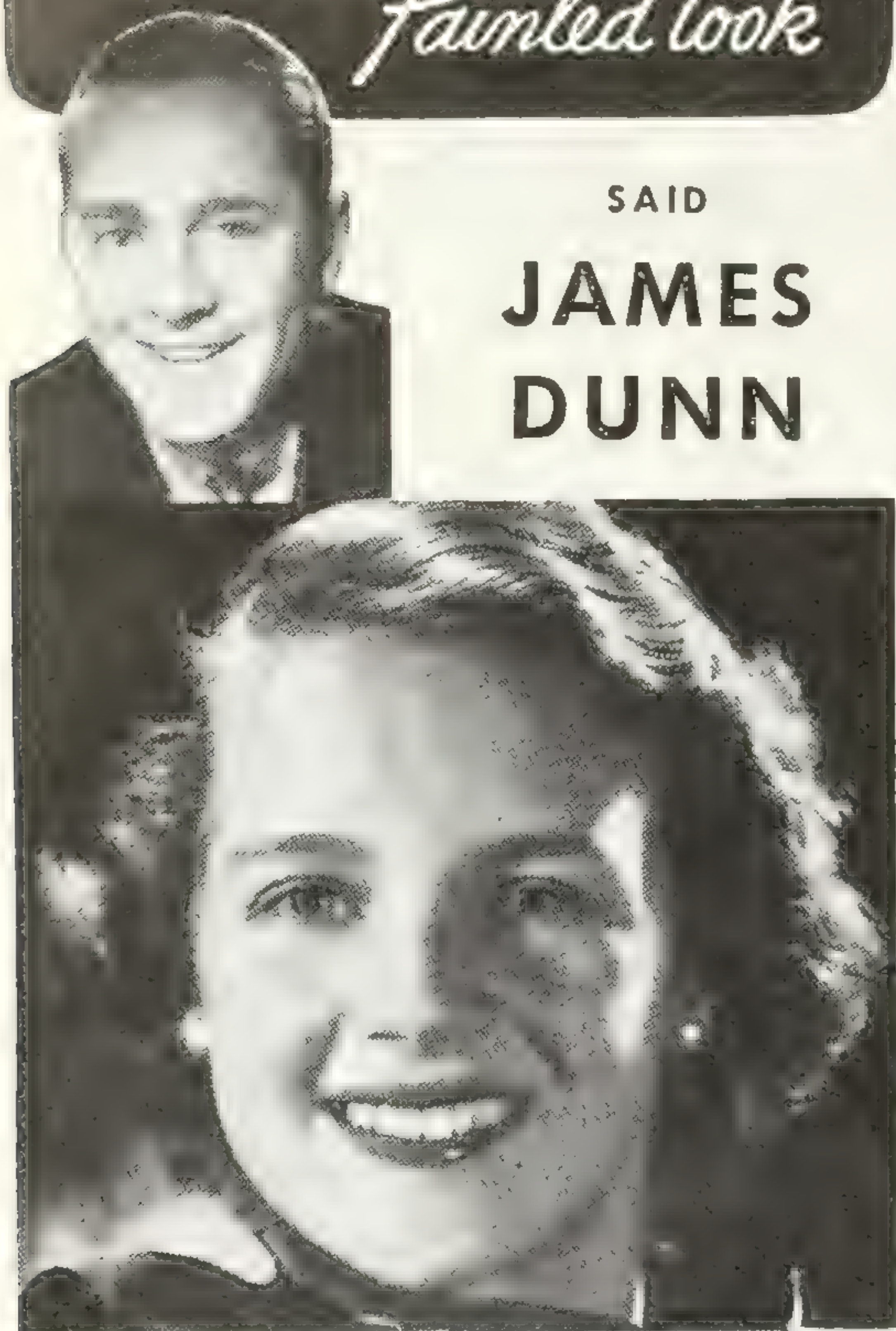
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Nobody Is Safe in Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59]

some six months before, and now there were screams and shrieks on all sides of: "Oh, there's Freddie!" "Look at Freddie!" "Dear Little Freddie!" "Oh, do look at Freddie!" While Freddie, in an immaculate Eton suit, bowed first on one side and then the other with a gracious dignity that was perfectly sincere. Our progress was so slow that when we finally arrived at the theater, I realized what it must be like to be a gentleman-in-waiting to King Edward of England. Then, a moment later, I felt like a clown in a circus. I was pushed, shoved, and even beaten. My arms pulled, my legs pinched, to be out of the way, to get into the way, to speak, to bow, to smile, in front of enormous arc lights, a large radio and a perspiring multitude. Not that I was of the slightest importance, but by that time hysteria had reached such a height that anyone would do to speak into the radio, to be photographed, to be slapped on the back and to be made part of the general show. And then we entered the theater.

HERE was the other side of the affair. Now, in enormous deathly quiet, we prepared to witness one of the crises in the modern history of the films. If this picture succeeded, many things in the future would be advanced and affected. There is a constant perpetual battle between art and business. And art, with a big "A," is forever pushing its head up like that of Judy in the Punch and Judy show, getting whacked by Punch's big stick, and disappearing again. Whether the effect of the "Midsummer Night's Dream" film was a whack on the head for art or not, it is scarcely for me to say. But inside there was this attempt to solve this perpetual mystery—Are we discovering tonight the way to create beauty, and at the same time, to create good box-office results? The question that night was unanswered. It is unanswered still. The solution of the mystery is retarded not only by the hysteria and bewildered worship of the advancing and arrived stars, and the scorn of those who are fading, but also by the constant day by day creation of geniuses. Almost everybody concerned with pictures, who is receiving anything of a salary, is a genius.

"Met Mr. Klopstock yet?"

"No, I haven't."

"Well, you should. He's a genius."

"Seen Eddie Goldfish?"

"No, what about him?"

"Say, listen, that boy's a genius if ever there was one."

Geniuses are everywhere. And around the geniuses are the "yes-men." So that while a picture is in production, almost everyone is enchanted with everything.

"Think that was all right?" says the star, stepping off her chalk line and meeting her confidential friends.

"Just lovely, honey," say the "yes-men."

"See the rushes last night?" somebody asks.

"No, how were they?"

"Oh, boy, they were great!"

And the supervisor sits in his splendid room behind his large glass-top table, a bowl of flowers to the right of him, an enormous photograph of his wife to the left, while "yes-men" pour in and out of the room, morning, noon and night. The secretaries fight a battle for their directors, supervisors and stars, which is magnificent, but adds to the complication of the

mystery. They create the illusion that their masters and mistresses are sacred beings whose every act is right. And if it is to the races that the supervisor has been, you would imagine from the voice of his secretary on the phone that he is earnestly pursuing the discovery of the Holy Grail. So nobody knows what is really happening to the picture. There are one or two supervisors in Hollywood, several directors of genius, some half-dozen actors and actresses of the very first order.

Were I given the wealth of the Indies, the powers and cruelties of Peter the Great, I would choose a divine company. David Selznick, Irving Thalberg, Zanuck, Chaplin, Walt Disney, Korda and René Clair for supervisors. Capra, LaCava, Boleslawski, Cukor, Van Dyke, for directors. Garbo, Hepburn, Colman, Bergner, Laughton, Hersholt, Leslie Howard and Robert Donat for my actors and actresses. Sam Hoffenstein, John Collier, Frances Marion, H. G. Wells, Arnold Zweig, P. G. Wodehouse and Sidney Howard for a few of my writers. Stern, Oliver Messel, Augustus John, Rockwell Kent and Duncan Grant for some of my artists. What a company that would be! What a divine assembly of the talents! And there would also be cameramen, cutters and information artists and perfect stenographers. And then, after all this assemblage of these persons, pictures would be chosen and wonderful enthusiasms aroused. We would all together, like one great band of heroes, set forward to make the films the great new art of the world. Yes, and then what would happen? Little gentlemen, smoking large cigars, their eyes sharp with a quiet wisdom, their expression calm and resolute, would, when we have shown them what we're going to do, answer in two short, sharp words: "Not box-office." Then the battle would begin. The battle that is, even now, proceeding, that makes this place one of the most interesting and exciting phenomena of the modern world.

I'VE been asked again and again whether Hollywood is not the cruelest place in the world. The answer to this question lies, I think, somewhere in the history of the battle that I have just been describing. For the reason that it is a battle, personal individual histories are of little account. Let no one come here who is not ready for any catastrophe.

You will hear, again and again, complaints of the ruthlessness and harshness of those in command. Yes, ruthless and harsh they sometimes are. They are not given a chance to be anything else. Pictures come and go so quickly, and the money hazarded in them is often so enormous, that everything and everybody has to be sacrificed to the immediate need. You may say, even, that I myself was cruelly treated last winter, when, suffering acutely from an attack of rheumatic arthritis, I was dragged out of bed to catch an airplane that I might be put at once into a New York hospital. My face drawn with pain, my features stupid with dope, that very last moment before catching the plane, I was dressed up in a white shirt, had my cheeks painted, and propped up in a chair, was supposed to be a cheery host bidding all the characters out of "David Copperfield" welcome to an enormous and, I hope, succulent dinner. "This is the happiest moment of my life, ladies and gentlemen," I began, my eyes terrified with pain.

You may say that I was harshly treated, but I wasn't. I was proud, I remember, to be allowed, wounded warrior though I was, to take part in that particular battle. Last year, a young man coming out of the anesthetic from an appendix operation, looked into the eyes of the cameramen, who, crowded around the bed, besought him to repeat two sentences from the picture in which he had been when the attack seized him. Only the other day, a famous old actor died because he refused to leave the set for an operation until his share in the picture was concluded. We all feel the same, whether we are here for a day or two or for many years. We have embarked on an adventure that is greater and more important, we are made to feel, than any of us. So that at the very instant that a director, an actor or writer, fails to be able to play his or her proper part in the contest, he or she is ruthlessly dropped, with no unkindness, no personal feeling.

IN my opinion, there is any amount of gossip here, but less bitterness, jealousy and ill-feeling than in any other group of artists I've ever known. And speaking of gossip, I would like to add my protest to that of many others against the pettiness and malice and unimportance of so much that is written about people here. It is nobody's fault, or if it is anybody's fault, it is that of the public, you and me and the others, who demand to be fed with the silly nonsense that we are given. See Garbo, as I did last year, in a shabby ulster, walking up and down the path outside my office for more than an hour discussing her part with a friend; see her grave intensity, catch her smile as she has a vision of something that she can add to the creation that she is contemplating, and you will realize that her private life has nothing to do with you. See Katharine Hepburn entertaining at her house the cameramen and the others who have helped her through her picture, and you will feel it impertinence, as indeed it is, to ask her whether she wishes to be married or not.

Go with Ronald Colman to the hills above Santa Barbara, and as the waters below you are veiled by that enchanting dusk, you realize in Colman's reticence and dignity and quiet humor, that there is something more in pictures than a suggested flirtation at the Brown Derby or a crowded dance at the Trocadero.

Not that I don't myself like the Brown Derby and the Trocadero. They are good enough so long as you go to Ken Butler's Health Establishment with decent regularity. But there does not lie the secret of Hollywood's interest. All individuals here are fleeting. They are gone before we know. We act, all of us here, as blind instruments towards a creation that may in the end be the Eighth Wonder of the World.

We are stimulated by that hope, but we are by no means certain of it. We may be, indeed, taking altogether too high and solemn a view of it. "Isn't it enough," someone has asked, "that you are helping to minister to the pleasures of the whole world?"

Yes, it is enough, if this is an industry. It is not enough if it is something more. Can it be? Will the public allow it to be? Will the time ever come when this fleeting rainbow-colored intangible toy will give the world something as lasting as the Beethoven "Fifth," Leonardo's "Virgin of The Rocks," Charles Dickens' "Pickwick"? Never in the history of the world before has there been anything so intangible as this medium.

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The True Paul Muni

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

which can go bleary or a silver larynx which can go rusty. I made an avowal to him, there in my apartment in New York. I told him that in all my experience of the cinema, it is a Muni moment that stands out most unforgettably. It is that moment at the conclusion of "Fugitive from a Chain-Gang" when the shadows press upon the Fugitive, like disastrous bloodhounds, their great jaws baying silently for his blood. You will remember how Muni recedes into a darkness even deeper and more disastrous. Then a voice inquires of him: "What will you do in order to live now?" (I am not sure those are the actual words.) And Muni's voice, infinitely haunted, infinitely heart-breaking, whispers: "I shall steal." And so at last the tragic eyes and voice are engulfed in the darkness, and the end of the Fugitive is achieved which, alas, is only a beginning.

I REPEAT: for me that is the greatest moment I can recall in the history of acting in the cinema. So I tackled Muni on the matter. I was interested in the sheer technique, the craftsmanship of it. "How did you bring it off, Muni?" I asked. "Did you think it out for days beforehand?" "It was an accident," Muni replied.

I was not so much surprised as shocked by the reply. I said I could no more bring myself to believe that that moment was the result of an accident than I could believe you could write a fine poem, or paint a fine painting, by looking the other way. But Muni was very serious about it. There is often a queer little grin at the corner of his jaw when he talks to you, but it was quite lacking then. He insisted that the shot had been taken and retaken endless times in a crowded corner of some Hollywood thoroughfare. He had got to the point when the consciousness of the onlookers exacerbated him to speechlessness. The whole outfit then moved back to the studio and the shot was taken almost before he was aware of it, he was still so full of fatigue and fury.

I insisted that even that didn't make it an accident. It is out of the pit of the subconscious mind that a great artist often draws his finest inspiration, when the conscious mind is most numb with fatigue or most twisted with anger. But it's obvious when you start talking about the subconscious mind, you're in danger of going nowhere at all, or everywhere all at once. So, we changed the subject to Othello or baby clinics or Jewish folk-songs; and kept it up for quite a long time, till finally we agreed to take it up in Hollywood from the point where we left off.

So it was in Hollywood I saw him next time, and I met his wife, Bella, too. I have a distinct grievance that I had to wait all that time until I met her. She is one of the most charming and intelligent women I have ever met, with her dark hair pressed down Madonna-wise over her temples, and a voice of great clarity and sweetness, like spring-water running into a marble basin. She was an actress on the Yiddish stage at the same time as Muni was. A career of great brilliance was opening up before her, but she felt it was worth giving up for what she could contribute to Muni's.

It is a delightful home they have made together, out on the fringes of Van Nuys, some fifteen miles from Hollywood. Walnut-groves hold all the foreground and in the distance the great hills challenge the sky. There is a sense

of ease and nobility about it. There is space and air outside the house and space and air within it. A great log fire burns in the open hearth. A huge Airedale terrier grumbles and gambols before it.

Our brows did not beetle so formidably while I was Muni's guest at Hollywood. We played ping-pong together, after skirting the brim of his perilously alluring swimming-pool. I wanted to swim in it, because that seemed a suitable thing to do there. And seeing that the weather was much milder than it is in mid-summer on the coast of England, and seeing that I have broken a crust of ice to swim in the Thames near Oxford, it did not seem very dangerous, either. But Muni would not have it. I had undertaken to let an innocent producer of films have a film script and he was not going to have it indefinitely held up by an attack of swimming-pool pneumonia.

So we played ping-pong instead. I generally win at that game, not because I play well, but because I make a loud intimidating noise when I challenge anybody, and talk easily about the champion of Hungary whom I beat with my left hand. (Seeing that I am left-handed and he was rather drunk, it wasn't very hard—but I do not mention those facts.) The consequence is that I always start a game of ping-pong with a towering moral advantage, and my opponents have generally fumbled away twelve points before they see through me.

But Muni is no respecter of persons. He did not scruple to stop a performance of "Counsellor-at-Law" in Boston when two lofty members of the audience started discussing the maladies of their rose bushes too loudly. He did not respect me and my ping-pong, despite my staggering victory over the champion of Hungary. He played a ferocious game. The issue is not decided yet and has been postponed till we play off a grand international finale in my own ping-pong room in Hamilton Terrace, in London, some time next May.

NO. He is no respecter of persons. It is well known that once, while he was still a fairly unknown actor, he walked out on Lenore Ulric, who kept him waiting ten minutes in anticipation of a part in her show. But when he learned that a friend of his to whom he had given a letter of introduction, had been kept waiting half as long in a certain businessman's office, his face clouded over with black fury. I can hardly recall a moment in which I thought him more winning.

On the way through from the ping-pong room, I noticed an enormous red-leather couch, flanked by mysterious boxes. I asked humbly if this was the couch where they operated on him, to make him look so staggeringly different in his various parts. Were those the boxes in which the plastic surgeons kept their surgical instruments? I wondered if it was here they gave him his scar for "Scarface" and shaved off half his eyebrows for his present rôle in "Good Earth," where he will look more like a Chinese peasant than any Chinaman.

I was wrong. The truth was, in fact, more fanciful. He opened up the mysterious boxes and revealed a dictaphone and a number of records. I lay full-length on the couch. He pressed a button, and far-off and faint, as if from the other side of Lethe, the voice of Paul Muni wandered out towards me, like the voice

of a ghost. He was reading his own words and his own stage directions from the script he is now working on—but in a scrupulously toneless and colorless voice. "I don't want to get myself sold," he explained, "on any particular interpretation. So I utter the words without passion and listen to them without passion. It saves my eyes, for I like to study my part for six months, twelve months, if they'll only let me. And then, when at last I feel that I've got to the heart of my character, I shave off the wax, and read my final interpretation onto the record. Then I practice it and practice it, till I feel I've reached as closely as I know how to the very essence of the emotion."

There is conscience for you. And doesn't that explain why you remember Muni, in each of his successive characters, from year's end to year's end, despite the brief hour of his film's traffic with you, while so many other actors melt out of your mind completely in the blond sunshine and sweet embrace of their last fade-out? It is conscience lifted to the point of love.

He has a strong prejudice against playing the merely handsome, the merely attractive, young man. He is, in fact, an extremely difficult actor to please; for he demands that his rôles should not only avoid the superficially attractive, but that they should be as unlike each other as the gamut of human types can present them.

HE provokes, and his wife no less, exactly the same sort of sentiment in the people who are associated with them, from their directors to their chauffeur. The memory of the chauffeur arises vividly in my mind. He was taking me home from the Munis to my hotel in Beverly Hills. I could hardly see him. He was a lump of talking darkness in the driver's seat beside me, with his peaked cap drawn tight over his forehead and the collar of his coat coming up above his throat. From between cap and collar a voice emerged. It was a longish journey, or I at least wanted to prolong it, for it was a night of a queer haunted beauty, with the hills arching their humped backs against a star-stabbed sky and elfin points of light going about in the brushwood. Before we knew where we were, the chauffeur was talking about the Munis. He talked so gently yet so eloquently, it might almost have been a poet speaking. The Munis had seen him selling flowers at the corner of some street in Los Angeles. He was a Mexican youth, exactly the type required for a brief sequence in the film Muni was doing, "Bordertown," I think it was. When the film was over, the Munis would not let him go back to his street-corner again. They took him home to drive their car for them; and they inspired a loyalty which I felt death could do little to interrupt.

It had been a grand night over in the Muni house, the opening night of this New Year of grace. Just before the fateful moment of the first of the twelve tollings of the bell, Muni ran out into the darkness. He stood there over against the glimmering water of the swimming-pool. Then the first bell tolled. Then Muni fired a shot into the air, and another, and another, twelve times in all. I proclaimed in terror that that was Scarface firing, but no one seemed frightened. He came back into the room, his eyes shining, his hair slightly disordered, a schoolboy smile on his slightly ugly jaw. We drank egg-nog deeply. We listened to the etheric roaring from Pershing Square, from the multitude assembled in San Francisco. We danced and danced. It was a grand night, I say. I do not hope for a lovelier ushering in of any New Year among those that may still be left to me.



SPINDRIFT. Nice togs for land or sea! Knee-length swagger coat, knit by Bradley of cool bumpy cotton chenille in a smart textured effect with flying tie at neck, and broad, flat collar . . . And the matching sport dress, very tailored—very feminine with wood-and-composition buttons and buckle . . . Both in white and foamy pastels. At the fine stores.

HANDCRAFTED BY

*Miss Ann Fowler, charming young socialite, cruising South.

Bradley
Delavan, Wisconsin

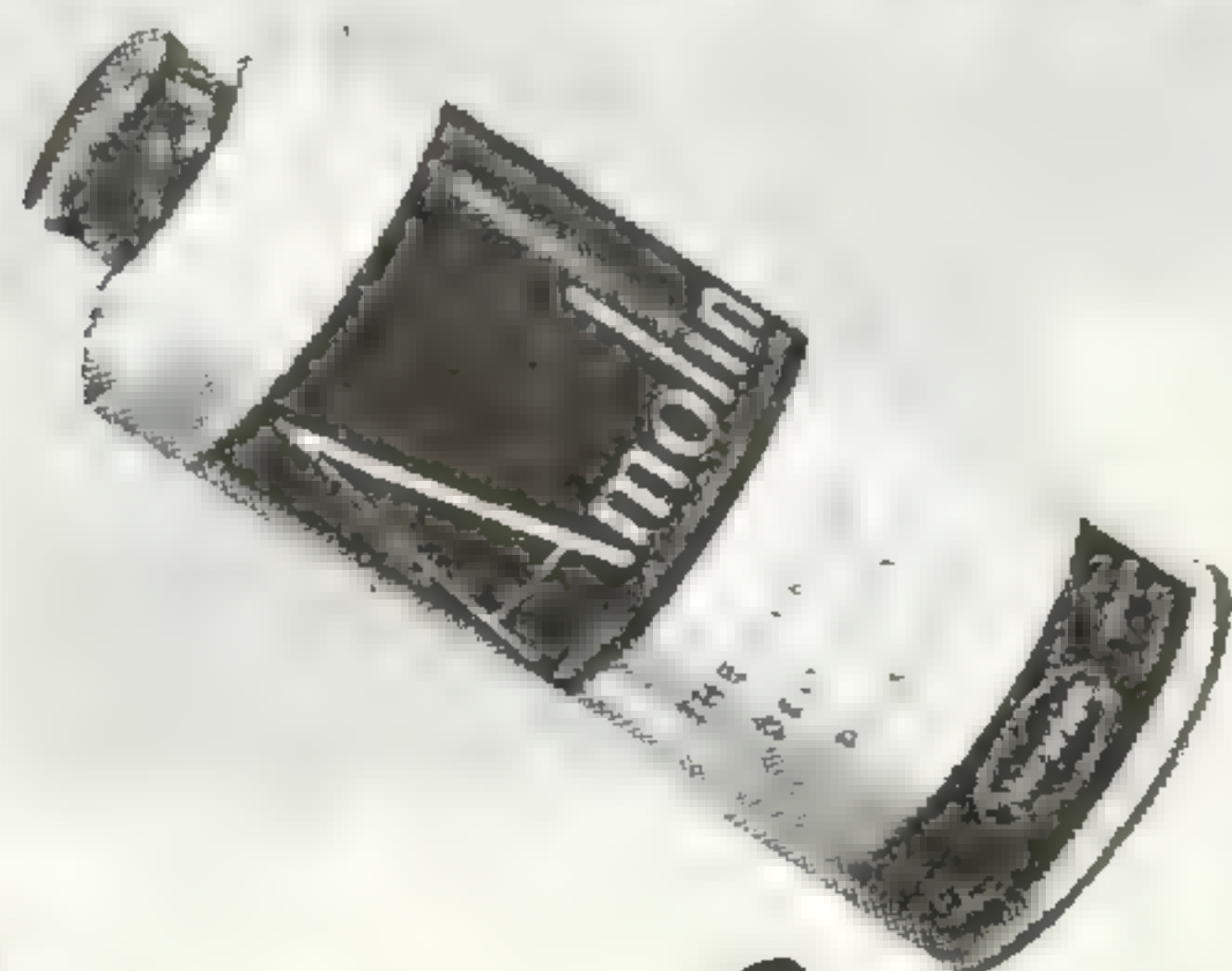




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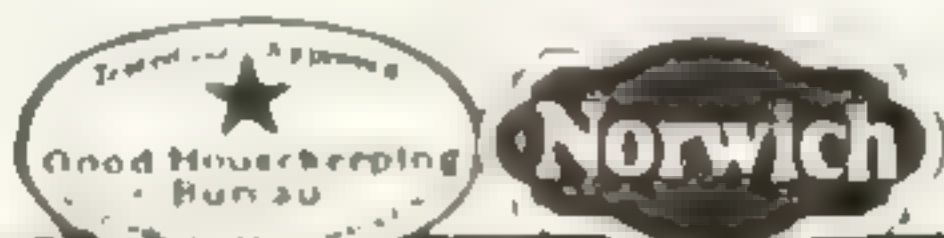
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Norwich

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

GEE," James Stewart was heard to mur-
mur at the preview of "Petticoat Fever,"
"there ought to be a law against any man who
doesn't marry Myrna Loy."

FROM an innocent little "boop-boopa-
doop" an institution has grown. Bing
Crosby's business enterprises have grown so
large in the last two years it has become neces-
sary to rent a suite of offices, engage two or
three secretaries, and what's more, install his
own private telephone exchange to take care of
the incoming calls.

His fan mail, picture work, radio broadcasts
and various outside adventures keep the entire
Crosby family busy. Brother Larry handles
publicity from his particular little office;
Everett sees to the business, and father Crosby
tells them all where to get off.

Bing plays golf in between times.

WE like the story of the
"Yes-man" who resented
being a yes-man.

Said he: "I'm no 'yes-man'—
why, when my boss says 'No'—I
say 'no' too!"

ALISON SKIPWORTH owns exactly seven
chickens on her little ranch out the valley.
Someone asked Alison if her purpose in keep-
ing chickens was to gather eggs, hatch more
chickens or chicken soup.

Alison looked up in amazement. "What a
dreadful mind!" Alison stormed as only Alison
can. "I keep chickens just because I love to
see them walk around."

IF this isn't just like Hollywood! At a
luncheon party given at the studio the other
day to honor the 30th anniversary of Jean
Hersholt in motion pictures the actor could
not eat a bite. His heavy make-up as an old
man in his current picture prevented it.

RANDOM observations on
Cal's cuff—

Jean Harlow always cocks her
head to one side when she greets
you with that smile... Bill
Powell always bows stiff from the
waist... Frank Morgan always
knits his eyebrows severely and
looks angry when he walks along
in public... Jan Kiepura loves
to have his picture taken with
his mouth wide open... Charlie
Butterworth always looks tired
out, no matter where he is or
what time of day... Kitty
Carlisle laughs about every other
word, and the rafters come down
... Carole Lombard pulls down
the corners of her mouth and
slides back her scalp when she
gets excited...

PAPA Fred Meyer, who runs things out
Universal way, has a new actress under his
wing, willy nilly. And it's his own daughter,
whose screen name is Delphine Stanley.

While studying law, Delphine got the movie
bug. In a valiant effort to cure her, Papa
Meyer cast her in "Tailspin Tommy" and
issued work-her-until-she-drops orders.

To his dismay, daughter came through like a
trouper—and asked for more. What's more,
she'll get it.

ROSALIND RUSSELL bought a house. It
had a big backyard. The backyard needed
an oak tree. A fan sent her the oak tree.

THAT popular Mexican resort
at Ensenada, it seems, is a
swell tonic for inferiority com-
plexes. Vic Jory went down to
shoot grouse and bagged a wild
boar, Gary Cooper went fishing
and caught scads of outsize bar-
racuda and a giant tuna, Roger
Pryor went sailing there and re-
turned, for the first time in his
career, without having capsized
his boat and—Mrs. Frank Shields
beat the socks off her husband in
a tennis match.

YOU can still get a rise out of Slim Summer-
ville over the fast one pulled on him by
Walter Brennan. Slim was overly given to
practical jokes and Brennan usually was on the
receiving end.

One day, in a scene, Slim was to say the line:
"How's my baby?" to which Brennan, off-
stage, was supposed to bawl like a fussy child.

The cameras started, Slim advanced and
said the scheduled line in a voice fairly quaver-
ing with paternal concern. In answer,
Brennan pulled a raucous donkey's bray! It
was weeks before Slim forgave him.

THERE'S one angle to this
technicolor movement which
is rating the cheers of the movie
gals and boys.

According to Natalie Kalmus,
the peculiar characteristic of
black and white cameras to add
anywhere from eight to ten
pounds to the player's appear-
ance is absent from color cameras.

So—when color is the order of
the day, watch the stars go to
town on now forbidden calories.

ACERTAIN blonde and apparently charm-
ing young actress may wonder these days
why she has never received a repeat invitation
to Bill Powell's house. Bill and I both know
why. Bill's got a trick electrical arrangement
at the gate of his estate which picks up the con-
versation of his departing guests and broad-
casts it to him in the house. The juice was on
when the blonde walked through the gate.

"Gawd, what a bore!" was wafted back to
Bill. "That's enough highbrow conversation,
to last me for some time!"

BINNIE BARNES had a pat ex-
planation of the carefully
selected luncheon she ordered
the other day at the Universal
commissary.

"Buttermilk—my vitamins,"
she quoth. "Spinach—my fig-
ure. Salad—my pleasure. Choc-
olate pie—my dissipation."

AN ambitious young actress in Hollywood
found herself recently left at a table with
Bob Taylor. She didn't know him particu-
larly; but she saw he was pretty good looking
"Are you in pictures?" she asked.

Bob didn't crack a smile, although he can't
help but be aware of the fact that everyone
considers him a sort of a young Gable.

"I'm just starting," he replied with seeml
modesty.

Garbo and Chaplin Talked for Me

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27]

some grown-up who has made an acceptable fool of himself.

She was Greta Garbo.

Since that day—or rather, night—I have read scores of articles, ranging from unspeakable drivel to solemn analytical criticism, about the great lady of the screen. But I like to think that none has caught the exact glimpse I had of her lying back in her chair and laughing, not only at me but also, I think, at her whole world; at the make-believe kingdom of pictures which had thrust upon her youthful head such a weighty and fantastic crown of fame. For a moment, through laughter, she had escaped her fate. Perhaps she was grateful, for she talked to me after that, simply and directly, in a curiously arresting, throaty voice then strongly marked by her native accent.

"I am thinking," she said, "of taking lessons in English to improve my pronunciation. I speak so badly now. But if I learn to speak English well, perhaps I will get a chance to act in a play in New York. What do you think?"

I SAID I thought it was a good idea. She nodded thoughtfully; then the subject was dropped. But today, whenever I see one of her pictures, as I sit listening to that stirring, deep-toned, disciplined voice, I wonder whether the casual decision she made that night was not the turning point in her career. At least, the idea of studying English already had formed in her mind. She could not possibly have foreseen the advent of sound in pictures. No one in Hollywood could have foreseen such a disturbing miracle. But the forces of her destiny even then were at work to prepare her for the greater triumph that was to be hers when the silence of the screen was broken by human speech. The ruthless and fearsome microphone, which ruined many careers overnight, in Garbo's case proved to be merely an instrument for the furtherance of her fame.

A buffet supper was served that night. It was an excellent supper, but I have no recollection of the food I ate. My mind was engaged wholly with the personalities of my supper companions. Four of us sat at one table: Miss Garbo, Mr. Gilbert, myself and one other, a neat, small, slender man with expressive hands, a friendly snarl of a smile, and eyes that had looked deep into the world's misery in order to move the world to laughter. He was then, and no doubt is now, the most popular, most fondly cherished human being on earth. His name was Charles Spencer Chaplin.

He had returned recently from England, his native land. The visit had been a continuous triumph, with delirious crowds swirling about him, overwhelming him, almost smothering him with adulation. Wherever he went, whenever he appeared in public, the little man drew throngs of people as a magnet draws steel shavings. Once upon a time he had been a successful entertainer in English music halls; but now he was something more than an entertainer, something far greater and dearer. He had become the High Priest of laughter in a world that needed desperately to laugh.

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There was no trace of egotism in Chaplin's voice as he told me of his experiences abroad. He is one of those rare persons who understands, accepts and correctly estimates his own genius. That genius does not invite an intellectual response, though intellectuals generally have responded to it. Its appeal is to the basic, universal human emotions. I have heard Charlie Chaplin described as a profound psychologist. He is nothing of the sort. His genius goes deeper than that. It penetrates the very anatomy of the human nervous system.

The extraordinary fact is that Chaplin, by his mastery of the art of pantomime, which is a form of sign language (the earliest known means of communication among humans) has evolved a method of striking, almost infallibly, a certain brain department which is common to all men and which reacts to his comedy as automatically as an electric bell rings when you push the proper button. This is a scientific marvel, as well as a theatrical achievement.

IN London particularly, Chaplin could not escape the crowds. If he attempted to go for a walk, some passer-by, some street urchin, some dignified Bobby would recognize him, and instantly he would be surrounded by an admiring mob. He accepted this philosophically, but he abandoned his excursions in public. There was one pilgrimage, however, which he was determined to make, and that in comparative privacy.

He wanted, he told me, to visit the attic room in the London slums where he had lived as a child. One evening, he gathered two or three close friends together, slipped out of his hotel without being noticed and took a cab to the address that was branded on his memory like a scar.

He said: "We went through streets that I remembered as you remember a nightmare, I saw myself, a scared, undersized, skinny kid, leading my mother by the hand, dragging her through the fog and the smells and the cold toward our miserable home, while other kids yelled and jeered at her. . . . I was living that nightmare over again, but I wanted to do it. I had to do it. It was like going back to visit a grave where someone you have loved lies buried."

This was not pathos, not irony; it was pure tragedy. His mother, her mind affected by privation and hunger, by the agony of giving birth and the pain of bitter poverty, became in Chaplin's simple narrative a figure of tragic intensity. With a look, a word, a vivid creative gesture, he sketched that figure for me there at a dinner table in the midst of a Hollywood party; the figure of a woman of sorrows outlined vaguely against gray mist, gray death-in-life.

"We climbed the stairs, my friends and I, to the room in the garret where I had spent my childhood. The landlady knew me. She followed me up the stairs. She wanted to do something for me—not for Chaplin the comic man but for the little boy who had been unhappy. 'Could I give you a cup of tea?' she said. I couldn't answer. I stood there with the tears rolling down my face—and after a while we all went away."

The great clown went away. He returned to America, to Hollywood, to make more pictures for the world's delight and to attend parties where there was enough food left on the plates to have fed for weeks, for months the skinny little kid he used to be. In an ordinary man, such a harsh childhood might

have left a spiritual deformity, an insurmountable bitterness. In Chaplin, it proved to be a deep mine of experience into which he could delve for the rich nuggets of his humor. That is why Chaplin's comedy strikes so deep into our hearts; because it grows out of the loam and muck of life itself. That is why, even when we are helpless with laughter at the little tramp's antics, we also are aware of his infinite and indestructible human quality.

That same evening, toward the end of the party, a phonograph was playing operatic records. Suddenly Charlie sprang to his feet, planted himself in front of the phonograph and became a grand opera singer. He uttered no sound, but his mouth opened and closed with the ferocious effort of an opera star wrestling with a difficult aria. His chest swelled to amazing proportions, his left hand was glued to his heart while his right clawed the air in the favorite, and practically the only gesture known to operatic tenors of the old school. It was a marvellously exact reproduction of the histrionic convulsions that I had sat through so often in the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. Chaplin had improvised this hilarious burlesque on the spur of the moment. I found myself laughing till my throat ached at the man who, only a half hour earlier, had made my throat ache with a contrary emotion.

Today, as I write these words, Chaplin's latest picture—and some say the last in which he will appear—is being shown. It is his clown's comment on a mechanized civilization, his protest in terms of comedy against the regimentation of the individual. Inevitably thousands of words have been used by critics, especially intellectual critics, to explain Chaplin's purpose, to reveal the source of his inspiration. But if Charlie himself were asked what strain of music, what discordant sound of machinery or sight of men turned to automations had caused his genius to function, I believe that his answer would be: "I cannot tell you." No artist can reveal the precise nature of the seed of his creation.

There is an answer, however, to another question which has agitated the movie-conscious public for years. The question—which I'm sure has been put to everyone who ever has had any connection with pictures—is this: "Does Greta Garbo really dislike publicity, or is her shyness simply a pose?"

PROBABLY no single student of Hollywood can raise his hand and settle this momentous question once and for all; but my own opinion, based on observation, is that Miss Garbo's distaste for publicity not only is genuine, it is more accurately a fierce and deep determination to preserve something of herself, her integrity as an individual, from the disintegrating forces that accompany her success as an actress. Also let me say that the only time I ever saw Greta Garbo strike a pose was on the tennis court when she was waiting to receive a serve. She played frequently in those days, and her costume as often as not was a bathing suit, tennis shoes and a pair of dark glasses to shield her eyes from the sun. She was an earnest, if not an expert player and she did not like it if you served softly to her or failed to hit out when she was playing net. She did not want her opponents to remember that they were playing against a million dollars worth of movie star.

As to her shyness, I will tell you a story, and so end this rambling reminiscence. One evening after tennis a group of us were gathered at the home of a producer. I happened to be

standing in the hall when Miss Garbo entered the house. She was wearing a sports dress, as usual, but she had on high-heeled slippers.

"I did not know who would be here," she said, "so I put on these shoes."

The slippers, I realized, were a concession to formality. I said as much, and she nodded. But then, looking through the door into the living-room, she breathed a sigh of relief. "Oh, I know them all," she said. "They are my friends." Turning to me with one of her rare smiles she added: "Will you please come help me with my suit-case?"

Somewhat mystified, I followed her out of the house and across the palm-lined street to where her car was parked. "My bag is in the back," she informed me.

I lifted the rear cover of the car and fumbled about till I found a small suit-case. This she took from me, and seating herself on the running board of the car, removed her formal slippers. From the suit-case she took a pair of old tennis shoes and put them on. The slippers went into the suit-case and the suit-case went back into the car.

"Now I can enjoy myself," Greta Garbo said, as she rose from the running board, "because now I am comfortable."

We went back into the house. And that was eight years ago, when life in Hollywood was simpler, happier and far more silent than it is now.

Lovely Funnyface

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

"went to town!" First this fantastic child paid every family bill, which included some pretty stiff doctor's debts. Then she paid a year's rent on the house. Next she bought new furniture and rugs; outfitted every member of the household with new clothes; then thought of herself.

What does a lady require to make an impression on blasé Hollywood? What is the epitome of smartness? The creme de la creme of snootiness? Marie knew the answer—a mink coat! So at sixteen and a half, she bought herself the most beautiful coat of well-fed minks that she could find.

Then she marched into an auto salon and bought a big black car that took five minutes to turn a corner. She turned lots of corners, but finally she had to stop; there was no more gas in the car. And, what was really important, she didn't have money enough to buy any. This, Marie decided, was going too far. She ran the car back to the salon, changed it for a smaller one, pocketed the refund, and decided it was time to set out to be a movie actress.

In due course of time she learned the ropes. The ropes consisted of studio casting offices, agents, tests and dramatic teachers. She began to make a constant round of the first; accumulated a great many of the second; talked her way into the third; and took unto herself the fourth.

She found the mink coat didn't help. Everybody admired it, but nobody gave her a job. She sat along with the others in the casting offices and got nowhere fast. At the same time she sought out various agents—one is supposed to be enough!—everyone of them made her promises, but nothing came of them. But Marie, along with her amazing eyelashes, had amazing courage, and she kept on trying.

She got a dramatic teacher who threw up her

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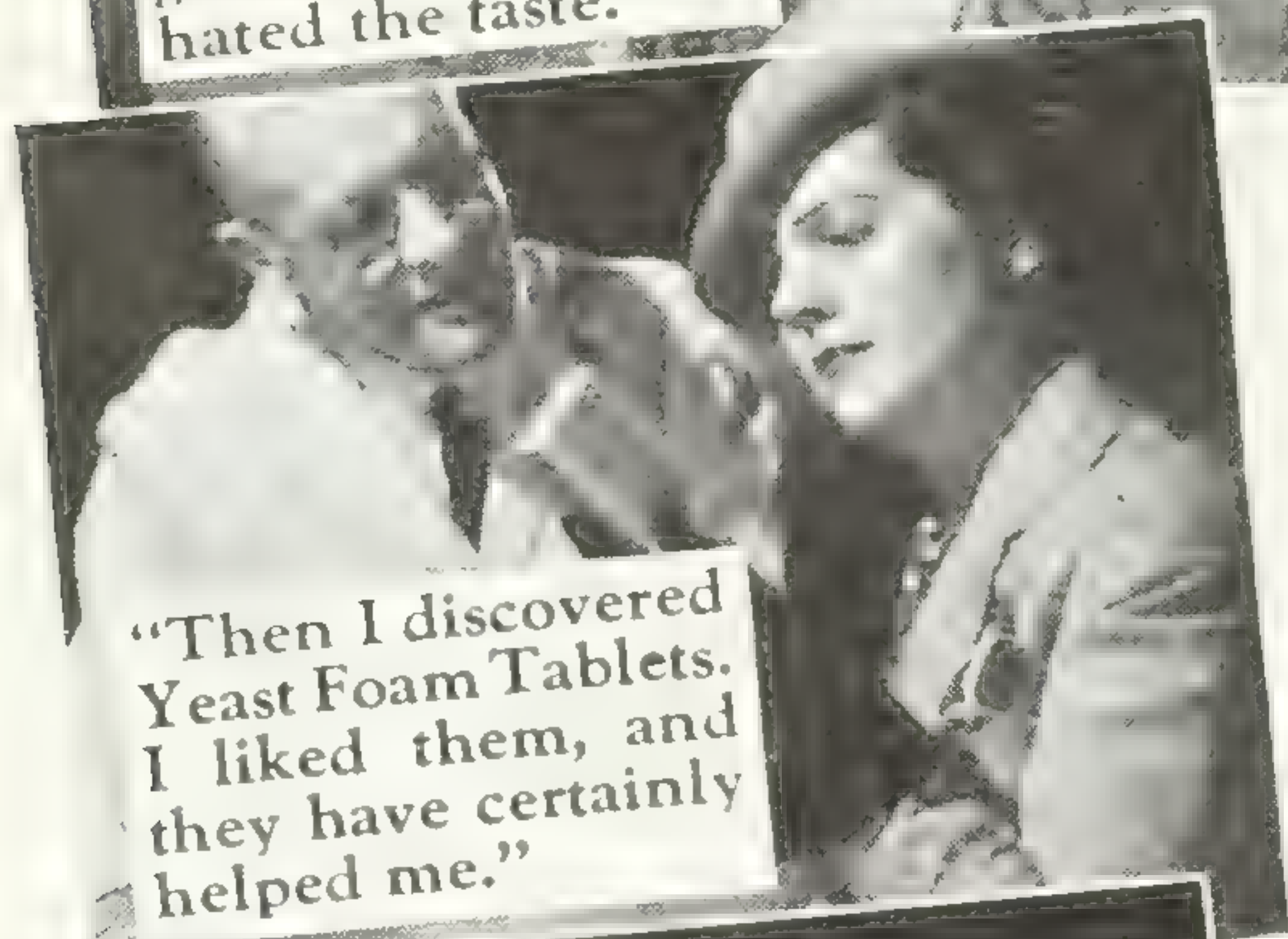
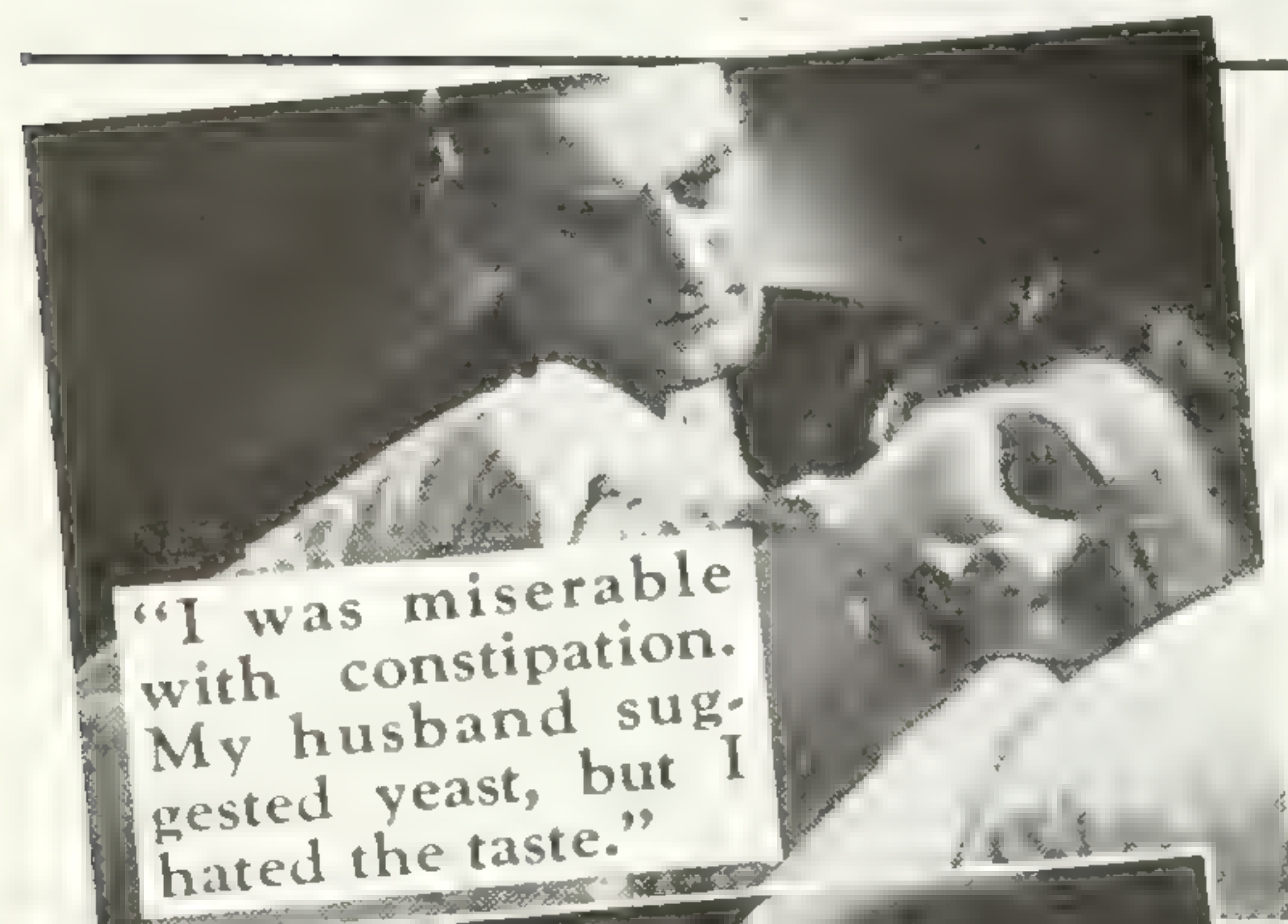
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hands when she heard the thin, baby voice emanating from that tall girl. But give the teacher credit, for she, and only she, recognized that Marie's naïveté, her whimsical, funny reactions, her baby face, her unconsciously awkward manner and conversation was money in the bank. Here, said she, is a natural comedienne. Marie was "different." Marie was also very pretty, with a glorious figure. There was nobody like her on the screen. So, Mrs. Saunders, the teacher, went to work.

Marie came every day. She was only seventeen then, and it wasn't unusual, in the middle of a lesson, for her to stop and ask plaintively for a chocolate bar, or to dash into the kitchen for an apple. Then she'd go back to work again with an earnestness that was almost terrifying.

Gradually the pitch of her voice mellowed. She learned how to handle herself, but wisely the teacher allowed her to retain her own individuality.

Frequently, when a lesson was over Marie would insist that Sandy, who had been suffering from a neck injury, come out for a ride with her. Sandy dreaded these rides for she knew that Marie invariably ran out of gas. This never troubled the embryo actress. There wasn't a gas station in town where she hadn't borrowed a gallon of gas and left her license as security.

ON one of these trips the car, as usual, ran dry. It picked the top of a mountain peak to do it. The poor teacher, who could neither turn her head from left to right, could only see air ahead of her—and lots of it. She died a thousand deaths, but Marie was blithe about it. She sat and admired the view, unperturbed about the car's precarious position or the lack of fuel. Someone would come along, she said, and eventually, someone did. A motorist obliged with a hefty push, and the buggy went sailing down the hill and coasted smack into a gasoline station!

She met her beau in much the same manner. He was a director and writer who lived next door. One day he was greatly disturbed by a thunderous honking of horns. He rushed out and there, up and down the hill, he saw cars and trucks of every description wildly honking their horns at a car that was parked, or rather stalled, directly across the road. In it sat a young lady with blonde hair and large eyes, and a baby face. She smiled when the gentleman came out. It was an appealing smile. She was very upset.

Despite his annoyance, he had to laugh. Soon, with his help, the car was turned around and headed down the hill. That was the beginning. Marie got very neighborly. She was always paying visits which would consist of either a recital of what she had done that day, or a solemn reading of her dramatic lesson, or she'd hop into the kitchen and cook him some delectable pork chops with a tasty oyster dressing. Eventually the gentleman got used to her. Eventually he found himself liking it quite a bit. Her unconscious funniness, her vague, whimsical view-points, her determination and courage in seeking a picture career, all these things became important to him. He found himself expressing faith in her eventual success. The faith began to get all mixed up with love. They're still at it.

One night at a theater Marie was introduced by her sweetheart to some woman who immediately fingered the fur coat and exclaimed cattily, "Why, it's real mink!"

Whereupon Marie touched the bunch of

artificial violets at her throat and said indignantly, "Of course it's real, so are these violets!"

But back to how she crashed the gates. At one of the studios in which she managed to get inside, the director told her she was too funny-looking to get anywhere in pictures.

"Maybe I am funny-looking," Marie agreed solemnly, "but I'm not going to give up." She added, "Anyway, I can't. I've got a big family to support." And she went on her way.

She also got into Paramount, managed to see the director who was casting for "Pursuit of Happiness" and talked fast.

"How do you know I'm not an actress if you don't give me a chance?" she pleaded. "Nobody would believe Elisabeth Bergner if they didn't know who she was!"

Before he could say yea or nay, she immediately burst into the lines of her last lesson. She wasn't trying to be funny, but she was. Very. The director gave her a test for the part of the servant girl. The test was good, but she did not get the part because she was too blonde to be cast with the golden haired Joan Bennett.

Eventually, too, she talked her way into a test at M-G-M. She made the whole thing up herself and wrote it. Although many months have passed since then, executives of that studio still run the Marie Wilson film.

Of course, like most comedians, Marie wants to become a dramatic actress. Not right away, however. Personally, I doubt that she'll get her wish. When one is funny and grave and solemn and surprised and mixed-up and naïve all at the same time, one is a natural comedienne. But it isn't safe to make predictions about Marie Wilson; she does surprising things.

Pink is her favorite color. Her favorite costume is a black velvet skirt, extremely high heeled, big buckled pumps, a tremendous, floppy picture hat, and a ruffly, feminine, sheer pink chiffon blouse. Her golden hair, with a braided bun at the back (which she bought) has numerous little fluffy curls fringing her forehead and the sides of her face, to her ear tops. She's very clever with her hair, and has only been to a beauty shop four times in her life. Necessity forced her to manage for herself, and now she continues to. She cooks well, too, and can sew (with great stitches) everything and anything. She also loves to read, and assures you that the "heavy" authors are her favorites; Huxley, Cabell, and people like that.

She'd eat a hamburger in the middle of the night or a chocolate ice-cream soda. Kippers and candy bars are her other favorites, and she tells you seriously that she really doesn't like horehound candy and turnips!

IT is this very quality that made her the butt of lots of teasing. On the set of "Down to Their Last Yacht," her first extra work, Marie's innocent outlook, her solemn face when jokes were sprung, and her lack of experience amused the other extras. They tried to tease her but she never let on. She did funny things. Once, for example, her beloved mink coat was missing from the set. Everyone was frantic Except Marie. She waved her hands.

"Oh, it will turn up!" she said, and it did but not for three days. Where it was during that time is still a mystery but that it reappeared is a fact. She used to wear it everywhere. It was her only coat. Some people swore she slept in it!

Once she was picked to be a dancing girl then she never received a call for work. Having overheard the director say he liked to be frank with people, she phoned him to ask what

was wrong with her. The director wouldn't come to the phone, but the secretary mumbled something about only hiring intelligent girls. She tells this story on herself.

Her Paramount test was run at that studio again. Marie learned that there was a possibility that she might be signed the next day! Then everything began happening at once. One of her agents, the very same day, took the Metro test out to Warner Bros. Mr. Jack Warner and one of his executives were in the projection room waiting to see the test of one of their own players, when, by some mistake, Marie's was run instead. Mr. Warner went wild with excitement.

"Get that girl!" he cried, "and sign her up, quick!"

They got her, and they signed her. At first Marie was undecided because of the Paramount possibility, but when Mr. W. exploded that Paramount could go get themselves another comedienne! Marie realized that a contract in the hand was worth dozens of maybe's at any other studio, and she did things with the dotted line.

They rushed her over to get pictures taken; to meet people; to give her history to the publicity department; gave her a script to read. She was dizzy and exhausted. She longed to relax and throw off the warm mink coat. Just in time she remembered the safety pins, and kept it on. She compromised with a glass of hot water to relax her, which is a Marie Wilson specialty whenever weary, and settled down to enjoying the satisfaction of having impressed a very shrewd and far-seeing business man.

AND when she gets enough money she's going to collect all of her aunts and cousins and buy them everything they need. She wants to give the dramatic coach a little studio piano. Last, she'll buy herself some clothes and travel. Where? Hawaii or the South Seas because she's so romantic. But first New York, to see Broadway.

Doubtless she'll accomplish all these things. So far, she's appeared in "Stars Over Broadway" in which she played the funny, not-quite-bright girl friend of Frank McHugh and got rave notices (incidentally, until someone gave her a scrap-book for a present she never thought of saving her clippings). She's also appeared, with noticeable success, in "Miss Pacific Fleet," "Men on Her Mind," and "Colleen." That's about all, but she's already made everyone Marie Wilson conscious.

I've known her for two years. She's always been the same as she is now. She probably always will be. One of those rare, once-in-a-great-while creatures, with an elusive, child-like quality.

And that reminds me again of that mink coat, and the story she concocted to explain it to the curious extras.

"Oh," said she, "my wealthy South American aunt gave it to me. It's really supposed to be a bribe, but I'm determined to get into pictures; I'm going to do it on my own, too."

Whereupon someone would laugh knowingly at the safety-pinned lining, and someone else would giggle about her gas-less car. If this was ridicule, Marie didn't care. Marie, she knew, was going to get a contract. She did, while the others are still doing extra work. And Marie, she also vowed, was going to be a big movie star. It looks like this will come true, also. And I think that one of these days Miss Wilson will be trotting out in not only a mink, but an ermine coat, over the collar of which her three-quarters of an inch eyelashes will wave triumphantly in the breeze!



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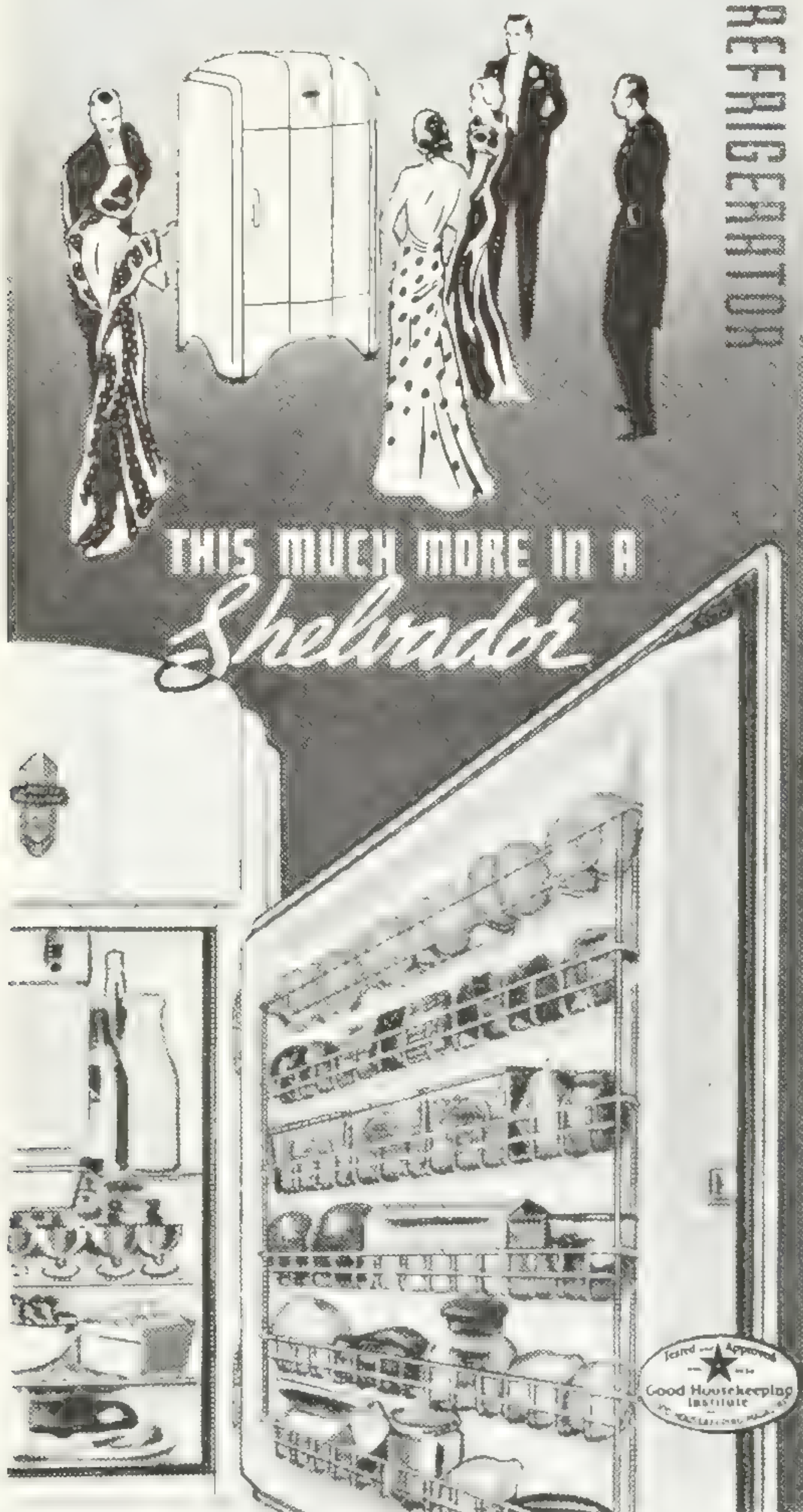
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The Reluctant Bachelor

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49]

He'd been interested in electricity in school, you see, and had developed a new kind of lighting effect. A manager saw it, let him install it—and of course you know what happened. He liked the theater and everything in it and about it. He liked it so well he ran away from home to join a troupe.

After that his adolescence and young manhood were passed in a furious struggle for success; he spent part of his time in England, knocking around the little towns on ill-conditioned badly lighted boards—and the rest of his time he spent in New York, alternately working and going hungry.

During one long lapse, when hunger somehow became more important than career or ambition, he opened of all things a haberdashery shop. And made it pay.

So finally he got an old car and drove out to Hollywood. Paramount gave him a screen test. He signed a contract. People liked him. He signed another contract.

He married Virginia Cherrill. . . .

There's no real need for detail here; you know the story well enough. But this much is important: when that marriage broke up the first beginnings of metamorphosis must have come into being for Cary. He wasn't aware of them then—life was still an adventurous business to be met in stride and conquered somehow.

BUT the mental reconditioning had started, sub-consciously. And it was in full swing by the time he reached England last winter to see death come to his father.

Cary said: "You understand that I'd had absolutely no contact with death before. Besides, the situation was rather peculiar. Dad and I hadn't seen much of each other for years—he hadn't been keen about my becoming an actor in the first place. Then when I got over here and made some sort of success there wasn't much opportunity for going back.

"Aside from that, I felt I was out here on my own—Dad had his little world and was working hard for his own success and his own happiness. Why should I go back and intrude myself—my life and my ideas—into his?"

He stared out at the rain. "That's the way England was last winter," he said, remembering. "Rain and then more rain; all the trees and hedges dripping and the fields full of puddles.

"I'm glad I went back. It was a lucky thing, because of course I didn't know my father hadn't much longer to live. And—even though we hadn't the opportunity of seeing much of each other, so long as he lived he represented a family, a close relationship, to me. I never really felt that I was completely alone.

"After that was over I came back to America, and things were different—within me, you understand. The other things were the same, the people I knew, the work I had to do. But my attitudes—my outlook on life and my ideas as to what I wanted out of it—were completely changed."

Observe, then, the new Cary Grant.

First, he has secured himself financially, from the standpoint of career. "I've been planning out my work lately, so that I'll have more than the usual star's quota of popularity. It's rather hard to explain, but I've been trying to develop myself as a character actor; as a man

who can play many varied parts instead of just one straight rôle. That may not be so good for my current popularity, but it will mean that I'll last longer on the screen.

"My theory is that if you continue to play the regular hero type—if you get *typed* that way—you'll be a matinee idol for a while and then the public will find someone new. Someone better-looking, someone with a new personality or a different note in his voice. And you fade into the has-been class.

"But if you work at a lot of different characterizations; if you learn to portray strange individual characters with a trace of villainy or madness or kindness or something very human, then your audience re-discovers you in each new rôle. I began it in 'Sylvia Scarlet,' and continued it in 'Brown Eyes'—if the studio will let me I'll go right on doing it in all the rest of my pictures.

"And in ten years I'll still have a job. . . ."

Which does—or should—take care of his bank account. But he has other things to do: travel, during these next five unmarried years, is one of them. Not in the ordinary sense, Cary insisted. Not just to "see the world."

"Everyone wants to go a journey," he said laughing. "Naturally I want to get about and have a look at this little earth. But what interests me is that you can live much cheaper on a boat than you can at home. I mean that. Traveling isn't very expensive any more—it actually costs less to live while you're going from country to country. At home there is rent and the upkeep of cars, the expense of servants. I don't begrudge the money I pay the government—that's a necessary thing.

BUT why should I stay home between pictures or on my vacation and be bored, when I can travel on tramp steamers and things and have a marvelous time at much less expense? . . ."

Finally, there is this business of marriage. I said, "You've told me you want security, contentment—peace. But does that include a wife and children? You could have just as much happiness as a bachelor, I suppose."

"But that's what I want more than anything else!" He leaned forward, his voice sincere. "Security and peace are synonymous with family—that is, *if the arrangement is successful*. I told you before that the loss of my father had left me feeling that I had no close relationship, that I felt alone. Of course I want a wife and family, to fill that gap in my life.

"But I don't believe any more in hasty marriages. I believe two people should wait a long while before they make a stab at living together—it's all right of course if you don't want children and if you don't care how many divorces you have. But I've had my share of bad luck; I don't want any more. I'll be pretty sure the girl and I are compatible before I suggest a minister."

He thought for a while. Then: "There's another thing, too. I believe that people should wait a few years even after they're married before they have children. You hear people say that kids cement the parents' love for each other—but I don't think that's altogether true. There's a great difference in the attitudes of two people before they live together and afterward; I'm not going to have

my children dragged through the unpleasantness of courts and problems of custody and all that."

"In other words," I said, "you'll stay a bachelor for a while. . . ."

"Yes. I've found a little house out in Brentwood that I like very much—it's small and comfortable and just about right for one person to live in. That will last me until I'm ready for bigger things: for a real home large enough for nurseries and for a family to live in."

"And Mary Brian?"

CARY smiled. "I read about that in the columns. It isn't true. We haven't even considered marriage. Later—who knows? Maybe."

"It isn't only that I believe in knowing a girl completely before making her my wife—it's that emotionally and every other way I'm unsettled and unprepared. I've got to work just as hard as I can to adjust myself in my new philosophies and my new attitudes. Five years is short enough time to find yourself after a complete emotional upheaval."

A sensible, adult decision, you'll agree.

When he does marry—whether it is Mary Brian or someone else—she will be a person who is already pictured in his mind. She will have tolerance, he told me—an ability to "forgive and forget"—and she will have that elusive but necessary quality commonly known as humor. Wherefore his next matrimonial venture will be the exact antithesis of his former one.

Whatever happens, Cary Grant will dig his way out of the figurative pit he's in and find the happiness he wants.

I came away knowing that.

What Women Don't Know About Themselves

What Men Don't Know About Themselves

Sure—it's a debate with suave Basil Rathbone on the one hand and brilliant Bette Davis on the other. And such things as they do say! Why they may even make some people angry enough to answer back! Read for yourself

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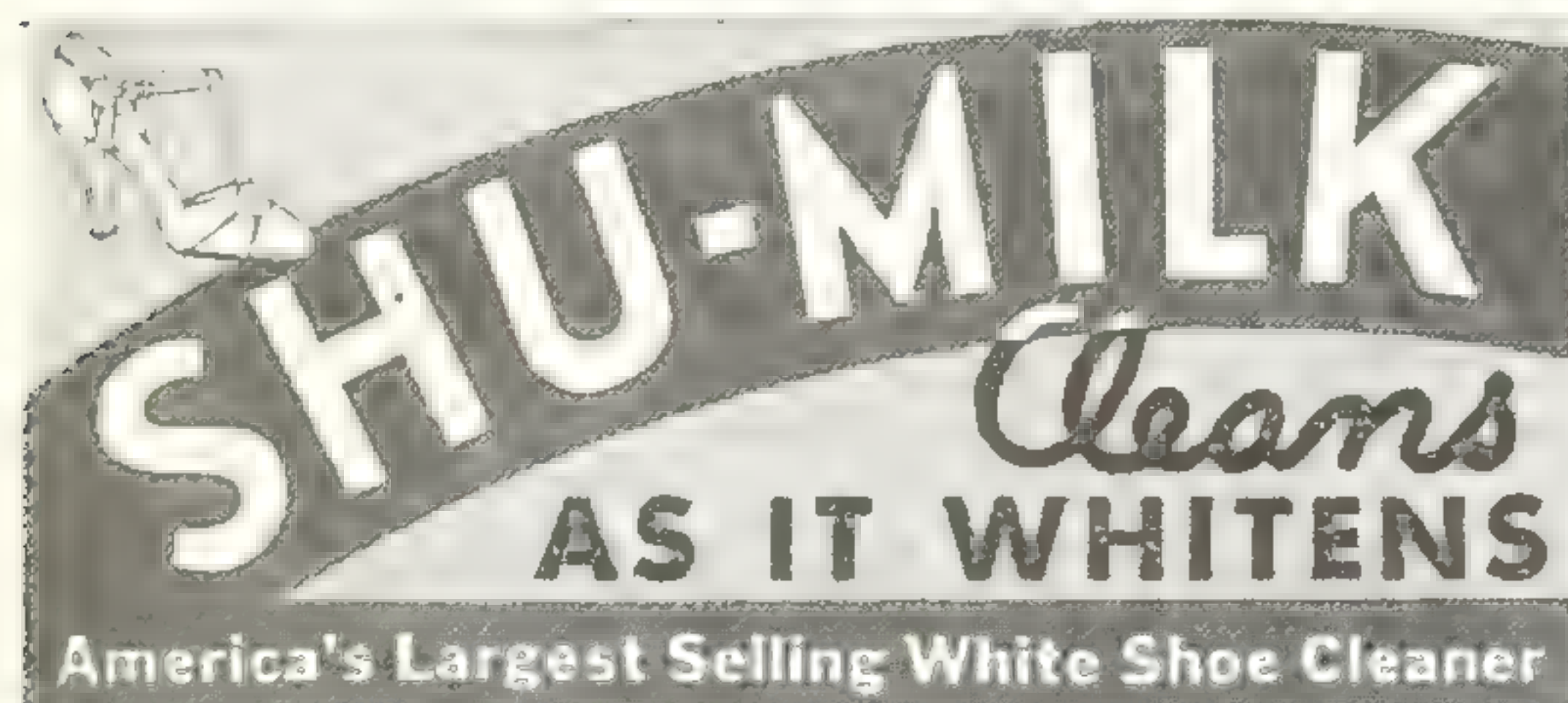
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Why Fame Can't Spoil Fred Astaire

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22]

"Many a time, when the hot summer months were upon us," one of the doormen said, "we'd unbutton our stiff collars. Some of the tenants would complain to the superintendent. But Astaire would say, 'Don't bother putting up your collars. You must be sweltering.'"

"And was he nice to us! There wasn't a show in which he starred that we didn't see. He'd give us sixth row orchestra seats, \$6.60 ones, as many as we wanted."

You've never heard the story of what Fred Astaire did for his chauffeur, Tom Gisborn, did you? I had to ferret it out, for Fred doesn't boast of his good deeds. Tom Gisborn wanted to be an aviator. But in order to become a pilot, one must have money for the training course. And plenty of leisure during ordinary working hours, for you can't learn to pilot a plane at night.

Being a democratic soul, Fred Astaire talked to his chauffeur as if they were buddies. And it wasn't long before Tom had confided his secret dreams of some day becoming another Lindbergh.

THE obvious thing for Fred to do was to give Tom a raise in salary, and then forget all about it. But you don't know Fred Astaire if you think he did that.

Instead, he advanced the money for Tom's long sought aviation course. And then he shifted Tom's hours, so that Tom could start in immediately to take the course. Using taxis while his Rolls Royce stood idle was what this entailed. But Fred Astaire did it gladly. And when Tom Gisborn tried to thank him, he flushed and changed the subject.

And you've never heard the story of how he helped Ziegfeld get on his feet, after Ziegfeld refused to pay him his back salary.

It happened almost half a dozen years ago, when Fred Astaire was starred with Marilyn Miller in the Ziegfeld show, "Smiles." It proved one of the few failures of his career. When the show closed, Ziegfeld owed Astaire \$10,000, two weeks' salary.

Claiming he had lost money in the show, and could not afford to pay salaries, Ziegfeld refused to give Fred the money due him.

There were no fireworks, no threats from Astaire. Instead, he listened to Ziegfeld's arguments, then took the matter to Equity, which decided in Astaire's favor. By the time the arbitration board had made its decision, Ziegfeld had another hit show on Broadway, "Hot Cha."

Now Ziegfeld came to Astaire, and asked a favor of him. According to the arbitration decree, Ziegfeld had to pay Astaire the \$10,000 immediately. Instead, he wanted to give it to Fred in installments, claiming that paying him \$10,000 in a lump sum would work a hardship on him.

Had Astaire wanted to be vindictive, or petty, he could have refused. And then he could have attached Ziegfeld's current hit and collected his money.

But there isn't an ounce of rancor in Astaire's makeup. Quite readily, he accepted Ziegfeld's terms. If it would help Ziegfeld out to pay him in dribs and drabs, it was okay with Astaire. Ziegfeld appreciated this, and he remained one of Astaire's staunchest admirers.

And then there was the time Marilyn Miller and Fred were rehearsing for one of their

shows. Both had been practicing their dances for hours and were totally exhausted. Warily they agreed to call it a day.

Just then Evelyn Laye, the actress, walked in on them. She had arrived a few days before from London, and both Fred and Marilyn liked her immensely.

"I'd so love to see you dance," she said. "I've heard so much about your work."

I would have politely explained that I was tired, and suggested Miss Laye watch me from the audience side of the theater. But not Fred.

Without a word, he and Marilyn got up, disregarded their aching limbs, and went through their entire routine for Evelyn's enjoyment.

Would you do as much to oblige a co-worker?

When Fred's sister, Adele, left their show, "Bandwagon," to marry Lord Cavendish, Vera Marsh was given Adele's rôle. Naturally, Vera was timid at the beginning, and in her over-zealousness to make a success, made a few errors. Regardless of who was at fault, Fred Astaire always took the blame. He kept encouraging Vera, just as he later encouraged Ginger Rogers. He'd neglect his own steps to help her learn hers.

Nor did Fred Astaire ever take himself too seriously or feel that the world would miss something if he stopped dancing.

Do you remember when the roller skating craze was at its height, about four years ago? Jock Whitney, Fred's best friend, sent Fred a pair of roller skates, with a huge wheel in front, and a wheel in back.

And Fred Astaire just loved to go roller skating, up and down Park Avenue. Fearing sharp-eyed reporters, he went skating after midnight, when no one would recognize him.

In vain his mother, who dotes on her Freddie, pleaded with him to desist from this childish sport. What if he turned his ankle? What if he injured one of his feet? His dancing career would be over. To all of which Freddie shrugged his shoulders, and said, "Don't worry. I'll be all right."

IN case you feel that Hollywood and his world-wide success in the movies has changed Fred Astaire, I want to tell you of something he did after he arrived in Hollywood.

Just before he married and went West, Charles Luthauser, the taxi driver who drove Fred to and from the theater, underwent a serious operation. Convalescing proved long and costly—much too costly for Charlie's slim pocketbook.

Fred missed the taxi driver, and asked about him. He was told that Charlie was dreadfully ill, and quite poor.

A short while later, Charlie received a letter from Hollywood, containing a nice, fat check—and an apologetic note from Fred. "I'm so sorry I haven't done anything before," it read in part. "I've been so busy. You'll hear from me later."

And it was Fred Astaire, Hollywood Big Shot, who wrote his fifth grade public school teacher, Miss Eva Brundage, quite recently, inquiring about the health and pursuits of many of his classmates.

Fred Astaire has never lost the common touch, has never felt himself to be above the rest of humanity.

To this day, he has no inflated opinion of

himself as an actor and is bewildered by his success in the movies.

When he first went out to appear for RKO-Radio, he begged producers not to put him in romantic rôles. "With my funny face," he said, "where do I come in playing Romeo? There are many men better equipped for the part."

So dubious was he of Hollywood success, that he spoke pessimistically to friends of the whole business, and said he'd be back in town for good after making "Flying Down to Rio."

When RKO-Radio took up his option, he was dumbstruck with pleased surprise. And then and there he showed an all-too-human trait, one you and I have.

With all his generosity, he can be petty at times. Now was one of them. He was worried, of all things, about the fact that his contract with RKO failed to specify they were to pay his fare to and from New York!

Hollywood seems to have changed Fred Astaire in only one thing. That's in the matter of clothes. He's reputed to be the best dressed man in Hollywood today.

In his pre-Hollywood days, he loved to slouch around in a business suit. He used a tie for a belt quite regularly. And, according to Renee Carroll, the famous hat-check girl at Sardi's Restaurant, the meeting place of the theatrical bigwigs, his hat was a dirty old felt, badly in need of blocking.

I saw him at the opening night of "Flying Colors," in which his friend, Clifton Webb, starred. It was a typical first night turnout, with men in full dress, and women in filmy, shimmering gowns.

Suddenly, in walked Fred Astaire in a grey business suit. While clinging to his arm was a lovely girl in faultless evening dress, the present Mrs. Astaire. And he acted as unconcerned as if he was dolled up like a clothing ad of what the well dressed man will wear for formal affairs.

But I wonder if Hollywood has really changed him in this? On a recent trip to Catalina Island, I understand, he was refused admission to the dance floor because he was wearing sports clothes and no tie. Did he make a fuss? Did he announce to the proprietor who he was, and how great an honor he was bestowing upon him by appearing as his guest?

He did not. Instead, he just grinned his silly grin, returned to his hotel, put on a tie, and came back to dance.

THE LIFE STORY of a GIRL WHO WON'T TALK

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The Facts of Hollywood Life

I DO

Jack Oakie and Venita Varden, ex-Follies beauty, in Yuma.

Edmund Lowe and Rita Kaufman, Hollywood stylist, in Armonk Village, N. Y.

Jean Parker and George McDonald, N. Y. newspaperman-socialite, in a Las Vegas elopement.

Dorothy Wilson, actress and ex-studio stenographer, and Lew Foster, writer, in church in Los Angeles.

Onslow Stevens and Anne Buchanan, Pasadena socialite, in Las Vegas.

Frank Davis, associate producer, and Tess Slesinger, novelist, in Los Angeles.

LOVE OPTIONS

Allan Jones on Irene Hervey; Rian James, author, on Ann Andre, actress; apple-eating Bert Wheeler on Sally Haines, actress.

SPARKING

Leading the romance race of the month were Howard Hughes, millionaire sportsman, and Frances Drake; oft-engaged Mary Brian and Cary Grant; Alice Faye and Michael Whalen; petite Ida Lupino and suave Louis Hayward.

MARITAL WOE

Arline Judge and Director Wesley Ruggles are hoping their trial separation will patch up their difficulties.

Divorce papers have been filed in Sylvia Sidney vs. Bennett Cerf and Helen Twelvetrees vs. Frank B. Woody cases.

"Divorce granted" told to Roger Pryor and Priscilla Mitchell Pryor in New Jersey, to Douglas MacLean, producer and ex-actor, and Lorraine Eddy MacLean in Los Angeles, and to Margaret Sullavan and Director William Wyler in Mexico.

Planning Renoccupation is Mrs. Arthur Hornblow, Jr., clearing the way for his marriage to Myrna Loy.

AS IT MUST TO ALL

Death came to Ben Verscheiser, Universal producer, in Hollywood, due to illness.

GOOD MORNING JUDGE

Victor Jory was sued for \$35,000 damages in a traffic accident and in turn sued his suers for \$25,000 for his own injuries in the same accident.

Barbara Stanwyck won the suit an agent brought against her for \$3500 for alleged services.

Jimmy Cagney won his suit against his erstwhile employers, Warner Brothers studio, and had his contract cancelled by the court. The studio has appealed the decision to the supreme court.

Screen contracts of minors Spanky McFarland, dancer Sunnie O'Dea, Caroline Houseman and Betty Burgess approved by court.

ON THE HEIRWAYS

Pioneer Pictures Vice President Meriam C. and Dorothy Jordan Cooper have made reservations for an additional passenger.

Director and Mrs. Dick Wallace adopted their second child, a little girl.

HITHER AND YON

By boat, plane and train Fred Stone traveled to N. Y. and Florida; Harold Lloyd to N. Y. on business; the William Wellmans to Hawaii for vacation; Dolores Del Rio and Husband Cedric Gibbons to Europe; Harry Joe and Sally Eilers Brown to N. Y. via the canal; Doris Kenyon and Fay Wray to Hollywood from London.

UNDER THE WEATHER

On the sick or injured list were Dick Powell with laryngitis; Carole Lombard with the flu; Leslie Howard with an arm injured in a duelling scene; Margaret Sullavan with an arm broken in a fall; Mrs. Jack Warner and veteran George O'Hara, both with appendicitis; Patricia Ellis with the measles; and Lina Basquette with infection from a carbuncle.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY

Celebrating natal days but refusing to divulge ages were Wallace Beery, Spencer Tracy, Joan Crawford, Anna Q. Nilsson, Betty Compson, Edward Everett Horton, Rochelle Hudson, Guy Kibbee.

ODDS AND ENDS

Shirley Temple kissed by General John J. "Black Jack" Pershing at Palm Springs.

Anna May Wong reproved by her countrymen for her "immodesty" in American dress.

Pat O'Brien, who was in Warner Brothers doghouse last month, is now in good graces.

Old-timer George Fawcett returned to Hollywood from a too-long stay away in vaudeville and radio.

Ruth Jones, badly injured Warner Brothers publicist, is on her feet again.

Thirty years of making movies was celebrated by Jean Hersholt at testimonial luncheon with Irvin S. Cobb as toastmaster.

On the Spot News

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4]

Rochelle Hudson and Dick Cromwell are following that age-old custom. No engagement announcement, however.

Carole Lombard at last has moved into that new house of hers. It has a professional tennis court but no dining room—she'll do all her entertaining informally by the living room fire.

Bing Crosby is sponsoring a team of 12 girls who will defend his sporting honor in the forthcoming American Soft Ball Association games.

The athletic maidens call themselves "The Croonerettes."

Gary Cooper went to Bermuda, flew in to New York for one day of business conferences, flew back to Bermuda again—and now is home in Hollywood ready for work.

Latest news from the production standpoint is that you will soon see Western pictures in full color. M. G. O'Neill will begin making them when the technicolor laboratories are available.

Hollywood at the Mike

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60]

hired Phil Regan—and all in all, quite a merry evening. Jack has a swell bantering style at the microphone which has given rise to lots of rumors about his getting ready to sign a radio contract. Nothing has come of this as yet.

Twentieth Century-Fox has found itself suddenly with a new romantic personality with lots of potentialities. They signed Don Ameche of radio fame not long ago and when executives saw the rushes of his first picture, they slapped him right into another part. Don for a long time has been leading man on the First Nighter program over NBC, sponsored by Campana. He's broadcasting from Hollywood at the moment and it looks as though he would continue to for a long time.

The Marx Brothers' arrival on the air has been indefinitely postponed. Groucho revealed a short while back that he and his brothers had nearly signed a long-term contract, but the prospective sponsor wanted to bind them for too long a period. Groucho decided that life wasn't worth all the headaches a weekly broadcast would involve. Thinking up new gags week after week, he reported, is too tough a proposition.

Bette Davis, recent Academy Award winner, has her doubts about radio work being a pleasant relief from toiling on Hollywood sets. She came to New York the last of March for an appearance on the aforementioned Lux Theater, and stayed to discover what others before her have found to be the bitter truth. The director of this show demands perfection and perfection in a radio play requires lots of patience and even more rehearsal. Bette was glad to go back to the comparative comfort of making another film.

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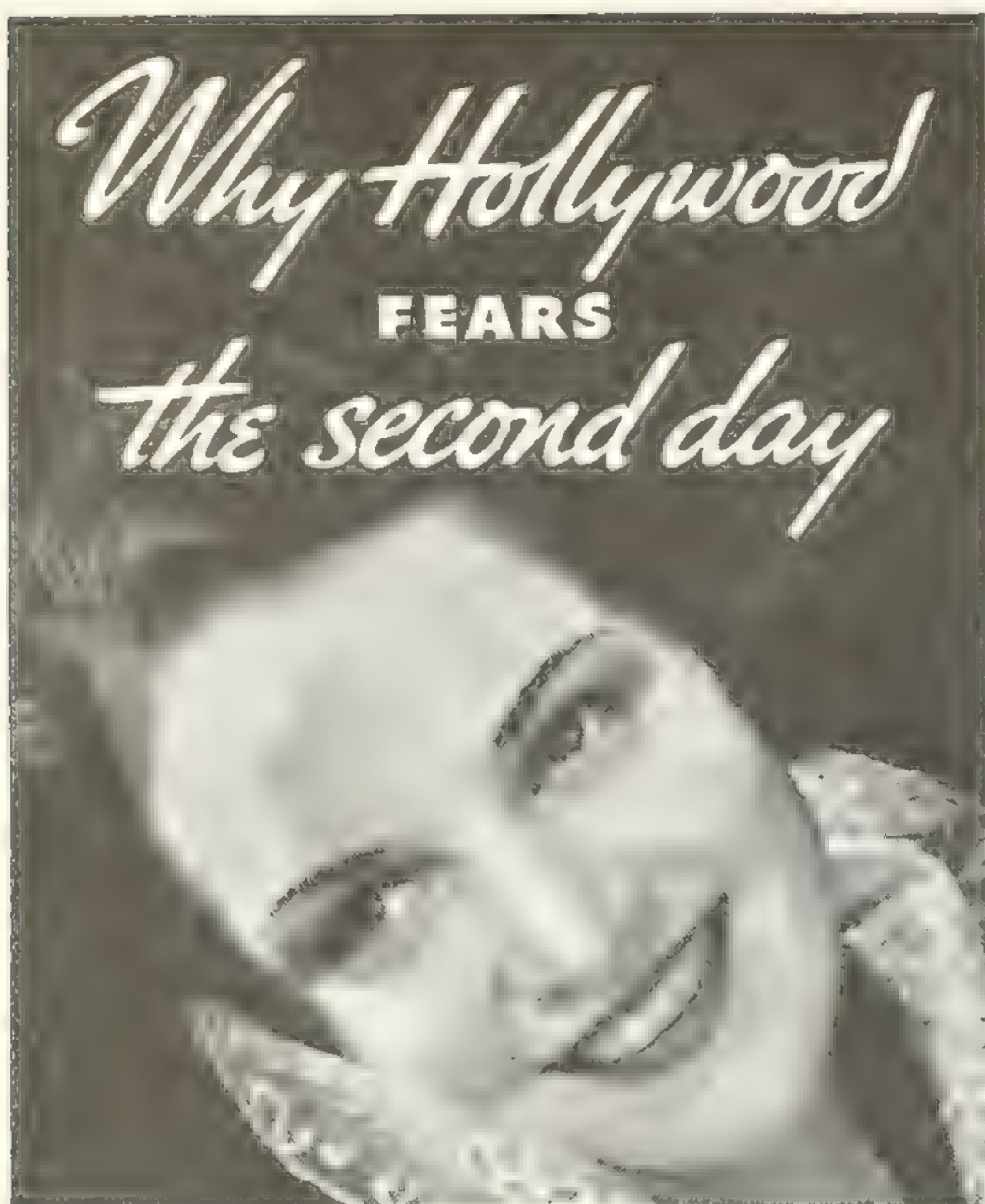


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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]

★ **CASE OF THE LUCKY LEGS, THE**—First National.—Warren Williams, superbly suave and witty, gayly unravels a leg-contest promoter's murder with the amusing assistance of Genevieve Tobin. You'll have a grand time finding the murderer. (Dec.)

CASE OF THE MISSING MAN—Columbia.—Criminals go after Roger Pryor, a roving street photographer who accidentally snaps a hold up. Justice triumphs. Mildly exciting. (Feb.)

CEILING ZERO—Warners.—A perfect aviation picture with honest characters, believable situations and flawless direction by Howard Hawks. James Cagney is the irresponsible ace aviator, Pat O'Brien his serious boss. Tense drama and outstanding aerial photography. (Mar.)

CHARLIE CHAN AT THE CIRCUS—20th Century-Fox.—Murder under the big top in the midst of clowns, freaks and animals. Warner Oland gives his usual smooth interpretation, solving the mystery with the help of his son, Key Luke. The midgets, George and Olive Crasno, are outstanding. (May.)

CHATTERBOX—RKO-Radio.—Tears and laughter with Ann Shirley as stage-struck country miss who hears city's laughter in her big moment. Phillips Holmes comforts her. (Mar.)

COLLEEN—Warners.—Conglomeration of farce, musical comedy and straight drama. Joan Blondell as a dizzy chocolate dipper and Jack Oakie are bright spots. Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler so-so. (April.)

COLLEGIATE—Paramount.—The antics of Jack Oakie, Ned Sparks, Joe Penner and Lynne Overman to make you laugh at this humorous story of a gay young man who inherits a girl's school. (Mar.)

CONFIDENTIAL—Mascot.—Donald Cook is the G-Man in this swift moving thriller who sets a trap for a big "numbers" racketeer. Pretty Evalyn Knapp and Warren Hymer's humor relieve the tension. You'll like it. (Jan.)

CORONADO—Paramount.—Comedy, catchy tunes, trick dances. A weak story but enjoyable. A song-writer, Johnny Downs, wins the love of a crooner-ess, Betty Burgess, in Eddie Duchin's band. (Feb.)

★ **CRIME AND PUNISHMENT**—Columbia.—A moving and graphic presentation of Dostoevsky's novel. Peter Lorre is magnificent as the murderer haunted by his conscience. Edward Arnold, Tala Birell, Marian Marsh highlight a fine cast. You should see it. (Feb.)

CRIME OF DOCTOR CRESPI, THE—Republic.—Eric Von Stroheim as the revengeful surgeon in the screen version of one of the eeriest and most gruesome of Edgar Allan Poe's stories, "The Premature Burial," will keep your spine tingling with excitement. (Dec.)

DANCING FEET—Republic.—Excellent tap dancing high lights a rather dull dance drama with Joan Marsh as the dance hall hostess who persuades her grouchy grandpa to back Eddie Nugent's terpsichorean idea. Don't go out of your way. (April.)

DANGEROUS—Warners.—Strong dramatic fare of "Jinx actress," Bette Davis, who destroys all who love her. Franchot Tone the real surprise. Margaret Lindsay, Alison Skipworth and nice cast. (Feb.)

DANGEROUS WATERS—Universal.—Jack Holt as a sea-faring man foils plans for dirty work in the engine room by insurance sharks. Grace Bradley is the vamp, and Charlie Murray's slapstick steals scenes. (April.)

DESERT GOLD—Paramount.—A bang-up Zane Grey Western, with Tom Keene and Monte Blue fighting hard and riding fast for Marsha Hunt and a fabulous gold mine. Buster Crabbe is an Indian chief. Western addicts will love it. (May.)

★ **DESIRE**—Paramount.—Exotic Marlene Dietrich in an ultra sophisticated role of a jewel thief who dupes Gary Cooper into assisting her. Good cast. Excellent photography. Better leave the children at home. (April.)

EAST OF JAVA—Universal.—A time worn shipwreck jungle tale helped by Charles Bickford's scrap with a lion. Cast includes Leslie Fenton, Elizabeth Young and Frank Albertson. (Feb.)

EVERYBODY'S OLD MAN—20th Century-Fox.—Bulky Irvin S. Cobb as a big-hearted food tycoon teaches nephew Norman Foster a few business tricks while saving the financial day for Rochelle Hudson and Johnny Downs. Lively, wholesome fun. (May.)

EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT—20th Century-Fox.—Engaging little picture of everyday problems of the average family. Jed Prouty, Spring Byington and talented cast. First of a series entitled "Our American Family." (April.)

EXCLUSIVE STORY—M-G-M.—Mildly exciting film of newspaper fight on racketeering. Madge Evans and Franchot Tone are love interest. Stu Erwin is crusading reporter and Joseph Calleia is Gangster No. 1. (Mar.)

FARMER IN THE DELL—RKO-Radio.—Highly diverting film of an Iowa bucolic, Fred Stone, perplexed by the twist of fate which makes him a movie star. Esther Dale marvelous as his wife; Jean Parker and Frank Albertson nice as sweethearts. Moroni Olsen steals scenes. (May.)

FIGHTING YOUTH—Universal.—A handful of radical students upset college routine in this unconvincing film of campus life. Charlie Farrell is unimpressive as the football hero. (Dec.)

F-MAN—Paramount.—A weak story but mildly amusing, about a soda jerker, Jack Haley, with aspirations to be a G-Man. Practical jokers make him an F-Man, but he turns the tables neatly with the help of Adrienne Marden. (May.)

FIRE TRAP, THE—Larry Darmour Prod.—Exciting exploits of tin hat laddies in a fire and insurance mixup. Norman Foster and Evalyn Knapp are the lovers. (Feb.)

FIRST A GIRL—GB.—Gay, tuneful, with the British singing and dancing star, Jessie Matthews, in an unusual rôle of a female impersonator with hilarious results. Sonnie Hale supports her. (Feb.)

★ **FOLLOW THE FLEET**—RKO-Radio.—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers' amazing dance routines with a nautical background; Irving Berlin's music; a new comer to the screen, Harriet Hilliard, whose singing will thrill you. A hit. (April.)

FRECKLES—RKO-Radio.—A pleasant, though unexciting little story of the Limberlost, affords Tom Brown an opportunity of making love to Carol Stone, but it affords little else to the audience. (Dec.)

FRESHMAN LOVE—Warners.—More collegiate activities, this time it's rowing, with Coach Frank McHugh employing Patricia Ellis' charm to help the boys pull for dear old Billings. Light but lively. (Mar.)

FRISCO KID—Warners.—James Cagney in fine fighting form as a sailor who rises to rule the gaudy Barbary Coast underworld. Margaret Lindsay, Ricardo Cortez and George E. Stone are splendid. Lots of action. (Jan.)

GARDEN MURDER CASE, THE—M-G-M.—A fairly interesting study of murder by hypnotism with little resemblance to S. S. Van Dine's thriller. Edmund Lowe is satisfactory as Philo Vance; H. B. Warner a convincing heavy, and Virginia Bruce lovely looking. (April.)

GENTLE JULIA—20th Century-Fox.—Booth Tarkington's charming small town tale with Jane Withers playing cupid for Tom Brown in his courtship of Aunt Julia (Marsha Hunt), who falls for city slicker George Meeker. Tom Brown rivals the best Withers' performance to date. (May.)

GIVE US THIS NIGHT—Paramount.—The glorious voices of Gladys Swarthout and Jan Kiepura lift a somewhat mediocre story. Jan plays a singing fisherman in love with a diva. Alan Mowbray is grand as a comic tenor. (May.)

GRAND EXIT—Columbia.—Ann Sothorn with Edmund Lowe. He is an insurance sleuth hunting arson racketeers. Chuck full of surprise. You'll like it. (Feb.)

GREAT IMPERSONATOR, THE—Universal.—Oppenheim's melodramatic mixup with Edmund Lowe as a wastral British peer impersonating himself. Confusing. Valerie Hobson, Wera Engels and Henry Mollison in the cast. (Feb.)

★ **HANDS ACROSS THE TABLE**—Paramount.—Don't miss this gay and sparkling comedy of a manicurist who is determined to marry money but winds up entangled in poor but honest love. Carole Lombard, Fred MacMurray and Astrid Allwyn contribute outstanding performances. (Dec.)

HERE COMES TROUBLE—20th Century-Fox.—Paul Kelly's fine talents wasted in an incredibly dull story of thievery with Mona Barrie acting the siren. Skip it. (April.)

HIS FAMILY TREE—RKO-Radio.—Even James Barton's excellent acting is unable to save this preposterous story of a mayoralty campaign which is based upon the changing of the candidate's name from Murphy to Murfree. (Dec.)

HIS NIGHT OUT—Universal.—An exceedingly hilarious comedy with Edward Everett Horton as a fussy dyspeptic who forgets his ailments in love and adventure with Irene Hervey and Jack LaRue. Lots of fun. (Jan.)

HITCH HIKE LADY—Republic.—Fast comedy with Allison Skipworth as poor English mother hitch hiking her way to California. Arthur Treacher and Warren Hymer a perfect comedy team. Good Fun (Mar.)

HOUSE OF A THOUSAND CANDLES, THE—Republic.—Phillips Holmes, Mae Clarke, Irving Pichel and Rosita Moreno do well enough in a mildly interesting film based on Meredith Nicholson's story of the international spy system. (May.)

★ **I DREAM TOO MUCH**—RKO-Radio.—Lily Pons' screen debut in a delightful part. Henry Fonda as conceited composer finds himself swamped in his wife's fame. Thrilling singing. (Feb.)

I FOUND STELLA PARISH—Warners.—Kay Francis and a good cast in a weak story of an actress who tries to protect her child from the shame of a prison birth. Ian Hunter and Jessie Ralph. (Jan.)

IF YOU COULD ONLY COOK—Columbia.—Blue blood, Herbert Marshall pursues romance in-cognito into pantry of gangsters' mansion—finds Jean Arthur. Clever Cinderella tale. (Feb.)

★ **I LIVE MY LIFE**—M-G-M.—Joan Crawford and Brian Aherne battle along the obstacle laden pathway to ultimate love in this smart, society comedy that is sufficiently vital and humorous to fulfill the expectations of all Crawford fans. (Dec.)

★ **IN PERSON**—RKO-Radio.—Fast-paced comedy depicting the deflation of a conceited movie queen, Ginger Rogers, by a he-man with a sense of humor, George Brent. Allan Mowbray and Joan Breslau are admirable. (Jan.)

IT'S IN THE AIR—M-G-M.—Jack Benny posing as a high flyer invades a swank desert resort only to find himself having to vouchsafe his reputation by making a stratosphere flight, which he does successfully amid uproarious humor. You'll get plenty of laughs from this. (Dec.)

★ **IT HAD TO HAPPEN**—20th Century-Fox.—You'll like smooth George Raft and Rosalind Russell in this big city success story of an immigrant who smashes his way to political power. Good cast includes Leo Carrillo, Arline Judge and Alan Dinehart. (April.)

JUST MY LUCK—New Century.—The bad luck this time lies in the mediocrity of production, photography and direction which dogs the footsteps of Charlie Ray's comeback. (Feb.)

KIND LADY—M-G-M.—Not very entertaining crook melodrama. Aline MacMahon regrets her kindness to Basil Rathbone who imprisons her in her own home. Suspense, and not for kiddies. (Feb.)

★ **KING OF BURLESQUE**—20th Century-Fox.—A slick story with plenty of mirth and clever dances. Warner Baxter failing burlesque producer is helped back to Broadway by Alice Faye, Jack Oakie and Gregory Ratoff. (Mar.)

KINGSOLOMON OF BROADWAY—Universal.—Edmund Lowe as a night club proprietor has his hands full holding on to both his club and his women but manages to do so with much wise cracking humor. Pinky Tomlin and Dorothy Page help an otherwise pointless story. (Dec.)

KLONDIKE ANNIE—Paramount.—Mae West, rather offensively mixing sex with religion, turns evangelist in a clumsy tale of the Klondike gold rush. Victor McLaglen wallows harmlessly. You'll yawn. (April.)

LAST DAYS OF POMPEII—RKO-Radio.—A magnificent and awe inspiring spectacle benefits greatly by the new plot that has been given to the old Bulwer-Lytton title. Preston Foster gives a vivid performance as the Pompeian blacksmith who turns gladiator when poverty kills his wife and child. The whole family will enjoy this one. (Dec.)

LAST OF THE PAGANS—M-G-M.—Relating a mighty Polynesian hunter's fight for love. Authentic South Sea settings. A charming idyll. (Feb.)

LAST OUTPOST, THE—Paramount.—The age-old triangle crops up in India this time with Cary Grant as the officer who unknowingly falls in love with his best friend's wife. In spite of the presence of Claude Rains and Gertrude Michael, this only proves to be a fair picture. (Dec.)

LAUGHING IRISH EYES—Republic.—Plenty of shamrocks and brogues in this tale of a fight promoter who backs a blacksmith, who prefers to sing. Evalyn Knapp and Ray Walker persuade him to fight and, of course, win. Phil Regan's singing is nice, and Walter C. Kelly is excellent. (May.)

LEATHERNECKS HAVE LANDED, THE—Republic.—Plenty of action in this illogical tale of a rambunctious marine, Lew Ayres, who reinstates himself through his heroism for the stars and stripes. Isabel Jewell is with him. (April.)

LITTLE AMERICA—Paramount.—The magnificent adventure and thrilling heroism of the second Byrd Antarctic adventure has been strikingly captured and assembled into an important educational picture with Admiral Byrd making a personable and handsome actor. Worth while seeing. (Dec.)

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★ **LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY**—Selznick-International. — A superb production of Frances Hodgson Burnett's story of a New York boy in line for an earldom. Freddie Bartholomew wins new distinction as the little lord, and C. Aubrey Smith top acclaim as the crochety earl. Dolores Costello is lovely as Dearest; Guy Kibbee and Henry Stephenson are excellent, too. Don't miss it. (May.)

★ **LITTLEST REBEL, THE**—20th Century-Fox.—Shirley Temple weeps, sings and dances as the daughter of John Boles, a Confederate army captain. Bill Robinson too. You'll like it. (Feb.)

★ **LOVE ON A BET**—RKO-Radio.—Amusing dialogue, unique comedy situations and effortless performances by Helen Broderick, Wendy Barrie, and Gene Raymond, who sets out to win a bet against impossible odds. Grand fun. (April.)

★ **MAGNIFICENT OBSESSION**—Universal.—Singularly moving story beautifully directed by John Stahl. Robert Taylor wooing a young widow Irene Dunne, accidentally blinds her, then devotes his life to surgery. Sterling performances by both. Highly recommended. (Mar.)

★ **MAN HUNT**—Warners.—Fairly bright tale of a hick reporter, William Gargan and school-marm, Marguerite Churchill who tackle the Big City for escaped bad man Ricardo Cortez. Chic Sale captures him. (Mar.)

★ **MARY BURNS, FUGITIVE**—Walter Wanger-Paramount.—The dramatic vicissitudes of a feminine fugitive from justice. Sylvia Sydney, Melvyn Douglas and Alan Baxter are excellent. (Feb.)

★ **MELODY LINGERS ON, THE**—Reliance.—A good cast headed by Josephine Hutchinson and George Houston can't save this tiresome story. A student abroad in 1914 has a child by an opera singer. He is killed, the child is taken. She finds him grown and starts him on a musical career. (Jan.)

★ **MELODY TRAIL**—Republic.—Gene Autry's pleasant, easy warbling of cowboy ballads is the redeeming feature of this impossible potpourri of cattle rustling, kidnaping and rodeos. (Dec.)

★ **MESSAGE TO GARCIA, A**—20th Century-Fox.—A spectacular, somewhat overdrawn story of President McKinley's secret message to Cuban insurgents during the Spanish-American War, with John Boles as the hero, Barbara Stanwyck and Wallace Beery. Superior photography. (May.)

★ **METROPOLITAN**—20th Century-Fox.—Grand opera behind the scenes with baritone Lawrence Tibbett's voice finer than ever. Virginia Bruce, Alice Brady and George Marion, Sr. are exceptional. Direction outstanding. (Jan.)

★ **MIDNIGHT PHANTOM**—Reliance.—Fairish entertainment with Detective Reginald Denny solving a murder committed in police headquarters. Competent cast with Claudia Dell and Lloyd Hughes. (Feb.)

★ **MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, A**—Warner Bros.—Shakespeare is brought to the screen after considerable anticipation and speculation. The amusing fantasy is elaborately staged and cast to afford entertainment to all, but the values derived from individual interpretations will necessarily differ. It is a milestone in the progress of motion pictures, and as such is tremendously significant. (Dec.)

★ **MILKY WAY, THE**—Paramount.—Harold Lloyd better than ever in a Caspar Milquetoast characterization. Fast story, clever dialogue and swell cast including Adolphe Menjou, Verree Teasdale, Helen Mack, Bill Gargan. Grand fun. (April.)

★ **MILLIONS IN THE AIR**—Paramount.—Featherweight comedy of amateur radio hours. Wendy Barrie and John Howard an appealing sweetheart team. (Feb.)

★ **MISS PACIFIC FLEET**—Warners.—The team of Joan Blondell and Glenda Farrell skitter through a lightweight comedy about a popularity contest. Broad comedy, but monotonous. (Feb.)

★ **MISTER HOBO**—GB.—George Arliss being himself in a delightful tale of the highway. Gene Gerrard Viola Keats and an excellent supporting cast. (Feb.)

★ **MODERN TIMES**—Charles Chaplin.—United Artists.—Charlie Chaplin's new opus. Unadulterated comedy served up in the old hilarious Chaplin style. The musical score is excellent, and he sings! See it by all means. (April.)

★ **MOONLIGHT MURDER**—M-G-M.—A too complicated plot combining opera, murder, and mercy killings. In the cast are Leo Carrillo, Chester Morris, Madge Evans, and J. C. Naish who takes honors as a madman. (May.)

★ **MURDER OF DOCTOR HARRIGAN, THE**—Warners.—Ricardo Cortez gives the only acceptable performance in this unsatisfactory mystery which has some terrific technical faux pas. (Jan.)

★ **MUSIC IS MAGIC**—20th Century-Fox.—Bebe Daniels as an aging movie queen who won't be her age, steps out and shows some real troupin' in a pleasant semi-musical headed by Alice Faye and Ray Walker, and enlivened by snappy ditties. (Dec.)

★ **MUSS 'EM UP**—RKO-Radio.—A mystery tale with a fake kidnaping and a real murder to keep you alternately laughing and guessing. Preston Foster convincing as the detective; Big Boy Williams has fun as his stooge. Margaret Callahan and Florine McKinney are the heart throbs. (April.)

★ **MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY**—M-G-M.—Magnificent sea saga culled from the Nordhoff-Hall book. Charles Laughton as *Captain Bligh*, Clark Gable as *Fletcher Christian*, leader of the mutiny, and Franchot Tone as *Midshipman Byam*. Superb acting, direction, scenery and cast. Don't miss it. (Jan.)

★ **MY MARRIAGE**—20th Century-Fox.—Solid performances by Claire Trevor, Kent Taylor and Paul Kelly help a weak and confusing picture of society versus underworld tangled up by several murders. (Feb.)

★ **NAVY WIFE**—20th Century-Fox.—Because of her own unpleasant family experiences, navy nurse, Claire Trevor, is afraid of love and marriage but eventually does wed Ralph Bellamy in this unexciting and listless film. (Dec.)

★ **NEVADA**—Paramount.—A Zane Grey Western. Buster Crabbe and Sid Saylor prove their mettle in a cattle war. Grand scenery and Kathleen Burke. (Feb.)

★ **NEXT TIME WE LOVE**—Universal.—Ursula Parrot's moving story acted with sincerity and distinction by Margaret Sullavan, and new comer James Stewart as a young married couple torn between love, marriage and personal ambition. Outstanding direction. (April.)

★ **NIGHT AT THE OPERA, A**—M-G-M.—Those idiotic zanies, the Marx Brothers, start cavorting in Italy and wind up in a New York opera house. Singing Allan Jones and Kitty Carlisle are romantic. You'll love it. (Jan.)

★ **ONE WAY TICKET**—Columbia.—Peggy Conklin's personality high-lights a poorly constructed picture of the warden's daughter falling for prisoner Lloyd Nolan. Walter Connolly and Edith Fellows are good. (Jan.)

★ **O'SHAUGNESSY'S BOY**—M-G-M.—The agreeable combination, Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper, click again in a circus story that is dripping with tears and overflowing with pathos, but one that you will long remember especially for Wallace Beery's splendid performance. (Dec.)

★ **PADDY O'DAY**—20th Century-Fox.—Jane Withers brings laughs and tears in this homely little story of an orphan's adventures in New York. Rita Cansino, Pinky Tomlin and George Givot. (Jan.)

★ **PERSONAL MAID'S SECRET**—Warner Bros.—A warmly human and thoroughly delightful picture glorifies the lowly family maid to a position of importance in the lives of an average family. Ruth Donnelly interprets the part of the maid to perfection. (Dec.)

★ **PETER IBBETSON**—Paramount.—An artistically produced new version of the romantic love of *Peter Ibbetson*, a young architect (Gary Cooper) for the *Duchess of Towers*, Ann Harding. (Jan.)

★ **PETTICOAT FEVER**—M-G-M.—You'll have tons of laughs at this gay, twinkling, nonsensical tale of an exiled Englishman in Labrador and his reactions to a beautiful woman. Robert Montgomery is deft; Myrna Loy has her customary charm; Reginald Owen is funny, and even the Eskimos are a riot. (May.)

★ **PRISONER OF SHARK ISLAND**—20th Century-Fox.—Warner Baxter superb in a dramatic, gripping, and distinguished role as *Dr. Mudd* who is incarcerated for his innocent help to the assassin of Abraham Lincoln. Gloria Stuart is beautifully cast as his loyal wife. Splendid. (April.)

★ **PREVIEW MURDER MYSTERY, THE**—Paramount.—A smartly paced and puzzling mystery, with Rod LaRoque as the murdered star, and Reginald Denny, Frances Drake, Gail Patrick and Conway Tearle all contributing to the suspense and suspicion. (April.)

★ **PROFESSIONAL SOLDIER**—20th Century-Fox.—Victor McLaglen and Freddie Bartholomew in story of adventurous boy king, a Graustarkian revolution and a tough soldier of fortune. Old melodramatics but you will like it. (Mar.)

★ **RACING LUCK**—Winchester-Republic.—An unpretentious stock racing story with novel twist. William Boyd, Ernest Hilliard, Barbara Worth. George Ernst in the cast. (Feb.)

★ **RED SALUTE**—Reliance.—Bob Young is lured into desertion by Barbara Stanwyck in this funny version of a cross country flight, but he eventually is successful in restoring her patriotism. Recommended for hearty laughs. (Dec.)

★ **REMEMBER LAST NIGHT**—Universal.—A wild party, hangovers, four murders and a suicide are combined in an effort to imitate the "Thin Man" style but falls short in spite of the swell cast that includes Edward Arnold, Constance Cummings, Sally Eilers, Robert Young, Robert Armstrong and Reginald Denny. (Dec.)

★ **RENDEZVOUS**—M-G-M.—Exciting comedy melodrama with Bill Powell as the ace-de-coder of the U. S. Intelligence Department who busts up an enemy spy ring. Rosalind Russell superb as his feather-brained sweetheart. Do see this. (Jan.)

RETURN OF JIMMY VALENTINE, THE—Republic.—A semi-mystery with exceptional suspense and sparkling dialogue, concerning the disappearance of that beloved rogue, *Jimmy Valentine*. Well played by Roger Pryor, J. Carrol Naish and Edgar Kennedy (*April*.)

★ **RHODES**—GB.—A sincere picture of the life of the famed British diamond merchant, patriot and scholar. Walter Huston able as Rhodes, Basil Sydney fine as Dr. Jameson, but highest honors go to Oscar Homolka as Paul Kruger. (*May*.)

RIFFRAFF—M-G-M.—Jean Harlow surrounded by fish canneries, labor troubles and penitentiaries. Spencer Tracy is her man. Lots of battles and love scenes. Joseph Calleia and Una Merkel are great. (*Mar.*)

RING AROUND THE MOON—Chesterfield.—Donald Cook, Erin O'Brien Moore, and Ann Doran in story of a publisher's daughter who marries a reporter. Mixed up but creditable. (*Feb.*)

ROAD GANG—Warners.—Good performances by Donald Woods, Kay Linaker, Henry O'Neill, and Joseph King fail to raise this grim, depressing story of a writer who exposes the crookedness of a state political dictator. Pretty brutal. (*May*.)

ROBIN HOOD OF EL DORADO, THE—M-G-M.—Fine direction and superb cast in a thrilling, but too romantic tale of the bandit Juana Murrieta, the Robin Hood of early California history. Warner Baxter handles the desperado's rôle well. (*May*.)

★ **ROSE MARIE**—M-G-M.—Vigorous, romantic, melodic and polished operetta with Jeanette MacDonald as an opera star and Nelson Eddy as a Royal Mounted policeman. Their singing is better than ever. First rate entertainment. (*Mar.*)

ROSE OF THE RANCHO—Paramount.—Opera star, Gladys Swarthout's screen debut in story of land grabbers in Spanish California. Enchanting singing. John Boles, Charles Bickford, Willie Howard are good. (*Mar.*)

SEVEN KEYS TO BALDPATE—RKO-Radio.—The perennial mystery of Baldpate Inn with a new ending and modern wisecracks. The sparkling cast includes Gene Raymond, Eric Blore, Margaret Callahan, Henry Travers. (*Feb.*)

SEEING EYE, THE—Educational.—An instructive and heart-warming picturization of the worthy non-profit organization in New Jersey which trains German police dogs to lead the blind. (*April*.)

SHE COULDN'T TAKE IT—Columbia.—A swiftly paced and hokum packed version of the harassed millionaire and his spoiled family gives George Raft an opportunity to wage a battle of temperaments with Joan Bennett until love finally crashed through. Funny in spite of its shortcomings. (*Dec.*)

SHIP CAFE—Paramount.—Fairly entertaining musical romance with Carl Brisson rising on the wings of song from stoker to gigolo. Arlene Judge and Mady Christians. (*Jan.*)

★ **SHIPMATES FOREVER**—Warners-Cosmopolitan.—The perennial Annapolis story emerges fresh and appealing with Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler giving knockout performances and adding sparkling gayety with their songs and dances. The story is more original than the general run and one that you will enjoy immensely. (*Dec.*)

★ **SHOW THEM NO MERCY**—20th Century-Fox.—This gripping kidnapper-hunt film is full of terrific suspense after Edward Norris, Rochelle Hudson and baby stumble into a gangster's hideout. A prize portrayal by "killer" Bruce Cabot. (*Jan.*)

SILLY BILLIES—RKO-Radio.—Old Home Week for Wheeler and Woolsey, who are covered wagoneers this time. Old stuff, but funny. Dorothy Lee is Wheeler's heart trouble. (*May*.)

SNOWED UNDER—Warners.—An unpretentious and rib-tickling little farce with George Brent as a playwright harrassed by too many wives. Genevieve Tobin, Patricia Ellis and Glenda Farrell furnish the feminine distraction. (*April*.)

SO RED THE ROSE—Paramount.—Stark Young's tender, tragic Civil War tale of a ruined Southern family, beautifully presented. Margaret Sullivan, Randolph Scott, Walter Connolly and Janet Beecher give distinctive performances. (*Jan.*)

SONG AND DANCE MAN—20th Century-Fox.—Paul Kelly and Claire Trevor struggle through an old story of a mis-mated vaudeville team who can't stick together on Broadway, with the usual backstage sacrifice. Just another movie. (*April*.)

SPANISH CAPE MYSTERY—Republic.—A California murder mystery entertainingly handled. Detective Donald Cook solves everything with Helen Twelvetrees' help. Burton Churchill's waggish humor helps. (*Jan.*)

SPLENDOR—Sam Goldwyn-United Artists.—Wife, Miriam Hopkins sacrifices herself for husband, Joel McCrea's success. Enjoyable cast with Paul Cavanagh, Billie Burke and Helen Westley. (*Feb.*)

STAR OVER BROADWAY—Warners.—Broadway success story with catchy tunes sung by radio discovery James Melton. Good cast including Pat O'Brien, Jean Muir, and songstress Jane Froman. (*Jan.*)

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★ **STORY OF LOUIS PASTEUR, THE—Warners.**—An unusually strong picture of the struggles, disappointments and success of the French scientist who proved the germ theory. Paul Muni excellent as *Pasteur*. Anita Louise and Donald Woods are the mild love interest. (Feb.)

★ **STRIKE ME PINK—Goldwyn-United Artists.**—Eddie Cantor extravaganza with good plot, beautiful girls, magnificent sets and swell songs. Eddie running an amusement park gets mixed up with gangsters. Sally Eilers is his secretary. Ethel Merman is the vamp and sings torch songs. You'll like it. (Mar.)

★ **SYLVIA SCARLETT—RKO-Radio.**—Katharine Hepburn, Brian Aherne in a whimsical, merry mad pointless story with charming acting and scenes. Cary Grant in a crook comedy rôle steals the picture. (Feb.)

★ **13 HOURS BY AIR—Paramount.**—A melodramatic story of the transcontinental air service with a fine cast. Fred MacMurray is pilot; Joan Bennett, Brian Donlevy, Alan Baxter, Fred Keating and ZaSu Pitts are the passengers who furnish thrilling suspense. Excellent direction. (May.)

★ **TALE OF TWO CITIES, A—M-G-M.**—Dickens' French Revolution story, rich in spectacular glamour. Ronald Colman as Sydney Carton who redeems a mis-spent life. Elizabeth Allan and a talented cast. Very worth while. (Feb.)

★ **THE COUNTRY DOCTOR—20th Century-Fox.**—The famous Dionne quintuplets' début as actresses. Superb story, direction and cast, which includes Jean Hersholt as the doctor, Dorothy Peterson as nurse, John Qualen as the father, and Slim Summerville. On your "must see" list. (May.)

★ **THANKS A MILLION—20th Century-Fox.**—Dick Powell singing grand songs, Paul Whitehead, Fred Allen, Patsy Kelly's slapstick, the Yacht Club Boys, Ann Dvorak's dancing are only a few of the items you'll find in this swell fast-moving film (Jan.)

★ **THE INVISIBLE RAY—Universal.**—The Shiver and Shake Boys, Karloff and Lugosi combine their horror talents in tale of scientist who discovers a new element which kills or cures. Lugosi is the hero (Mar.)

★ **THE KING OF THE DAMNED—GB.**—Stark realism about a convict revolt on a penal island led by Conrad Veidt and seconded by Noah Beery. Helen Vinson good as commandant's daughter and Cecil Ramage is a perfect villain. Tons of suspense. Not for children. (Mar.)

★ **THE LADY CONSENTS—RKO-Radio**—Ann Harding's fine talents wasted in the too familiar triangle about understanding wife losing her husband Herbert Marshall to scheming minx. She wins him back. (Mar.)

★ **THE LEAVENWORTH CASE—Republic.**—Obvious plot concerning the murder of Mr. Leavenworth on the eve of his giving away his millions. Norman Foster and Donald Cook are around. Dull. (Mar.)

★ **THE MOON'S OUR HOME—Paramount.**—Comedy, drama and emotional appeal in a gay and stirring love story. Margaret Sullivan, a spoiled movie queen, and Henry Fonda, a spoiled writer, fall in love unaware of each other's identity. Magnificently cast. You must go. (May.)

★ **THE PASSING OF THE THIRD FLOOR BACK—GB.**—Interesting modern allegory with Conrad Veidt as "The Stranger" who exerts a powerful influence for good on a lot of vicious people. Cast and direction are excellent. (Mar.)

★ **THE PERFECT GENTLEMAN—M-G-M.**—Slight, foolish comedy with witty Frank Morgan capering as music hall favorite with English Cecely Courtneidge. Competent cast. (Feb.)

★ **THE PETRIFIED FOREST—Warners.**—Former Broadway hit with powerful drama. Poetic Leslie Howard wanders into desert oasis, meets Bette Davis. Tender love scenes and tense situations. (Mar.)

★ **THE SINGING KID—Warners.**—Al Jolson with never a better voice in a story of a singer and his troubles with two-timing Claire Dodd, a crooked lawyer, Lyle Talbot, Sybil Jason, the little fixer, and Beverly Roberts, the heart. Plenty of exhilarating frills, too, including the Yacht Club Boys and Cab Calloway. (May.)

★ **THESE THREE—Sam Goldwyn-United Artists.**—A powerful dramatic theme showing how a child's malicious lie can destroy three innocent people. Joe McCrea, Miriam Hopkins and Merle Oberon splendid and two little girls, Bonita Granville and Marcia Mae Jones, win stellar honors. Outstanding direction. (May.)

★ **THE WIDOW FROM MONTE CARLO—Warners.**—Dolores Del Rio, Warren William and Louise Fazenda try hard to lift up a tedious picture about a bored duchess who turns a flirtation into true love. Warren Hymer steals honors. (Mar.)

★ **\$1000 A MINUTE—Republic.**—A "broke" reporter, Roger Pryor, gets the job of spending a thousand a minute for twelve hours. It's harder than you think when you are suspected of being a crook or a lunatic. (Feb.)

★ **THREE GODFATHERS—M-G-M.**—Peter B. Kyne's story of three desperadoes' sacrifices for a baby found in the desert has expert direction by Richard Boleslawski. Chester Morris as the toughest is superb, and Lewis Stone and Walter Brennan are excellent too. (April.)

★ **THREE KIDS AND A QUEEN—Universal.**—This enlivening comedy of errors develops an accidental kidnapping into the real thing. May Robson as the eccentric millionairess and Henry Armetta win plaudits. (Jan.)

★ **THREE LIVE GHOSTS—M-G-M.**—An uninspired dud with three world war veterans returning to find themselves officially dead. Beryl Mercer, Claude Allister, Dudley Diggs, and Nydia Westman are in the cast. (Mar.)

★ **THREE MUSKETEERS, THE—RKO-Radio.**—A new and delightful presentation of the romantic, swashbuckling classic brings Walter Abel fresh from the New York stage to lead the sword-flashing quartet to a dashing rescue of the Queen's honor (Dec.)

★ **TIMOTHY'S QUEST—Paramount.**—Kate Douglas Wiggin's story of two orphans charmingly and sincerely produced. Dickie Moore, Virginia Weidler, Eleanor Patterson, Eleanor Whitney are all delightful. Take the family. (April.)

★ **TO BEAT THE BAND—RKO-Radio.**—Hugh Herbert struggles through this musical hodge-podge to inherit millions. Helen Broderick, Eric Blore and Roger Pryor struggle for laughs. (Jan.)

★ **TOUGH GUY—M-G-M.**—Mild and moral little piece about a little boy's (Jackie Cooper) adventures when kidnapped with his dog. Gangster Joseph Calleia is excellent, and Rin-Tin-Tin, Jr. the real hero. (April.)

★ **TOO MANY PARENTS—Paramount.**—Don't miss this excellent picture of juvenile life in a military academy full of entertainment and heart interest. All the cast which includes George Ernest, Billy Lee and Carl (Alfalfa) Switzer, is effective. (May.)

★ **TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE, THE—Walter Wanger-Paramount.**—A powerful, splendid picturization of John Fox, Jr.'s novel of mountaineer's feuds done entirely in color. Sylvia Sidney, Henry Fonda, Fred MacMurray and the whole cast excellent. Don't miss it. (April.)

★ **TRANSATLANTIC TUNNEL—GB.**—Richard Dix is the engineer who dreams of a transatlantic tunnel in this well produced, graphically photographed melodrama. Madge Evans is his domestic problem. (Jan.)

★ **TWO FISTED—Paramount.**—Lee Tracy and Roscoe Karns buttle and battle their way through paralyzing scrapes in a millionaire's mansion to guard a tot from his worthless father. It's a scream all the way. (Dec.)

★ **TWO IN THE DARK—RKO-Radio.**—Novel, fast moving tale of an amnesia victim, Walter Abel who becomes embroiled in a murder. Margot Grahame helps him solve it happily. (Mar.)

★ **TWO IN REVOLT—RKO-Radio.**—A nice outdoor story of friendship between a horse and dog. John Arledge trains the horse and wins the boss' daughter, Louise Latimer. Children will love the new Rin-Tin-Tin. (May.)

★ **TWO SINNERS—Republic.**—Otto Kruger and Martha Sleeper are the two principals in this tedious tear-inducing account of an ex-convict's attempt at rehabilitation, while little Cora Sue Collins as the brat adds some slight relief. (Dec.)

★ **VIRGINIA JUDGE, THE—Paramount.**—Walter C. Kelly in the role of the southern small town judge, which he made famous on the stage, makes this otherwise ordinary picture human and appealing. You'll get laughs by the load from the colored lazy-bones. Stepin Fetchit. (Dec.)

★ **VOICE OF BUGLE ANN, THE—M-G-M.**—A homey, appealing little saga, with Lionel Barrymore grand as the dog breeder whose love for his dog causes him to commit murder. Maureen O'Sullivan and Eric Linden are the love interest. Good. (April.)

★ **WE'RE ONLY HUMAN—RKO-Radio.**—An action-packed see-saw battle with newspaper trimmings between a killer's gang and a brawny but dumb sleuth, Preston Foster. Reporteress Jane Wyatt softens his heart. (Feb.)

★ **WHIPSAW—M-G-M.**—G-Man Spencer Tracy trails Myrna Loy, confederate of jewel thieves. Love mixes things up. Satisfying. (Feb.)

★ **WIFE vs. SECRETARY—M-G-M.**—Expert direction, pretentious production and star performances by Clark Gable, Myrna Loy and Jean Harlow lift this familiar triangle to success. Effective support by May Robson and James Stewart. (April.)

★ **WINGS OVER ETHIOPIA—Paramount.**—Here's a chance to obtain a graphic, accurate and comprehensive account of a situation that is of timely interest to the entire world. It's a raw film cross-section of a primitive land so expect a few thrills, chills and shocks. (Dec.)

★ **WOMAN TRAP—Paramount.**—An exciting melodrama with jewel thieves, G-men and abductions all mixed up. Gertrude Michael, George Murphy, Sidney Blackmer in the cast. Suave Akim Tamiroff as a Mexican bad man is a treat. (April.)

★ **YOUR UNCLE DUDLEY—20th Century-Fox.**—A very fast and funny comedy with Edward Everett Horton ruining his business being civic minded. The worm finally turns and all is well. (Feb.)

On the Spot News

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4]

Brent goes even more into seclusion in his hide-out ranch as Garbo nears Hollywood; even the studio must phone through his secretary.

Eleanore Whitney, clever little tap dancer, is casting big brown eyes at actor John Howard.

Carole Lombard is taking the color of her flower garden into her house. All bright colors throughout.

Everything is quiet along the Ginger Rogers-Fred Astaire front, Ginger got more money and Fred less pictures.

Flowers with a gag arrive every week-end from director Eddie Sutherland to Loretta Young. Their friends say it looks like an early marriage.

Edward G. Robinson, who admittedly is mortally afraid of airplanes, broke his vow never to travel by them to fly to the bedside of his seriously ill mother in New York.

Clark Gable is househunting in the exclusive Bel Air district. He wants only a small home, he said, and is having difficulty finding one.

Jackie Cooper worked for one day as a soda jerker in a Palm Springs drug store and wound up owing the concern money. He used up his entire salary on strawberry ice cream sodas.

John Boles and 20th Century-Fox have parted company, although his contract had nine months to run.

The Easter bunny brought Jean Harlow a new diamond bracelet. She refuses to say whether or not Bill Powell sent the bunny.

Don Ameche of radio fame has been selected to play *Alessandro* to Loretta Young's *Ramona* in the production by that name.

Owen Davis, Jr. and Louise Latimer are romancing in a big way. Alice Faye and Michael Whalen's devotion to each other continues, while Margaret Lindsay's interest in Pat De Cicco has cooled noticeably.

Lily Pons will return August 1 to make her second movie.

Last chance of a reconciliation between Adrienne Ames and Bruce Cabot seems to have gone glimmering with Bruce moving into a new apartment and redecorating it to suit his own tastes.

Jack Oakie celebrated the end of his honeymoon with Vanita Varden by carrying her over the threshold of their new home in the time honored custom.

"The Million Dollar Profile" has been purchased by RKO-Radio as a starring vehicle for, aptly enough, Fredric March.

Joan Bennett, official hostess of the second Mayfair party of the season, ordered all women guests to be gowned in the gayest of prints.

Irene Dunne, after numerous delays, has moved into her new Bel Air home.



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Casts of Current Photoplays

'ABSOLUTE QUIET'—M-G-M.—Based on a story by George F. Worts. Screen play by Harry Clork. Directed by George Seitz. The cast: G. A. Axton, Lionel Atwill; *Laura Tail*, Irene Hervey; *Governor Pruden*, Raymond Walburn; *"Chubby"*, Rudd, Stuart Erwin; *Zelda Tadema*, Ann Loring; *Gregory Bengard*, Louis Hayward; *Jack Wallace Ford*; *Judy*, Bernadene Hayes; *Jasper Cowdray*, Robert Gleckler; *Barney Tail*, Harvey Stephens; *Pedro*, J. Carrol Naish; *Pilot*, Matt Moore; *Co-pilot*, Robert Livingston.

"AND SO THEY WERE MARRIED"—COLUMBIA.—Original by Sarah Addington. Screen play by Doris Anderson and Laure Brazee. Directed by Elliott Nugent. The cast: *Hugh*, Malvyn Douglas; *Edith*, Mary Astor; *Brenda*, Edith Fellows; *Tommy*, Jack Moran; *Janitor*, George McKay; *Hotel Manager*, Donald Meek; *Hotel Clerk*, Arthur Rankin.

"BIG BROWN EYES"—WALTER WANGER-PARAMOUNT.—From an original by James Edward Grant. Screen play by Raoul Walsh and Bert Hanlon. Directed by Raoul Walsh. The cast: *Eve Fallon*, Joan Bennett; *Danny Barr*, Cary Grant; *Scola*, Walter Pidgeon; *Bessie Blair*, Isabel Jewell; *Corsig*, Lloyd Nolan; *Benny Battle*, Douglas Fowley; *Mrs. Cole*, Marjorie Gateson; *Carey Butler*, Alan Baxter; *Don Butler*, Henry Kleinbach; *Mother*, Helen Brown.

'BORN FOR GLORY'—GB.—From the novel by C. S. Forester. Adaptation and scenario by J. O. C. Orton. Directed by Walter Forde. The cast: *Elizabeth Brown*, Betty Balfour; *Albert Brown*, John Mills; *Lieut. Somerville*, Barry Mackay; *Ginger*, Jimmy Hanley; *Max*, Howard Marion-Crawford; *Captain Holl*, H. G. Stoker; *Kapitan von Lutz*, Percy Walsh; *William Brown*, George Merritt; *William Brown, Jr.*, Cyril Smith.

"COUNTRY BEYOND, THE"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—From the novel by James Oliver Curwood. Screen play by Lamar Trotti and Adele Commandini. Directed by Eugene Forde. The cast: *Jean Alison*, Rochelle Hudson; *Sergeant Cassidy*, Paul Kelly; *Corporal Robert King*, Robert Kent; *Alison*, Alan Hale; *Ray Jennings*, Alan Dinehart; *Senator Rawlings*, Andrew Tombes; *Mrs. Rawlings*, Claudia Coleman; *Weller*, Matt McHugh; *Donaldson*, Paul McVey; *Inspector Reed*, Holmes Herbert; *Buck*, Himself; *Wolf*, Prince.

"DESERT PHANTOM"—SUPREME.—Original story by E. B. Mann. Screen play by Earl Fennell. Directed by S. Roy Luby. The cast: *Billy Donovan*, Johnny Mack Brown; *Jean Haloran*, Sheila Manners; *Tom Jackson*, Karl Hackett; *Salizar*, Ted Adams; *Jim Day*, Harold Price; *Doc Simpson*, Nelson McDowell; *Dan*, Charlie King.

"DON'T GAMBLE WITH LOVE"—COLUMBIA.—Story and screen play by Lee Loeb and Harold Buchman. Directed by Dudley Murphy. The cast: *Ann Edwards*, Ann Sothorn; *Jerry Edwards*, Bruce Cabot; *Rick Collins*, Irving Pichel; *John Crane*, Ian Keith; *Martin Gage*, Thurston Hall; *Dan*, George McKay; *Grace*, Elizabeth Risdon; *Bob*, Clifford Jones; *Salesman*, Franklin Pangborn; *Baby*, Richard Livernoin.

"DON'T GET PERSONAL"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by William Thiele and Edmund Hartmann. Screen play by George Waggner, Clarence Marks and Houston Branch. Directed by William Nigh. The cast: *Bob*, James Dunn; *Jinx*, Sally Eilers; *Arthur*, Pinky Tomlin; *Mr. Van Raensaleer*, Spencer Charters; *Mrs. Van Raensaleer*, Doris Lloyd; *Farmer*, George Cleveland; *Farmer's Wife*, Lillian Harmer; *Butler*, Charles Coleman; *Freddie*, George Meeker.

"FIRST BABY, THE"—TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX.—Original story and screen play by Lamar Trotti. Directed by Lewis Seiler. The cast: *Johnny Ellis*, Johnny Downs; *Trudy Wells*, Shirley Deane; *Maud Holbrook*, Dixie Dunbar; *Mrs. Ellis*, Jane Darwell; *Mrs. Wells*, Marjorie Gateson; *Mr. Ellis*, Gene Lockhart; *Mr. Wells*, Taylor Holmes; *Doctor Clarke*, Willard Robertson; *Dora*, Hattie McDaniel.

"GIRL FROM MANDALAY"—REPUBLIC.—From the novel "Tiger Valley" by Reginald Campbell. Screen play by Wellyn Totman and Endre Bohem. Directed by Howard Bretherton. The cast: *Jeanie*, Kay Linaker; *John Foster*, Conrad Nagel; *Kennedy Grainger*, Donald Cook; *Mary Trevor*, Esther Ralston; *Trevor*, Harry Stubbs; *Bongai*, Jack Santos; *Oswald*, Joe Bautista; *Headman*, George Regas.

"GREAT ZIEGFELD, THE"—M-G-M.—Story and screen play by Wm. Anthony McGuire. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. *Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr.*, William Powell; *Billie Burke*, Myrna Loy; *Anna Held*, Luise Rainer; *Billings*, Frank Morgan; *Fannie Brice*, Fannie Brice; *Audrey Dane*, Virginia Bruce; *Sampson*, Reginald Owen; *Ray Bolger*, Ray Bolger; *Sidney*, Ernest Cossart; *Dr. Ziegfeld*, Joseph Cawthorne; *Sandow*, Nat Pendleton; *Harriet Hootor*, Harriet Hootor; *Mary Lou*, Jean Chatburn; *Erlanger*, Paul Irving; *Costumer*, Herman Bing; *Pianist*, Charles

Judels; *Marie*, Marcelle Corday; *Sage*, Raymond Walburn; *Will Rogers*, A. A. Trimble; *Eddie Cantor*, Buddy Doyle.

'HARVESTER, THE'—REPUBLIC.—From the novel by Gene Stratton-Porter. Screen play by Gertrude Orr and Homer Croy. Directed by Joseph Santley. The cast: *Mrs. Biadle*, Alice Brady; *Mr. Biddle*, Frank Craven; *David Langston*, Russell Hardie; *Granny Moreland*, Emma Dunn; *Thelma Biddle*, Joyce Compton; *Ruth Jameson*, Ann Rutherford; *Naomi Jameson*, Cora Sue Collins; *Jake Ebben*, Roy Atwell; *Abner Prewett*, Russell Simpson; *Bert Munroe*, Eddie Nugent; *Miss Sophronia*, Fern Emmett; *Stubby Pratt*, Spencer Charters; *Dr. Carey*, Burr Carruth; *Gladys*, Phylliss Fraser; *Mrs. Griggs*, Lucille Ward; *Belshazzard* (Dog), Buck.

"I MARRIED A DOCTOR"—FIRST NATIONAL.—Adapted from "Main Street" by Sinclair Lewis. Screen play by Casey Robinson. Directed by Archie Mayo. The cast: *Dr. Wm. P. Kennicott*, Pat O'Brien; *Carol Kennicott*, Josephine Hutchinson; *Erik Valborg*, Ross Alexander; *Samuel Clark*, Guy Kibbee; *Bea Sorenson*, Louise Fazenda; *Dave Dyer*, Olin Howland; *Maude Dyer*, Margaret Irving; *Fern Winters*, Alma Lloyd; *Vera Sherwin*, Grace Stafford; *Miles Bjornstam*, Ray Mayer; *Nels Valborg*, Robert Barrat; *Bessie Valborg*, Hedwiga Reicher; *Guy Pollock*, Willard Robertson; *Mrs. Clark*, Edith Elliott; *Rev. Champ Perry*, Thomas Pogue; *Dolly Perry*, Janet Young; *Prof. George Mott*, Harry Hayden; *Ezra Stowbody*, Frank Rhodes; *Ella Stowbody*, Gaby Fay; *'Chel'*, Dashaway; *Sam Wren*, Mrs. Jackson Elder; *Dora Clement*.

"JAILBREAK"—WARNERS.—From the story by Jonathan Finn. Screen play by Joseph Hoffman and Robert Andrews. Directed by Nick Grinde. The cast: *Ken Williams*, Craig Reynolds; *Jane Rogers*, June Travis; *Ed Slayden*, Richard Purcell; *Captain Rourke*, Barton MacLane; *Warden al Sing Sing*, Joseph Crehan; *Big Mike Egan*, Joseph King; *Pop Anderson*, Henry Hall; *Weeper*, George Stone; *Sig Patton*, Eddie Acuff; *Gladys Joy*, Mary Treen; *Dan Stone*, Charles Middleton; *Dan Warner*, Addison Richards; *City Editor*, Robt. Emmet King.

"KING OF THE PECOS"—REPUBLIC.—From the story by Bernard McConville. Screen play by Bernard McConville, Dorrell McGowan and Stuart McGowan. Directed by Joseph Kane. The cast: *John*, John Wayne; *Belle*, Muriel Evans; *Stiles*, Cy Kendall; *Ash*, Jack Clifford; *Brewster*, Frank Glendon; *Josh*, Herbert Heywood; *Hank*, Arthur Aylesworth; *Jackson*, Edward Hearn; *Clayborn*, John Beck; *Mrs. Clayborn*, Mary McLaren; *Little John*, Bradley Metcalf, Jr.; *Smith*, Yakima Canutt.

"LAW IN HER HANDS"—FIRST NATIONAL.—Original by George Bricker. Screen play by George Bricker and Luci Ward. Directed by William Clemens. The cast: *Mary Wentworth*, Margaret Lindsay; *Robert Mitchell*, Warren Hull; *Dorothy Davis*, Glenda Farrell; *Owne Gordon*, Lyle Talbot; *Augie Simelli*, Matty Fain; *Eddie O'Malley*, Eddie Acuff; *Franz*, Al Shean; *Wm. McGuire*, Addison Richards; *Harry Morton*, Eddie Shubert; *"Mug."*, Billy Wayne; *Eddie*, Dick Purcell.

"LET'S SING AGAIN"—SOL LESSER-PRINCIPAL.—Original screen play by Don Swift and Dan Jarrett. Directed by Kurt Neumann. The cast: *Bobby Breen*, Henry Armetta; *George Houston*, Vivienne Osborne; *Grant Withers*, Inez Courtney; *Richard Carle*, Lucien Littlefield; *Ann Doran*, Clay Clement.

"LITTLE MISS NOBODY"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—From the story "The Matron's Report" by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan. Screen play by Lou Breslow, Paul Burger and Edward Eliscu. Directed by John Blystone. The cast: *Judy Devlin*, Jane Withers; *Martha Bradley*, Jane Darwell; *Gerald Dexter*, Ralph Morgan; *Teresa Lewis*, Sara Haden; *John Russell*, Harry Carey; *Mary Dorsey*, Betty Jean Hainey; *Dutch Miller*, Thomas Jackson; *Junior Smythe*, Jackie Morrow; *Hector Smythe*, Jed Prouty; *Sybil Smythe*, Claudia Coleman; *Harold Slade*, Donald Haines; *Herman Slade*, Clarence H. Wilson; *Jessica Taggerl*, Lillian Harmer.

"MR. DEEDS GOES TO TOWN"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Clarence Budington Kelland. Screen play by Robert Riskin. Directed by Frank Capra. The cast: *Longfellow Deeds*, Gary Cooper; *Babe Bennett*, Jean Arthur; *McWade*, George Bancroft; *Cornelius Cobb*, Lionel Stander; *John Cedar*, Douglass Dumbrille; *Walter*, Raymond Walburn; *Judge May*, H. B. Warner; *Mabel Dawson*, Ruth Donnelly; *Morrow*, Walter Catlett; *Farmer*, John Wray; *Mme. Pomponi*, Margaret Matzenauer; *Physiatrist*, Wyrley Birch; *Wailer*, Gene Morgan; *Bodyguard*, Warren Hymer; *Theresa*, Muriel Evans; *Mal*, Spencer Charters; *Mrs. Meredith*, Emma Dunn; *Budington*, Arthur Hoyt; *James Cedar*, Stanley Andrews; *Arthur Cedar*, Pierre Watkins; *Swenson*, Christian Rub; *Mr. Semple*, Jameson Thomas; *Mrs. Semple*, Mayo Methot; *Dr. Malcolm*, Russell Hicks; *Dr. Frazier*, Gustav von Seyffertitz; *Dr. Fosdick*, Edward Le Saint; *Hallor*, Charles Levison; *Frank*, Irving Bacon; *Bob*, George Cooper; *The Butler*, Barnett Parker; *Jane Faulkner*, Margaret Seddon; *Amy Faulkner*, Margaret McWade.

"MURDER BY AN ARISTOCRAT"—WARNERS.—From the story by Mignon G. Eberhart. Screen play by Luci Ward and Roy Chanslor. Directed by Frank McDonald. The cast: Dr. Allen Carick, Lyle Talbot; Sally Keating, Marguerite Churchill; Adela Thatcher, Virginia Brissac; Bayard Thatcher, Wm. Davidson; Dave Thatcher, Gordon Elliott; Janice Thatcher, Claire Dodd; Hilary Thatcher, Joseph Crehan; Evelyn Thatcher, Florence Fair; Higby, Stuart Holmes; Emmeline, Little Williams; Florrie, Mary Treen; John Tweed, John Eldredge; Cab Driver, Milton Kibbee.

"SKY PARADE, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—Based on material by Robert M. Burt and Wilfred G. Moore. Screen play by Byron Morgan, Brian Marlow and Arthur Beckhard. Directed by Otho Lovering. The cast: Jimmie Allen, Jimmie Allen; Speed Robertson, William Gargan; Geraldine Croft, Katherine DeMille; Tommy Wade, Kent Taylor; Casey Cameron, Grant Withers; Jimmie Allen (4), Billy Lee; Jimmie Allen (9), Bennie Bartlett; Solly Allen, Robert Fiske; Flash Lewis, Sid Saylor; Gat Billings, Edgar Dearing; Baron Ankrevilch, Georges Renevant; Ma Croft, Myra Marsh; Aerologist, Arthur Singley; Sally, Irene Bennett; Mac, Eddie Dunn; Riggs, Colin Tapley.

"SMALL TOWN GIRL"—M-G-M.—From the book by Ben Ames Williams. Screen play by John Lee Mahin and Edith Fitzgerald. Directed by William A. Wellman. The cast: Kay Brannan, Janet Gaynor; Bob Dakin, Robert Taylor; Priscilla, Binnie Barnes; Dr. Dakin, Lewis Stone; George, Andy Devine; Ma Brannan, Elizabeth Patterson; Pa Brannan, Frank Craven; Elmer, James Stewart; Chic, Douglas Fowley; Emily, Isabel Jewell; Dr. Fabre, Charley Grapewin; Mrs. Dakin, Nella Walker; Childers, Robert Greig; Captain Mack, Edgar Kennedy; So-So, Willie Fung.

"SUTTER'S GOLD"—UNIVERSAL.—Suggested by the story by Blaise Cendrars. Screen play by Jack Kirkland, Walter Woods and George O'Neil. Directed by James Cruze. The cast: John Sutter, Edward Arnold; Pete Perkin, Lee Tracy; Countess Elizabeth Bartoffski, Binnie Barnes; Mrs. Anna Sutter, Katharine Alexander; James Marshall, Addison Richards; Captain Kettleton, Montagu Love; Gen. Juan Balista Alvarado, John Miljan; General Rotschegg, Robert Warwick; Kit Carson, Harry Carey; King Kamehameha, Mitchell Lewis; John Sutter, Jr., William Janney; John Sutter, Jr. (8 years old), Ronald Cosbey; Ann Eliza Sutter, Nan Grey; Ann Eliza Sutter (3 years old), Joanne Smith; General Ramos, Billy Gilbert; Senora Alvarado, Aura De Silva; Alvarado, Jr., Allen Vincent; Lars, Harry Cording;

Smythe, Sidney Bracy; Bosun, George Lloyd; Sailors, Russell Hopton, Walter Long, Ed Brady; Captain Petroff, Bryant Washburn; Lieut. Bacalnakoff, Gaston Glass; Gov. Felipe Vega, Frank Reicher; Conspirator, Frederick Vogeding; Dr. Billings, George Irving; Indian, Jim Thorpe; Von Schlager, Maurice Cass; Indian, Thundercloud; and others.

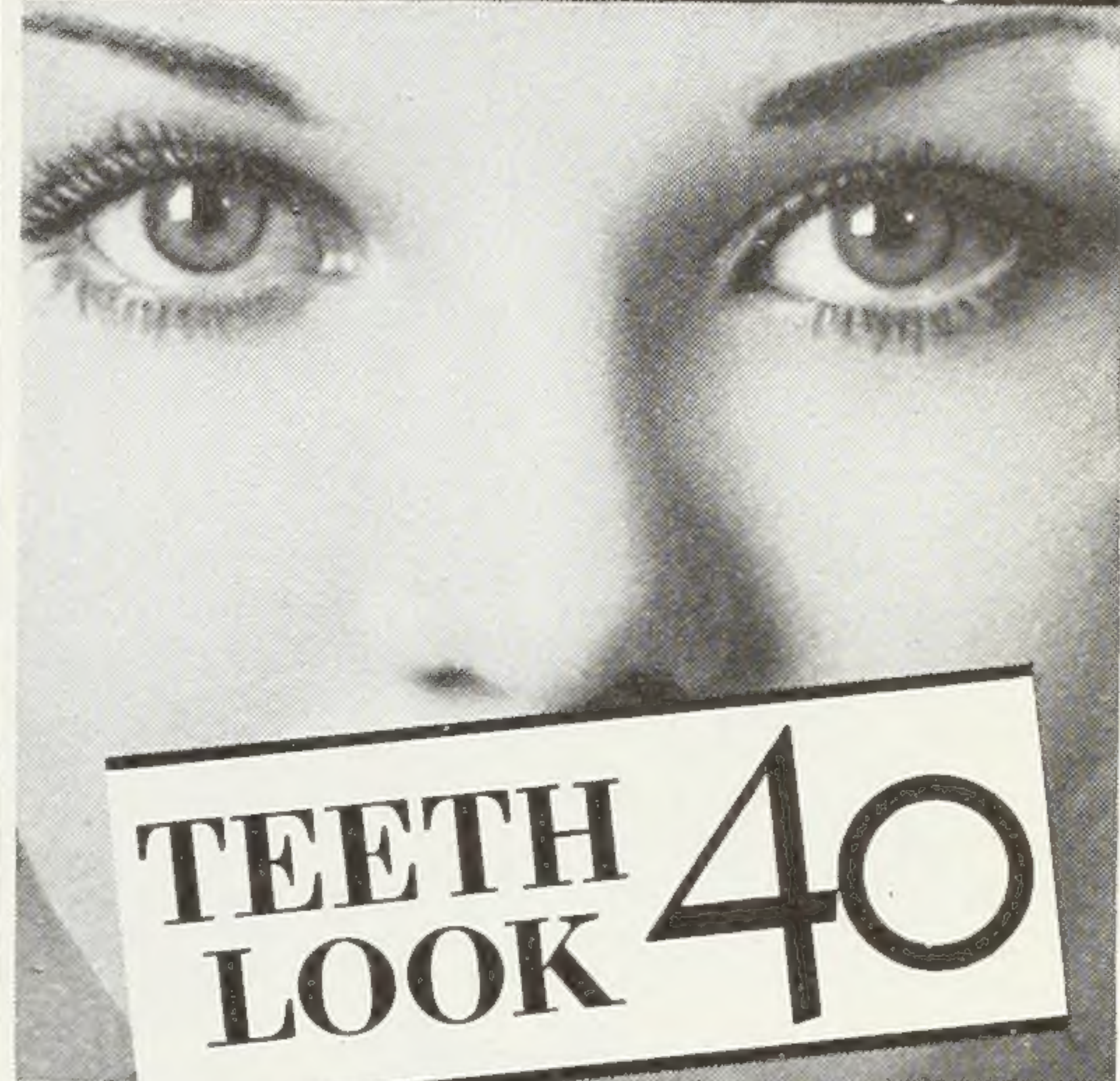
"THINGS TO COME"—LONDON FILMS-UNITED ARTISTS.—From the story by H. G. Wells. Screen play by H. G. Wells. Directed by Wm. Cameron Menzies. The cast: John Cabal, Raymond Massey; The Boss, Ralph Richardson; Doctor Harding, Maurice Braddell; Pippa Passworthy, Edward Chapman; Mrs. Cabal, Sophie Stewart; Richard Gordon, Derrick de Marney; Roxanna Black, Margaretta Scott; Grandfather Cabal, Alan Jeayes; Horrie Passworthy, Pickles Livingstone (child); Simon Burton, Anthony Holles; Catherine Cabal, Pearl Argyle; Janet Gordon, Patricia Hilliard; Theolocopulos, Sir Cedric Hardwicke.

"TILL WE MEET AGAIN"—PARAMOUNT.—From a play by Alfred Davis. Screen play by Edwin Justus Mayer, Brian Marlow and Franklin Coen. Directed by Robert Florey. The cast: Alan Barclow, Herbert Marshall; Elsa Daranyi, Gertrude Michael; Ludwig, Lionel Atwill; Carl Schrotte, Rod La Rocque; Captain Minton, Guy Bates Post; Hoffer, Spencer Charters; Von Diegal, Frank Reicher; Schultz, Egon Brecher; Kraus, Torben Meyer; Vogel, Vallejo Gantner; 1st English Officer, Colin Tapley; 2nd English Officer, Colin Kenny; Nurse, Julia Faye.

"WITNESS CHAIR, THE"—RKO.—From the story by Rita Weiman. Screen play by Rian James and Gertrude Purcell. Directed by George Nicholls, Jr. The cast: Paula Young, Ann Harding; Trent, Walter Abel; Whittaker, Douglass Dumbrille; Connie Trent, Frances Sage; Poole, Moroni Olsen; Grace Franklin, Margaret Hamilton; Tillie Jones, Maxine Jennings; Benny Ryan, William Benedict; Martin, Paul Harvey; Conrick, Murray Kinnell; Henshaw, Charles Arnt; Levino, Frank Jenks; Judge McKenzie, Edward LeSaint; Anna Yifnick, Hilda Vaughn; O'Neil, Barlowe Borland.

"THREE ON THE TRAIL"—PARAMOUNT.—From the book by Clarence E. Mulford. Screen play by Doris Schroeder and Vernon Smith. Directed by Howard Bretherton. The cast: Hopalong Cassidy, William Boyd; Johnny Nelson, Jimmy Ellison; Mary Stevens, Muriel Evans; Windy, George Hayes; Pecos Kane, Onslow Stevens; J. P. Ridley, Claude Rains; Buck Peters, William Duncan; Rose Peters, Clara Kimball Young; Kit Thorpe, Al Hill; Jim Trask, Ted Adams; Sam Corwin, John St. Polis.

AGE 19

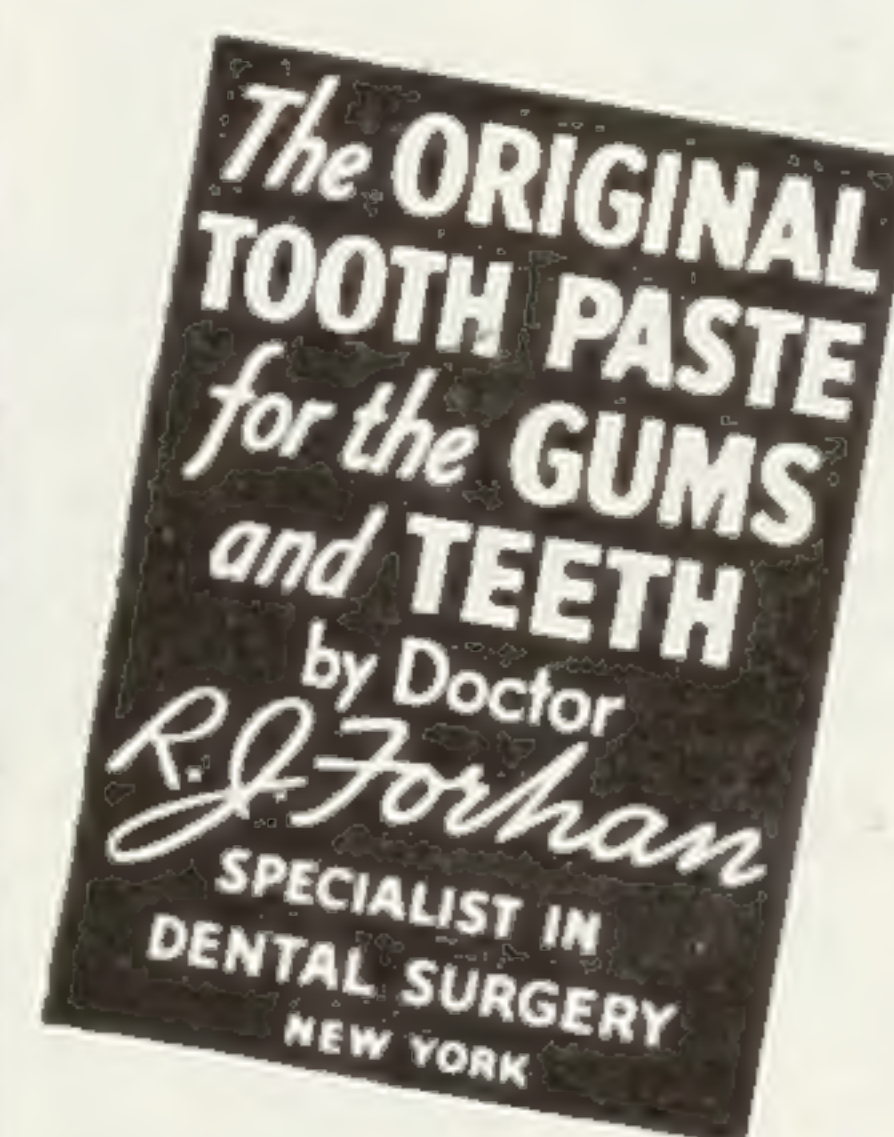


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Nat Pendleton
William Powell
Eleanor Powell
Juanita Quigley
Luise Rainer
Duncan Renaldo
May Robson
Mickey Rooney
Shirley Ross
Rosalind Russell
Ernestine Schumann-Heink

Ruth Selwyn
Norma Shearer
Harry Stockwell
Lewis Stone
Harvey Stephens
James Stewart
William Tannen
Spencer Tracy
Robert Taylor
Franchot Tone
Charles Trowbridge
Henry Wadsworth
Johnny Weissmuller
Robert Young

UNIVERSAL CITY, CALIF.

Universal Studios

Henry Armetta
Edward Arnold
Binnie Barnes
Noah Beery, Jr.
Billy Burrud
Jeanne Dante
Andy Devine
Irene Dunne
Marta Eggerth
Diana Gibson
Edgar A. Guest
Jack Holt
Gloria Holden
Edward Everett Horton

Henry Hunter
Buck Jones
John King
Shaindel Kalish
Edmund Lowe
Priscilla Lawson
Doris Nolan
Sunny O'Dea
Jean Rogers
Cesar Romero
Marla Shelton
Margaret Sullivan
John Wayne
Jane Wyatt

BURBANK, CALIF.

Warners-First National Studios

Eddie Acuff
Ross Alexander
Robert Barrat
Joan Blondell
Humphrey Bogart
George Brent
Joe E. Brown
James Cagney
Hobart Cavanaugh
Marguerite Churchill
Joseph Crehan
Marion Davies
Bette Davis
Olivia de Havilland
Claire Dodd
Ann Dvorak
Patricia Ellis
Gordon Elliott
Florence Fair
Glenda Farrell
Errol Flynn
Kay Francis
Jane Froman
Dick Foran
Paul Graetz
Hugh Herbert
Leslie Howard
Olin Howland
Warren Hull
Ian Hunter
Josephine Hutchinson
Sybil Jason
Allen Jenkins
Al Jolson
Boris Karloff
Ruby Keeler

Joseph King
Guy Kibbee
Margaret Lindsay
Anita Louise
Alma Lloyd
Barton MacLane
Jeanne Madden
Rosalind Marquis
Frank McHugh
James Melton
Carlyle Moore, Jr.
Jean Muir
Paul Muni
Pat O'Brien
Henry O'Neill
Linda Perry
Dick Powell
Richard Purcell
Claude Rains
Craig Reynolds
Addison Richards
Beverly Roberts
Edward G. Robinson
Jean Sennett
Winifred Shaw
Eddie Shubert
Gale Sondergaard
George E. Stone
Paula Stone
Lyle Talbot
June Travis
Mary Treen
Rudy Vallee
Warren William
Marie Wilson
Donald Woods

Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.
Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood.
Neil Hamilton, P. O. Box 711, Beverly Hills, Calif.
Ned Sparks, 1765 No. Sycamore Ave., Hollywood.
Onslow Stevens, c-o Small Laudau Co., 6331 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

STUDIOS IN ENGLAND

London Film Productions Ltd.
22 Grosvenor St., London, England

Robert Donat
Penelope Dudley-Ward
Joan Gardner
Patricia Hilliard
Sir Cedric Hardwicke

Charles Laughton
Raymond Massey
Merle Oberon
Ralph Richardson
Margaretta Scott

Gaumont British Pictures
Lime Grove Studios, Shepherds Bush
London, W12, England

George Arliss
Peggy Ashcroft
Constance Bennett
Frank Cellier
Mary Clare
Cicely Courtneidge
Peter Croft
Constance Cummings
John Giegud
Constance Godridge
Sonnie Hale
Jimmy Hanley
Will Hay
Helen Haye

Oscar Homolka
Jack Hulbert
Anne Lee
Glennis Lorimer
Barry Mackay
Jessie Mathews
John Mills
Lilli Palmer
Nova Pilbeam
Rene Ray
Peggy Simpson
Basil Sydney
Tom Walls

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Answering The Double Bill Question

In the March issue, I asked you to write me your impression of double bills. I was amazed at the number of replies, the real intelligence and diversity of opinion. I'm sorry that space won't allow the printing of each letter, but here are a few characteristic ones. Thank you.

Ruth Waterbury.

Along with countless others, I am one of the martyrs who must sit patiently through a Western, a couple of comedies, a newsreel, a special added feature, lengthy advertising, the co-feature, and finally if our interest has held out sufficiently against the battery of sound assailing their jaded nerves we may, I repeat, may—appreciate and enjoy the really beautiful production we came to see in the first place. I fail to see how intelligent people tolerate double bills.

Mrs. J. M. Staley, Los Angeles, Calif.

Scanning a picture list, I found out of 37 listed bills, 22 combinations of which I had seen at least one show of the pairs coupled.

William H. Eldridge, Detroit, Mich.

... Give me one good picture to enjoy at ease, and remember at leisure.

Mrs. J. A. Wergeland, Seattle, Wash.

... It isn't that I prefer quantity to quality, but we have been educated to the double bill and now prefer it. Those who prefer a shorter show can patronize the places showing them or leave after seeing one picture.

Madge E. Thomas, Brockton, Mass.

... When our children go to the movies, it is hours before they return. Besides the discomfort of sitting so long, I think the eye-strain very bad.

Alda Anderson, Everett, Wash.

The double feature has taken a lot of panning, most of the critics professing to believe that this popular practice is an attempt to put over mediocre pictures on a bargain-hunting public. I can't help thinking of the numerous fine films I have accidentally witnessed just by dropping in to see a more highly advertised feature. When I put my money on the line at a double feature, I do so with the spirit of the amateur gambler. An even break, that's all I expect. When I draw a lucky number, I see one of the unheralded but really fine productions.

M. R. Holtzman, Louisville, Ky.

... This double bill racket is getting me down.

Dorothy M. Moore, Vacaville, Calif.

... My favorite theater has one superlatively good picture, a short news reel and sometimes a color comedy.

Dolores V. Iverson, Royal Oak, Mich.

... The poor pictures are emptying the theaters and now they double up on us.

David R. Joslyn, Woodstock, Ill.

In my opinion, a double bill is very satisfactory. ... It sometimes happens that a very high class film does not appeal to a certain portion of the audience; and if the magnificence is followed by a pleasing, snappy Class B pic-

ture, the feeling of disappointment is considerably lessened, in fact completely forgotten.

Mrs. T. J. Berr, St. Louis, Mo.

I believe that stars should be given fewer and better pictures and that the double bills could be used to advantage as a training school for young contract players who are so patiently waiting for a break.

Muriel B. Owens, Spokane, Wash.

Thumbs down on the double feature program. Why the policy of quantity rather than quality?

Helen Carney, Mount Vernon, N. Y.

Curses on the double bill! I think the idea was started by the cigarette manufacturers. I have consumed more cigarettes while waiting in the lounge to see the picture I really came to see.

Aurelie Asten, New York

... We pay our money for diversion and two Class B pictures are sure to contain one good laugh per picture and an interesting set or gown. The fact that the progression of the subject matter is unbroken over a period of time sufficient to lose oneself, produces a serenity of mind.

Mrs. Dora Graham, Dubuque, Iowa

I heartily dislike double bill programs. The other night we went to see a picture we had heard was especially good. We sat through reel after reel of the program until finally when our choice picture came on we were so worn out we left the theater and went wearily home without seeing it.

Mrs. Paul Henderson, Myton, Utah

I am greatly in favor of double feature programs if they are not overdone. I am busy all week, and if I can see two shows for the price of one, I jump at the chance. It takes up the whole evening pleasantly, and provides comfort and relaxation.

William M. Hill, South Bend, Ind.

... If the theaters would only have the courage to go back to the single feature program, they would find the attendance would not fall off; quite the contrary.

Dagmar Hurup, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Public Menace Number One of the motion picture theater is the double feature program.

... Three hours is too long to sit on the seat of any theater.

Olin J. Myer, New York City

Who started these double bills anyway? And who is going to stop them? For they should be stopped as soon as possible. If the best picture happens to be first, then by the time the second is over, you have forgotten the impression the first one made on you. Wouldn't the public want to see one very good show than one good one and one poor one?

Ila Bond, Mesa, Ariz.